

R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

the Asterix *and*
MISSING SCROLL

Written by Jean-Yves FERRI

Illustrated by Didier CONRAD



GOSCINNY AND UDERZO

PRESENT

An Asterix Adventure

ASTERIX AND THE MISSING SCROLL

Written by JEAN-YVES FERRI

Illustrated by DIDIER CONRAD

Translated by ANTHEA BELL



Colour by THIERRY MÉBARKI

Orion

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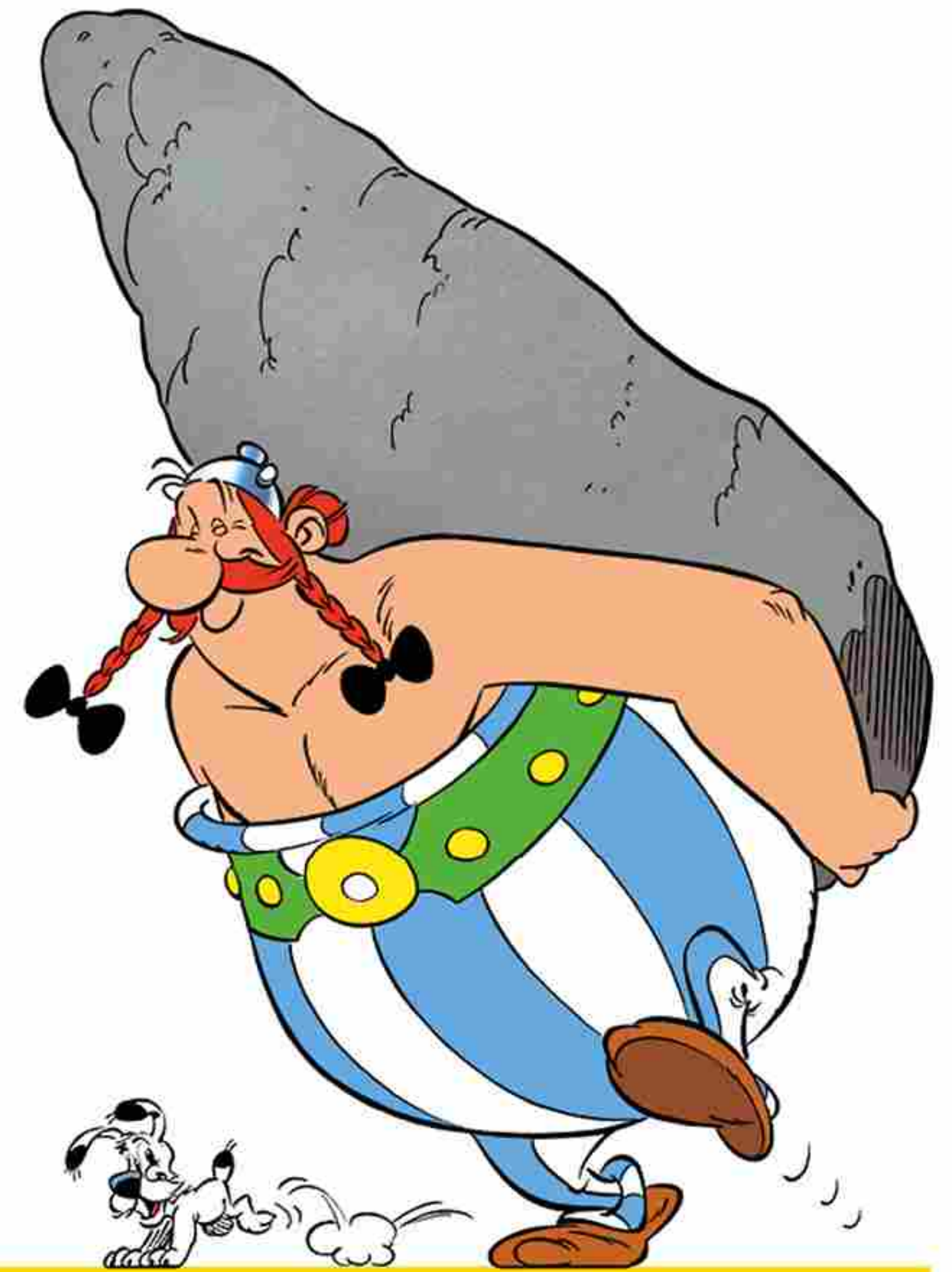
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THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY ... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM ...



ASTERIX, THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES. A SHREWD, CUNNING LITTLE WARRIOR, ALL PERILOUS MISSIONS ARE IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED TO HIM. ASTERIX GETS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID GETAFIX . . .



OBELIX, ASTERIX'S INSEPARABLE FRIEND. A MENHIR DELIVERY MAN BY TRADE, ADDICTED TO WILD BOAR. OBELIX IS ALWAYS READY TO DROP EVERYTHING AND GO OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH ASTERIX - SO LONG AS THERE'S WILD BOAR TO EAT, AND PLENTY OF FIGHTING. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.



GETAFIX, THE VENERABLE VILLAGE DRUID, GATHERS MISTLETOE AND BREWS MAGIC POTIONS. HIS SPECIALITY IS THE POTION WHICH GIVES THE DRINKER SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. BUT GETAFIX ALSO HAS OTHER RECIPES UP HIS SLEEVE . . .



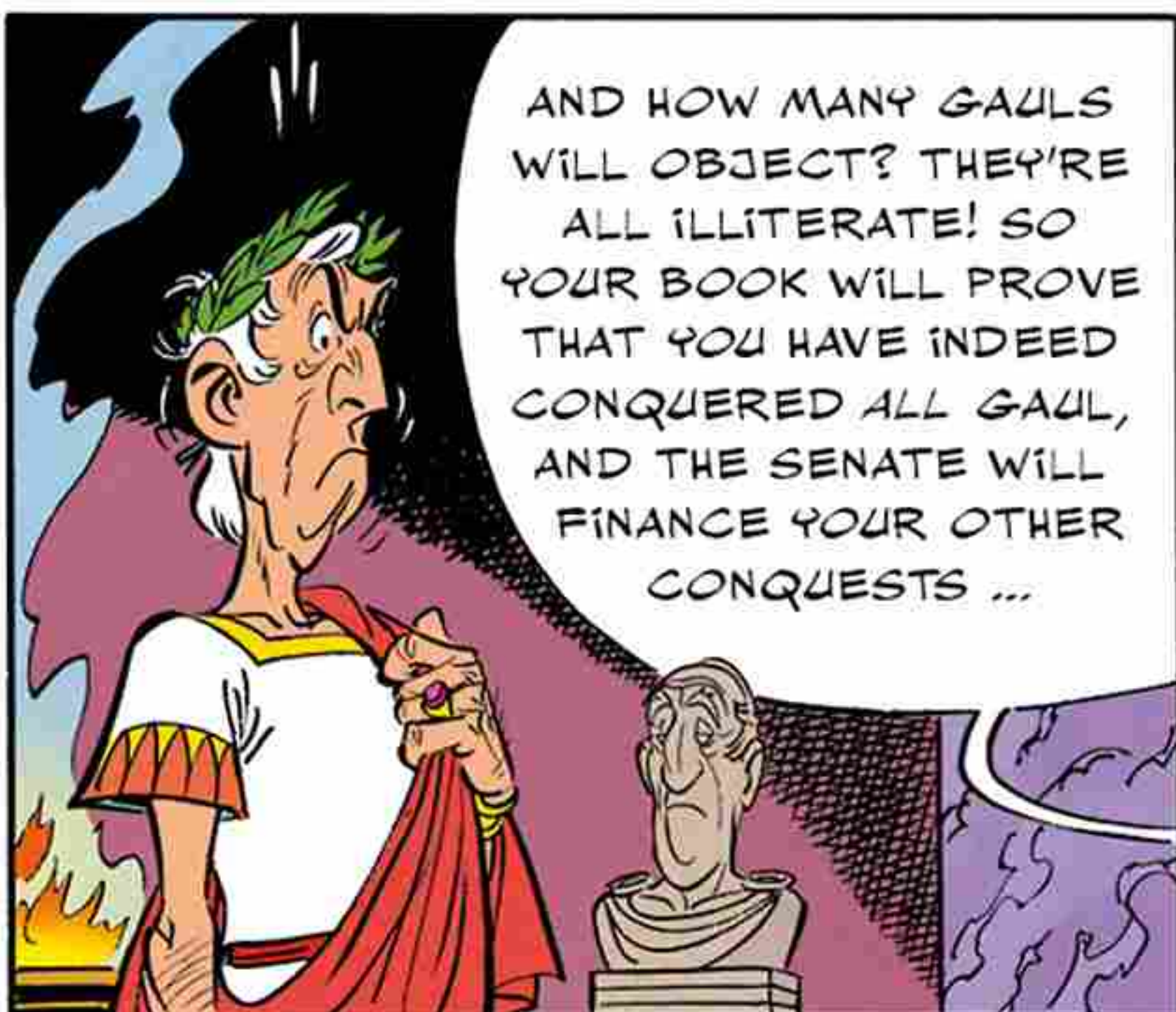
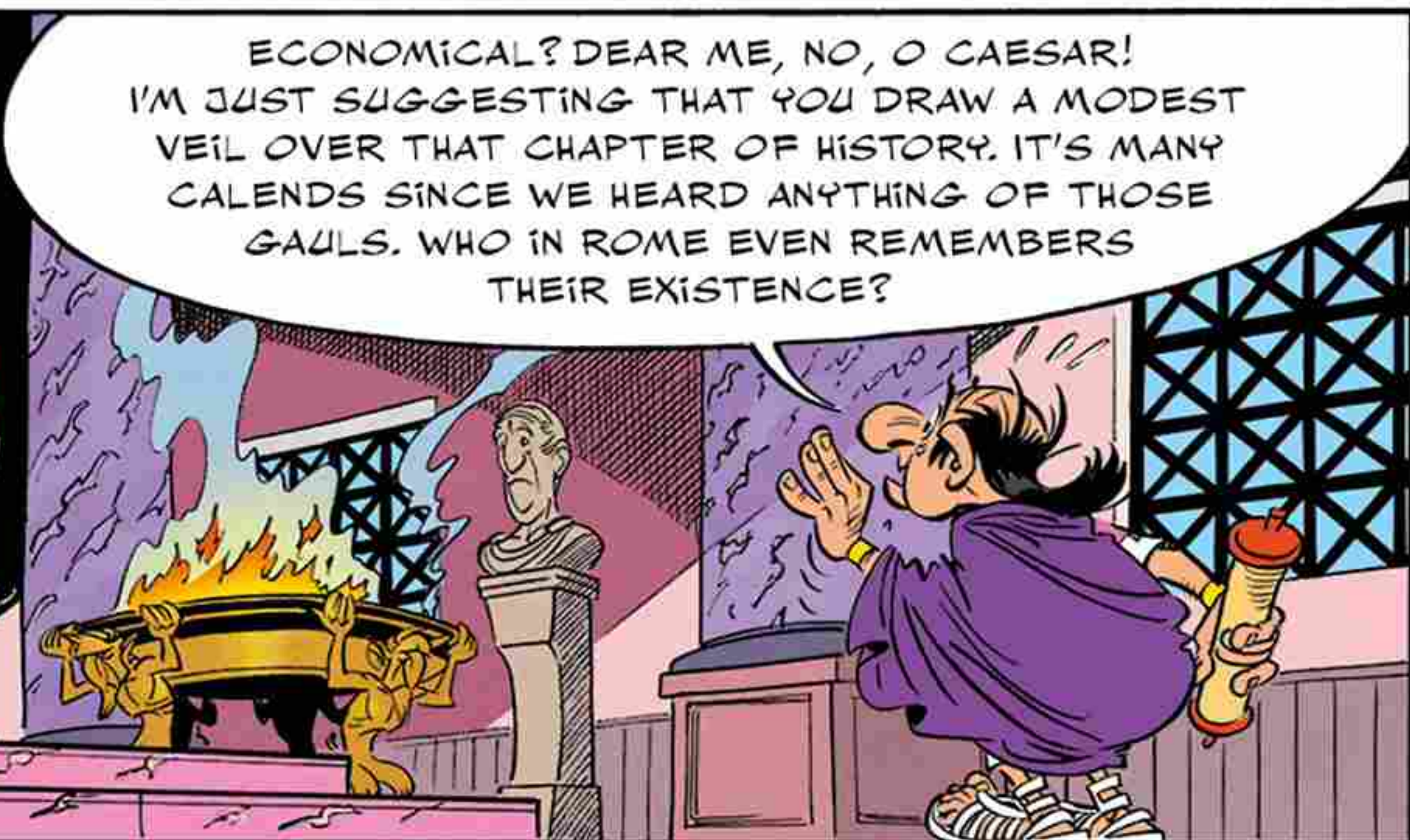
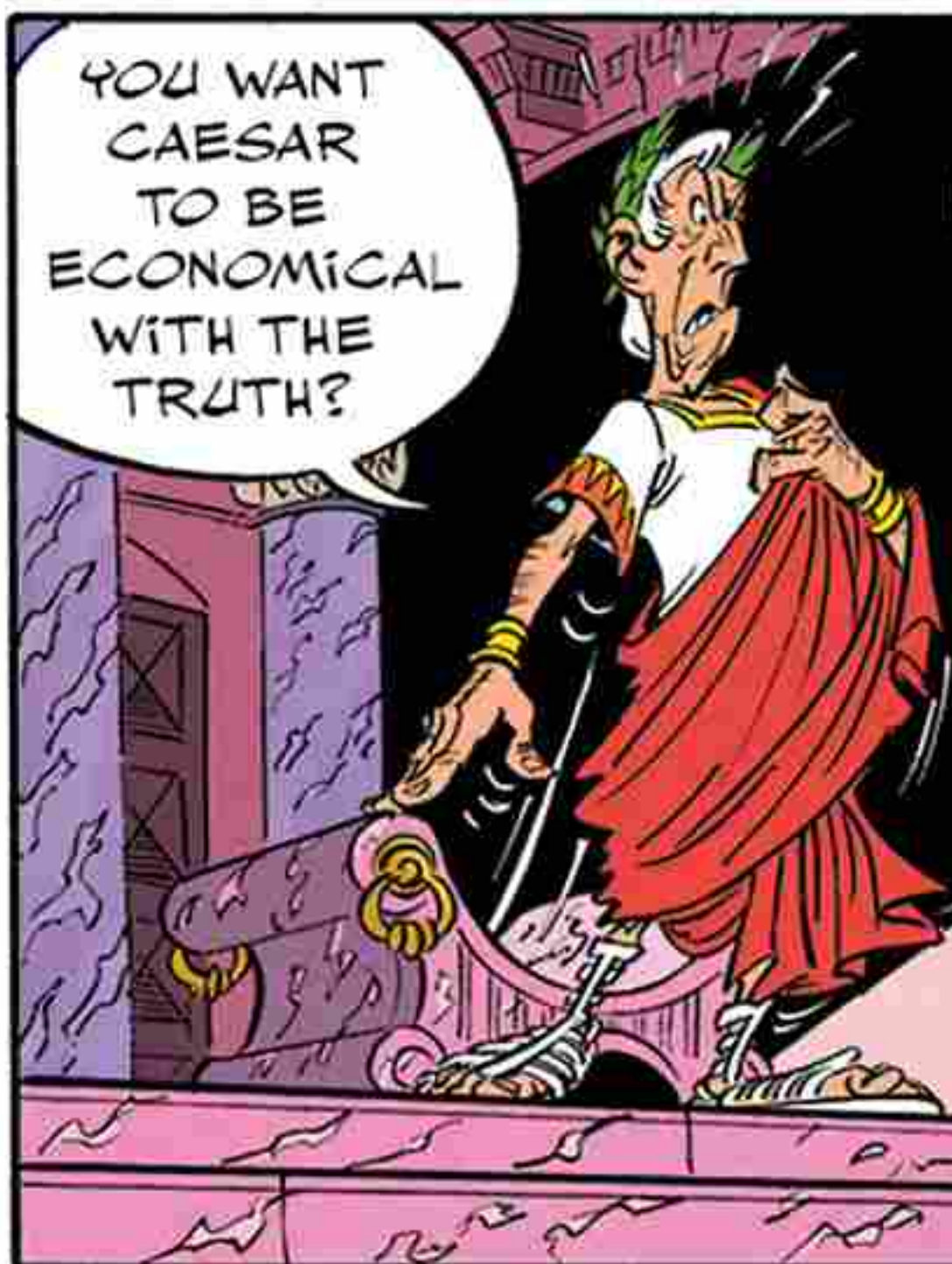
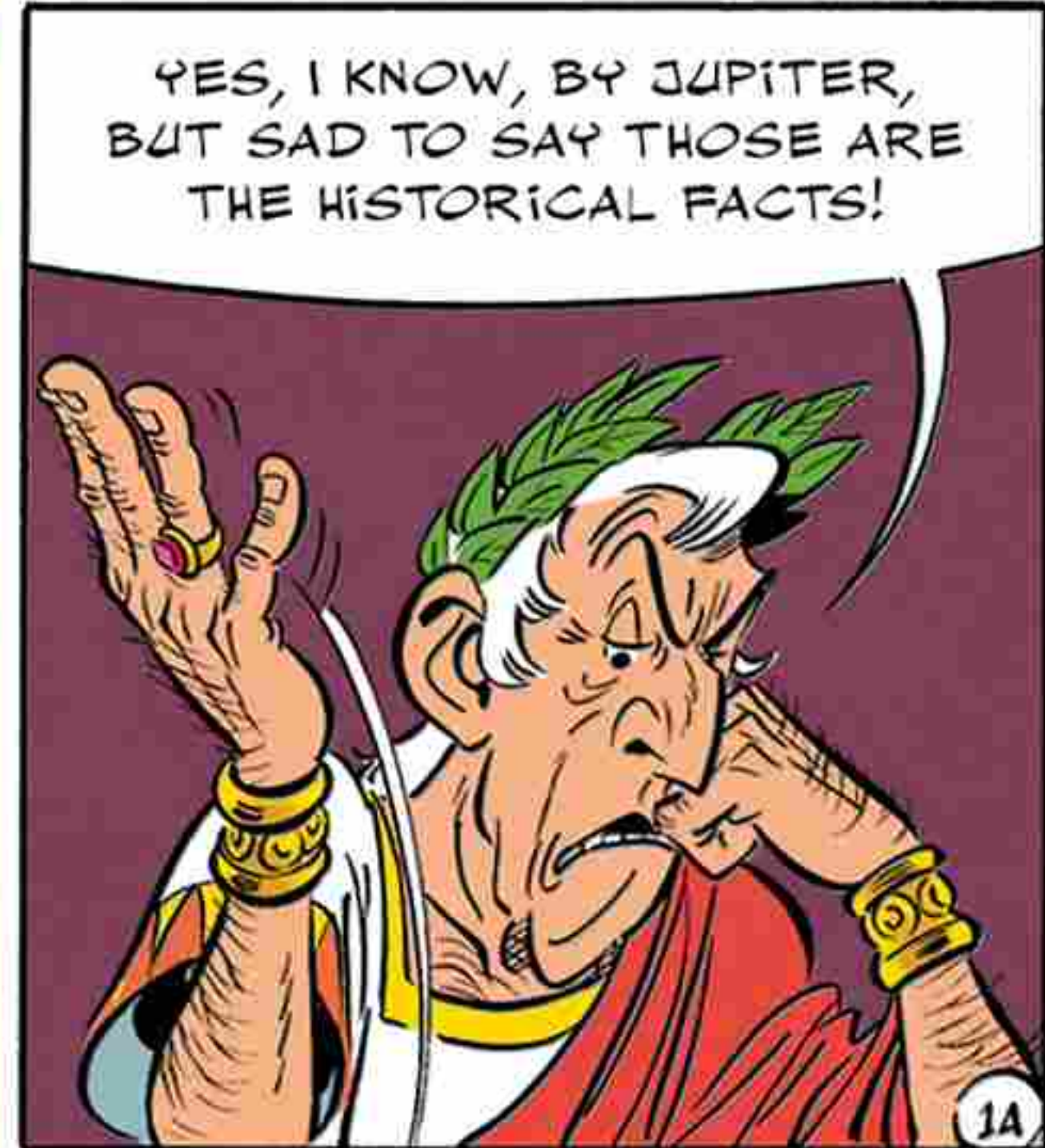
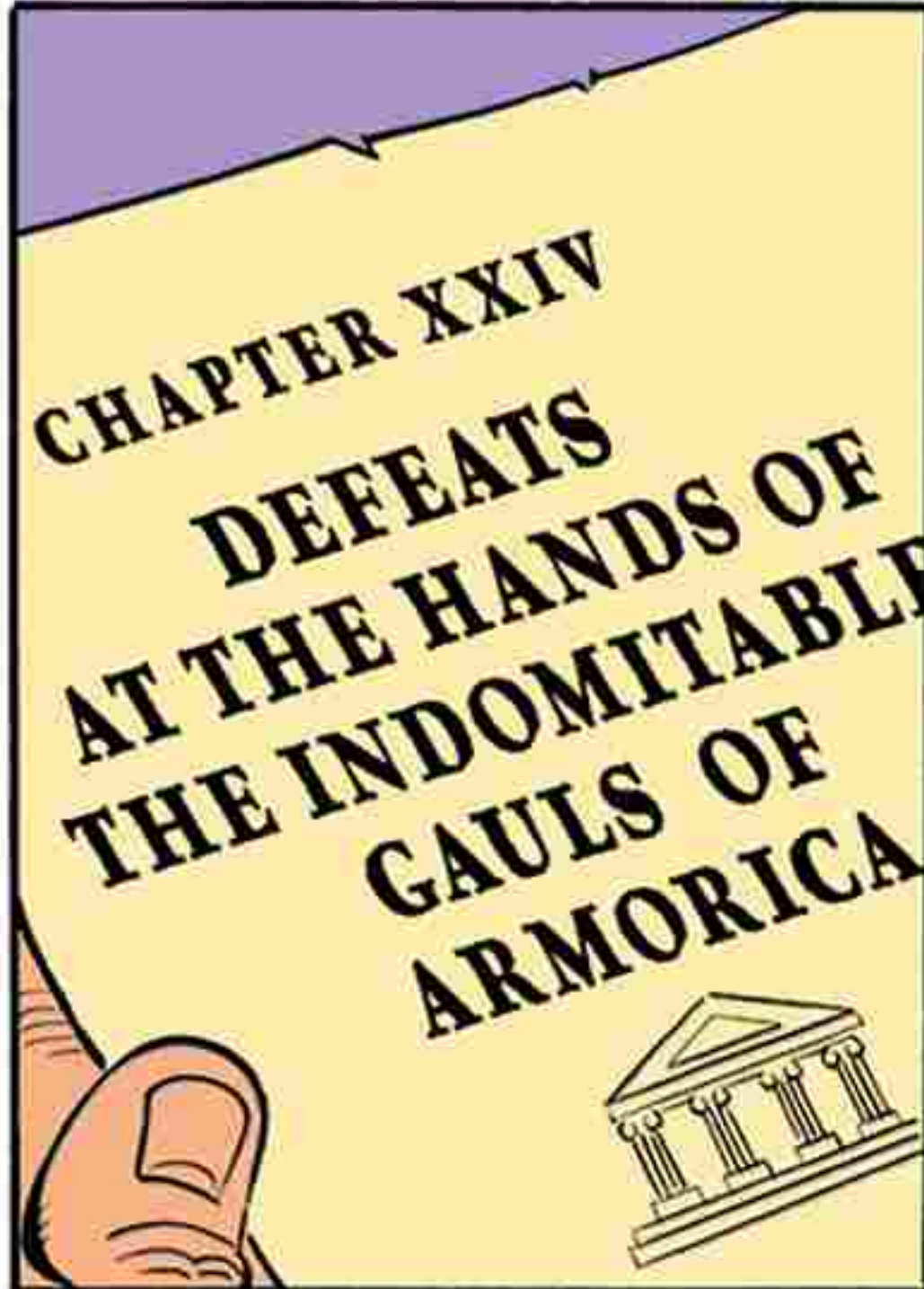
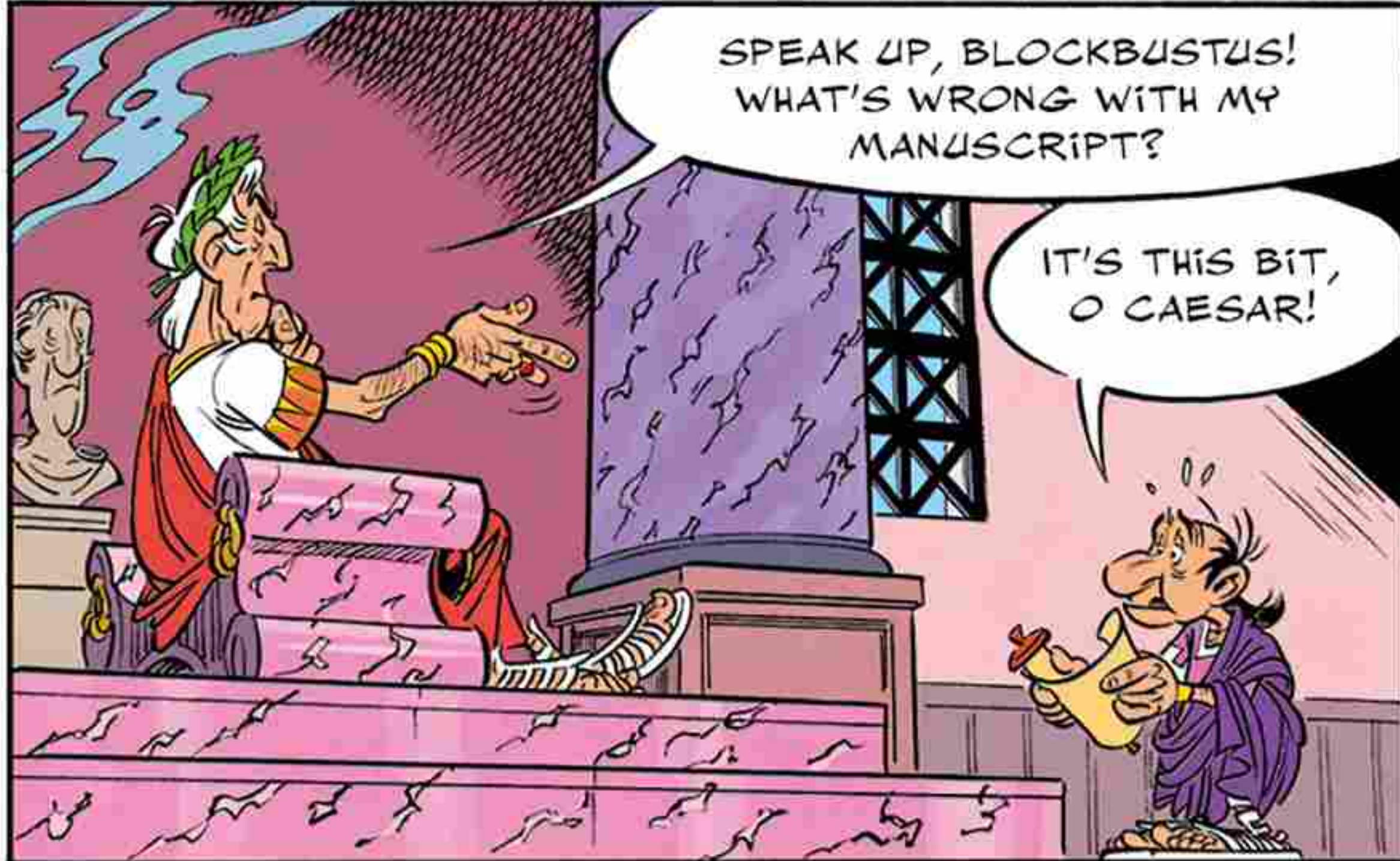
CACOFONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOFONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM . . .

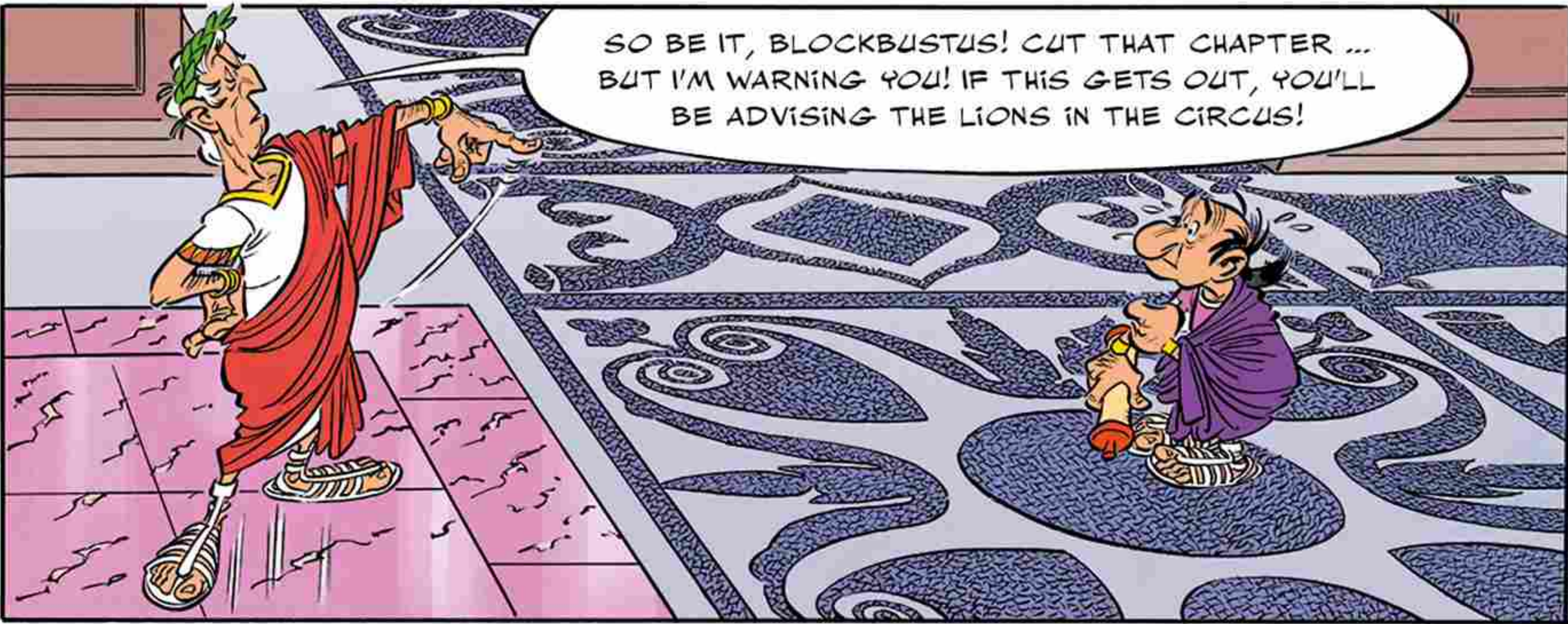


FINALLY, VITALSTATISTIX, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE. MAJESTIC, BRAVE AND HOT-TEMPERED, THE OLD WARRIOR IS RESPECTED BY HIS MEN AND FEARED BY HIS ENEMIES. VITALSTATISTIX HIMSELF HAS ONLY ONE FEAR, HE IS AFRAID THE SKY MAY FALL ON HIS HEAD TOMORROW. BUT AS HE ALWAYS SAYS, TOMORROW NEVER COMES.

OUR STORY BEGINS IN JULIUS CAESAR'S PALACE IN ROME, JUST AS CAESAR HIMSELF IS RECEIVING HIS ADVISER AND PUBLISHER, THE ELOQUENT LIBELLUS BLOCKBUSTUS ...

COMMENTARIES ON THE WAR WITH THE GAULS. NOW THERE'S A SNAPPY TITLE, O CAESAR! I FORESEE A RUNAWAY SUCCESS!





SO BE IT, BLOCKBUSTUS! CUT THAT CHAPTER ... BUT I'M WARNING YOU! IF THIS GETS OUT, YOU'LL BE ADVISING THE LIONS IN THE CIRCUS!



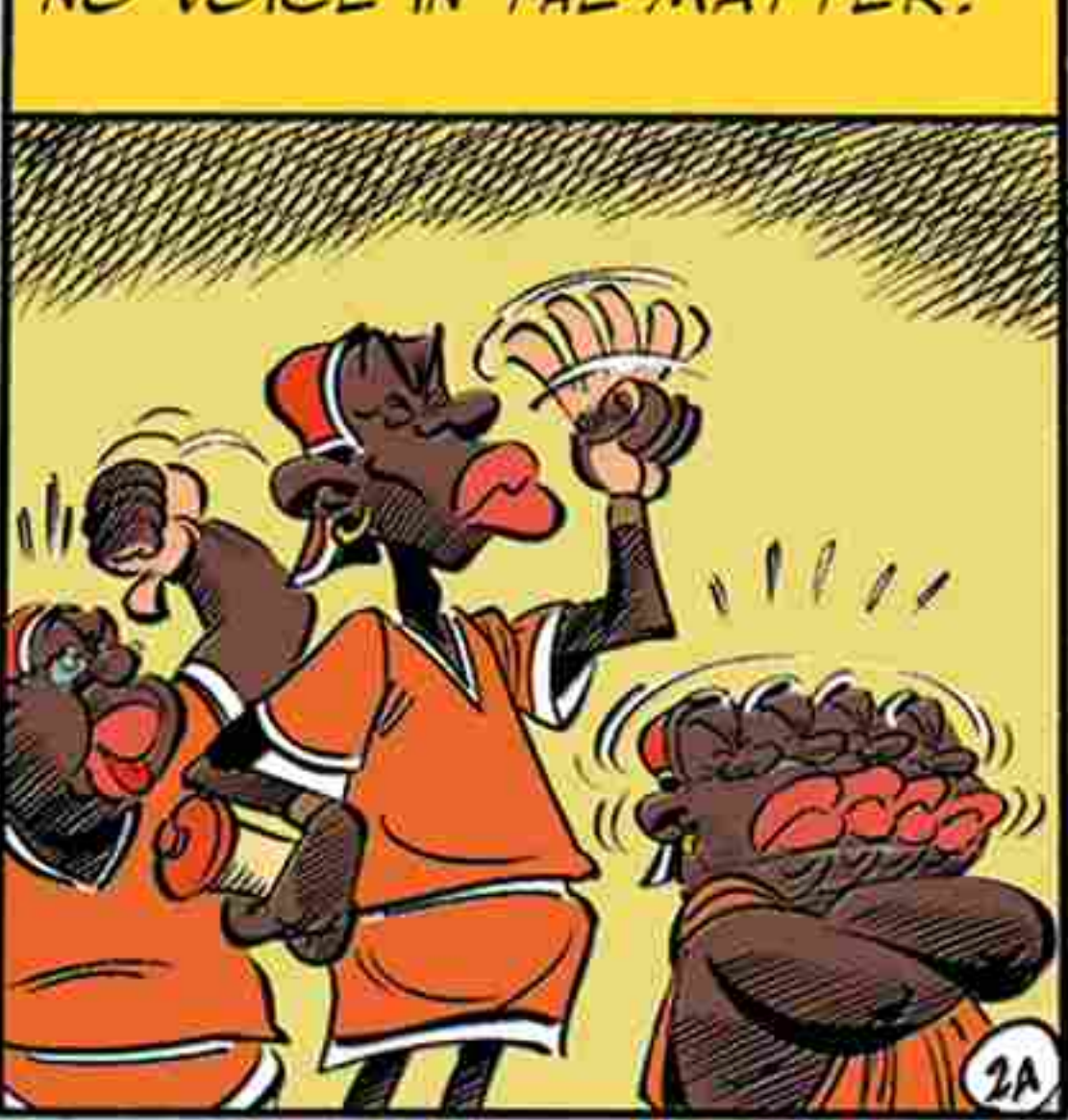
NEVER FEAR, O CAESAR! ALL MY SCRIBES ARE MUTE. WILL NEWS OF YOUR CHAPTER ABOUT THE GAULS GET OUT? NOT THE GHOST OF A CHANCE!

THE MUTE NUMIDIAN SCRIBES* ARE LET INTO THE SECRET AT ONCE, AND ALL COPIES OF THE CHAPTER ARE SEIZED ...



*GHOST WRITERS, AS WE WOULD SAY TODAY.

PROTESTS FALL ON DEAF EARS. A MUTE SCRIBE HAS NO VOICE IN THE MATTER.



BUT ONE OF THEM, BIGDATHA, ESCAPES WITH A COPY OF THE CHAPTER ...

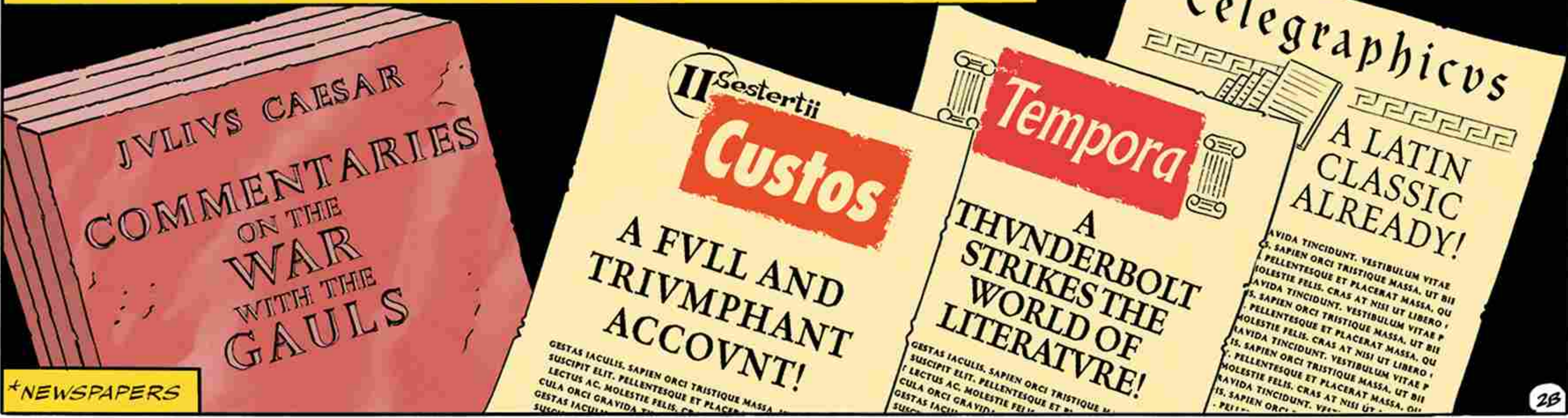


... LEAVING THE GUARDS ON DUTY HIGH AND DRY.

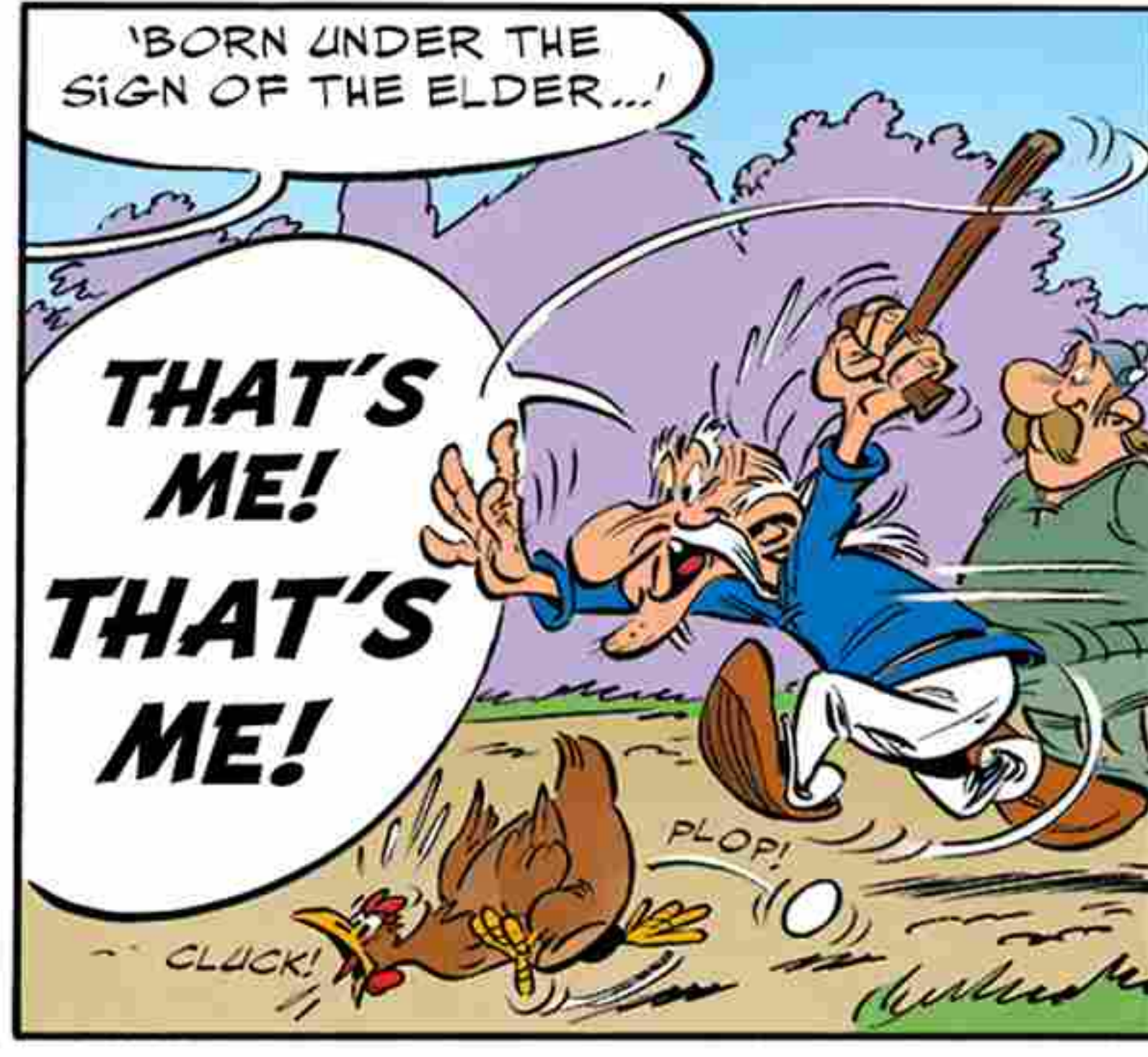
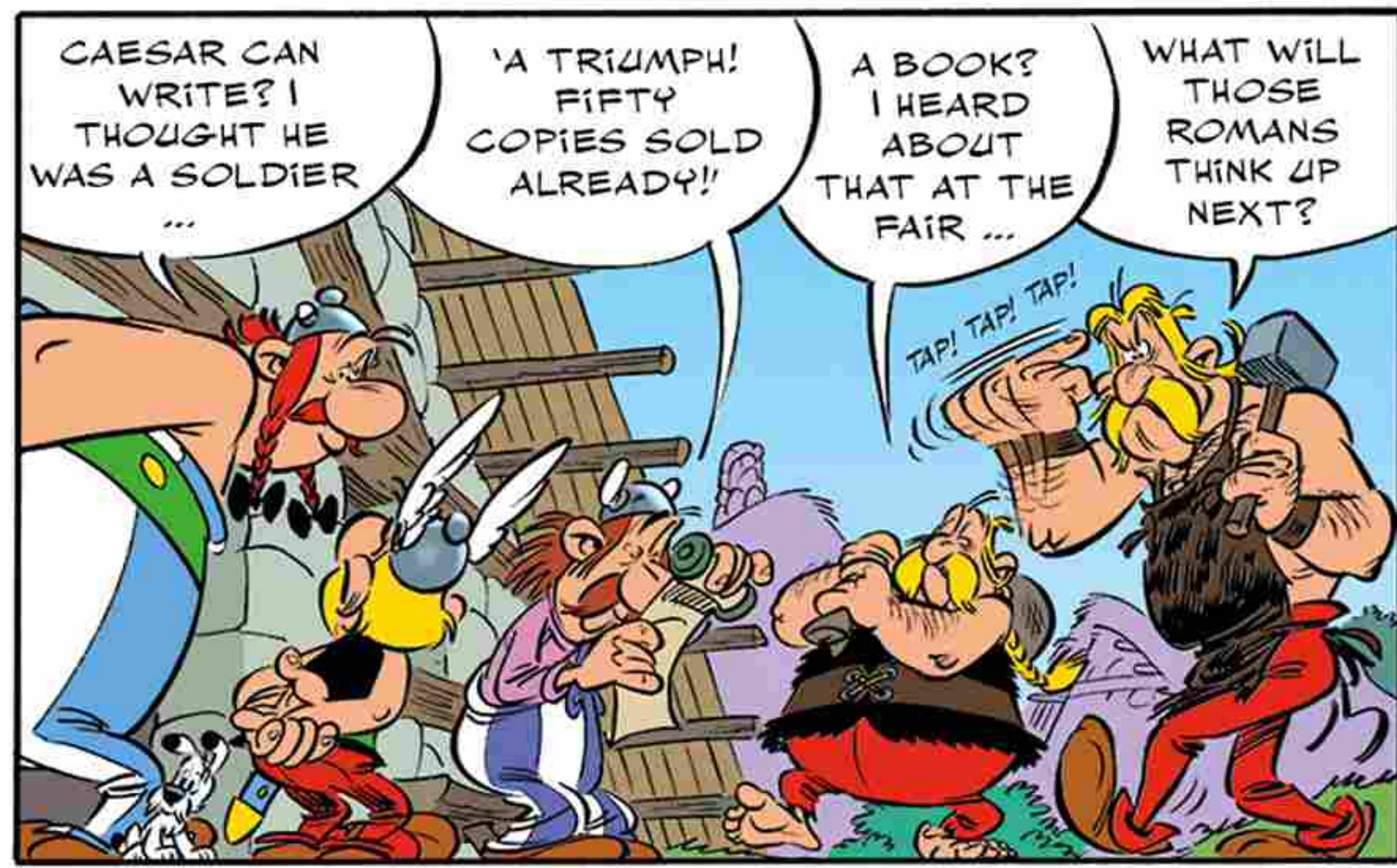
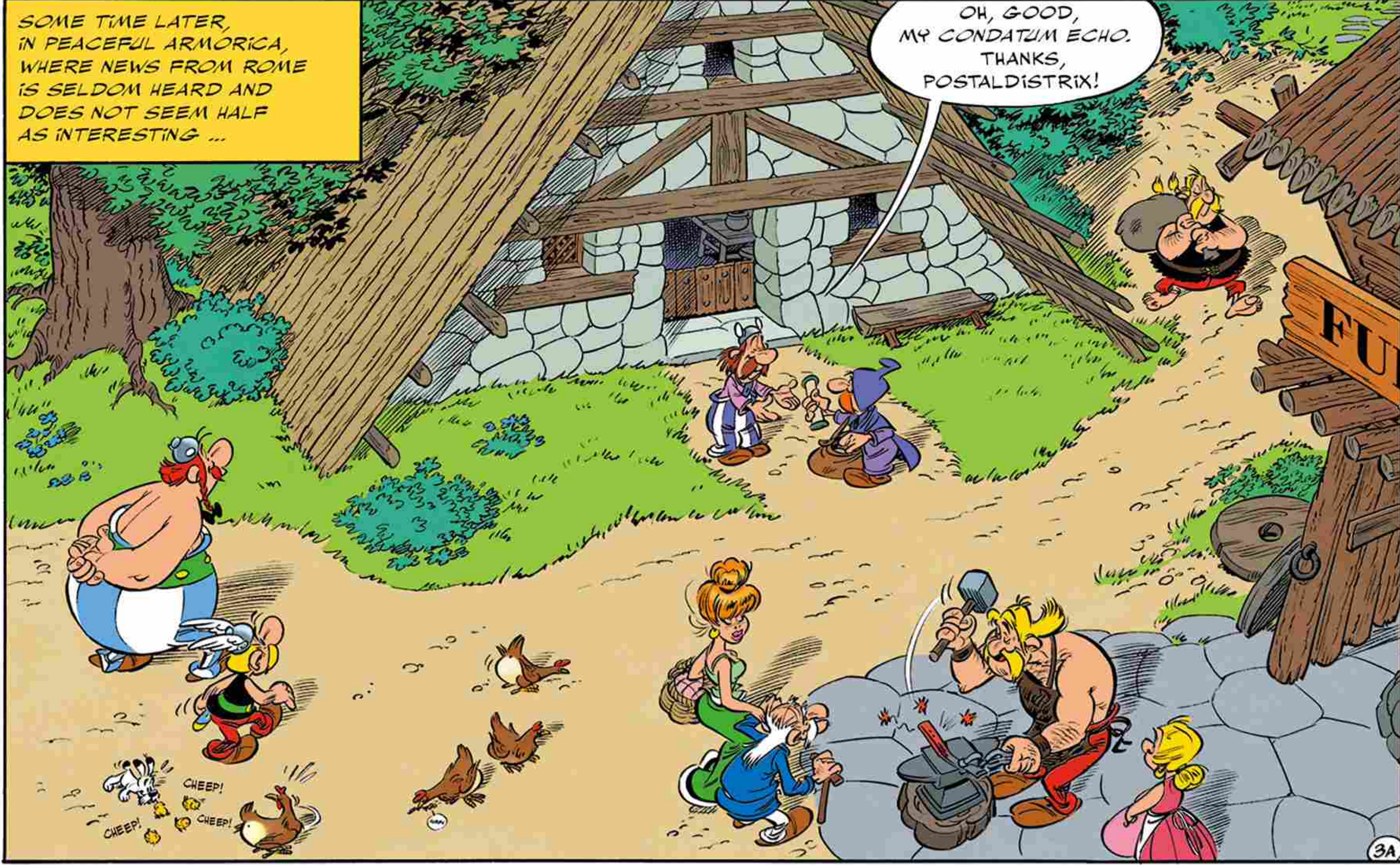


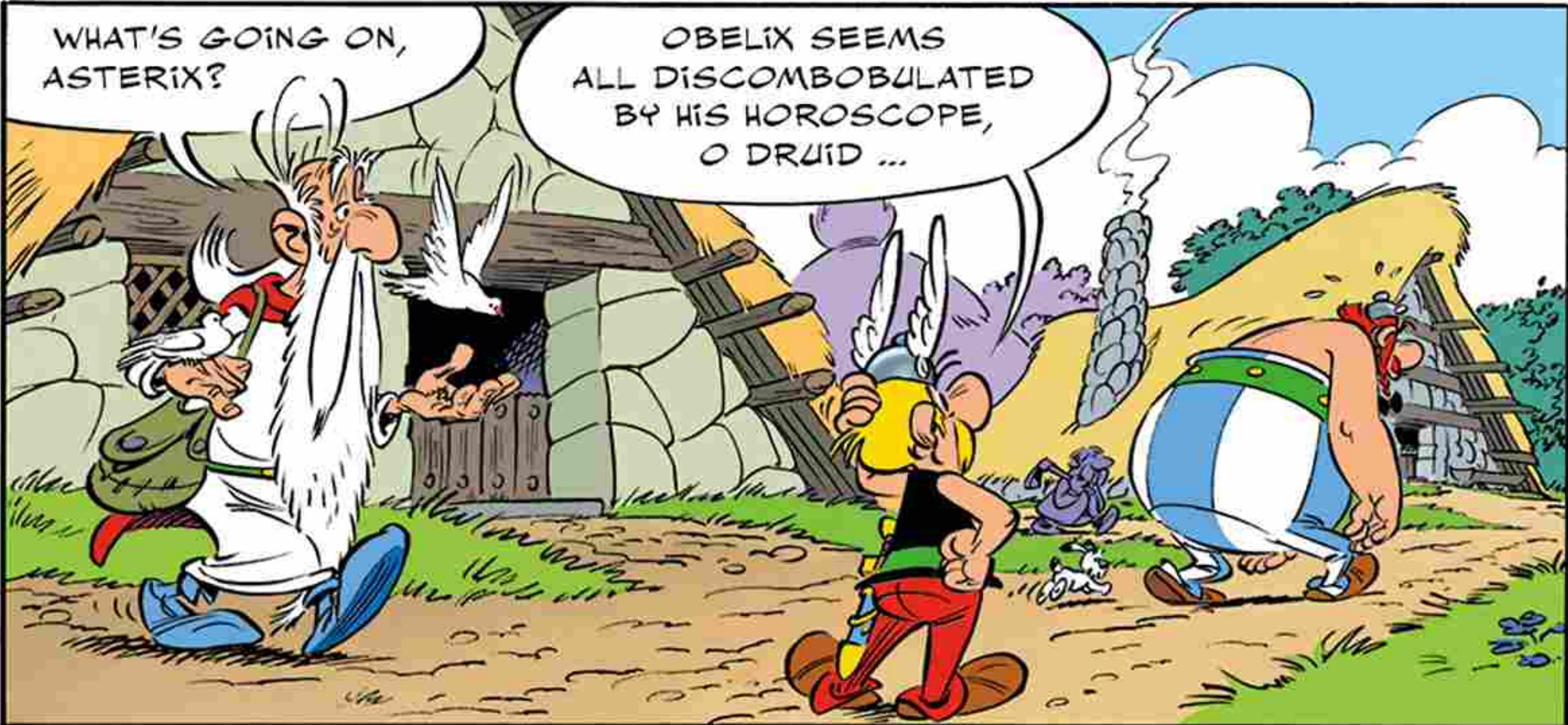
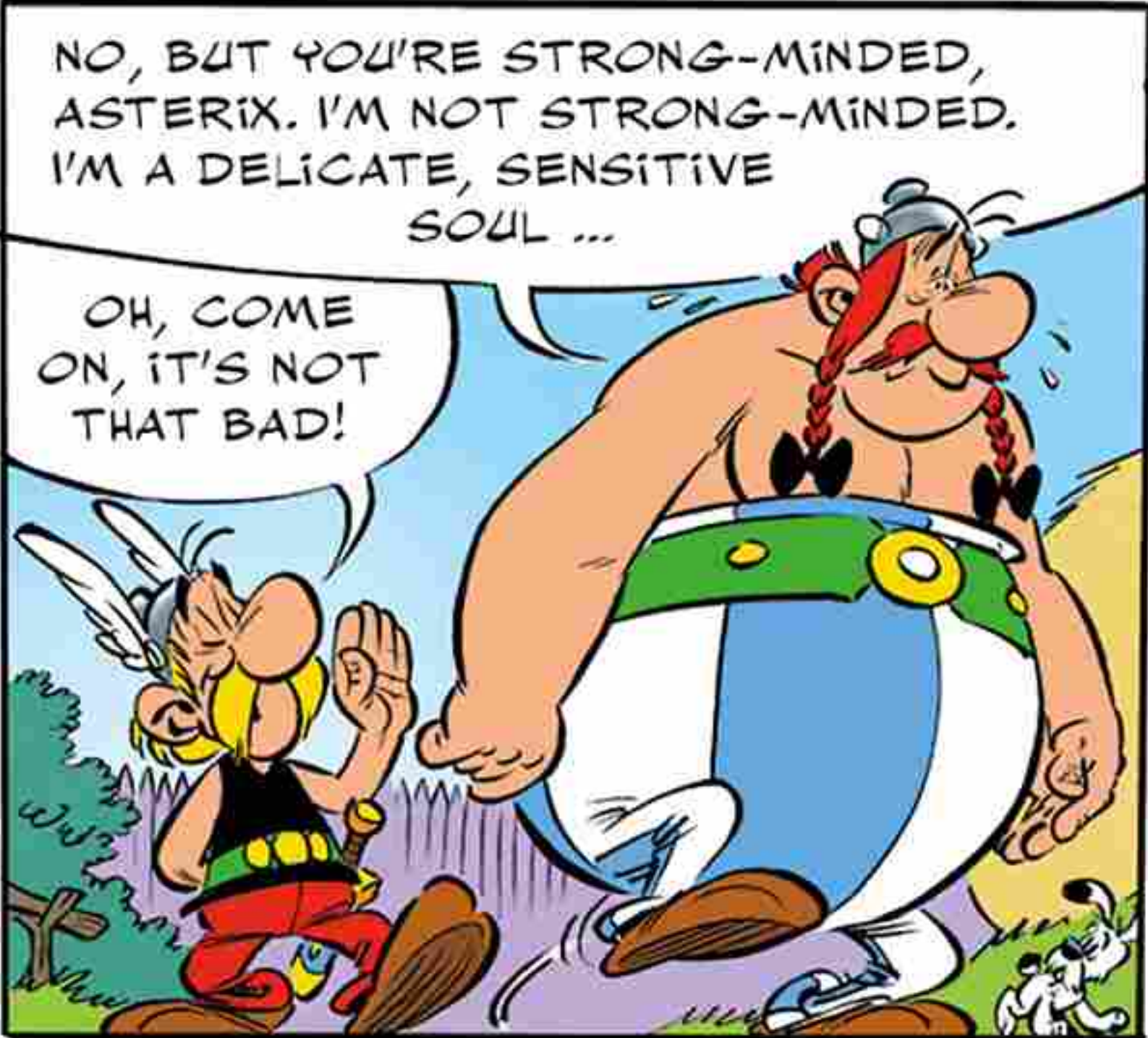
I'M PARCHED. WE NEED A HUMIDIFIER!
HO, HO!
A HUMIDIFIER!
HEY - WHERE DID THAT SCRIBE GO?

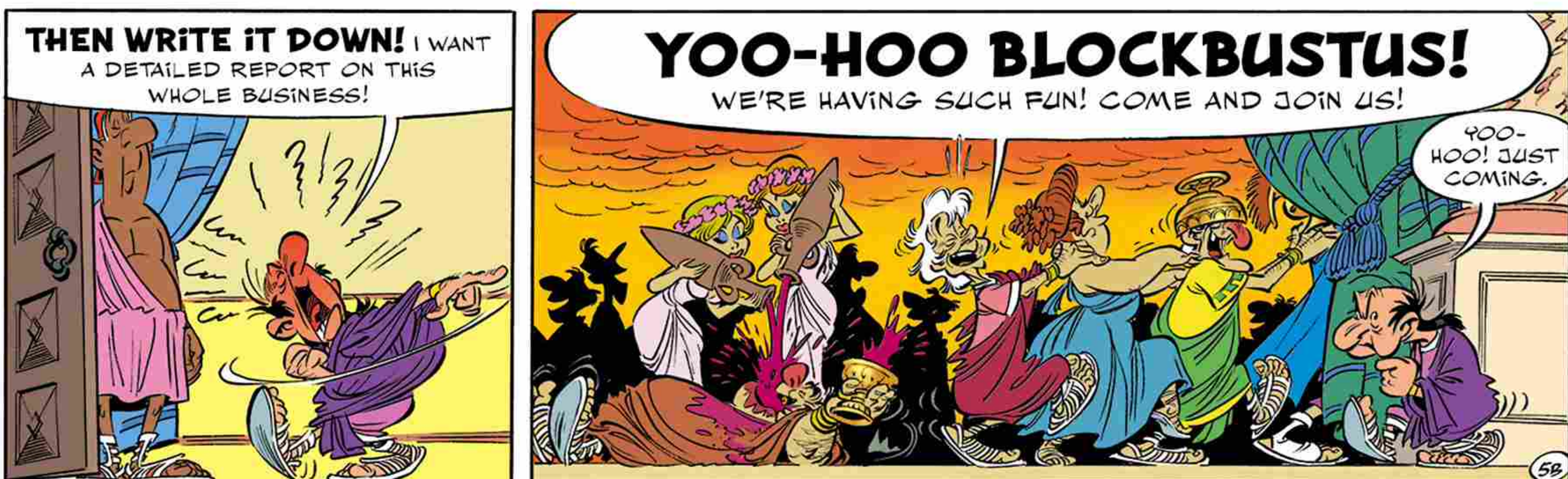
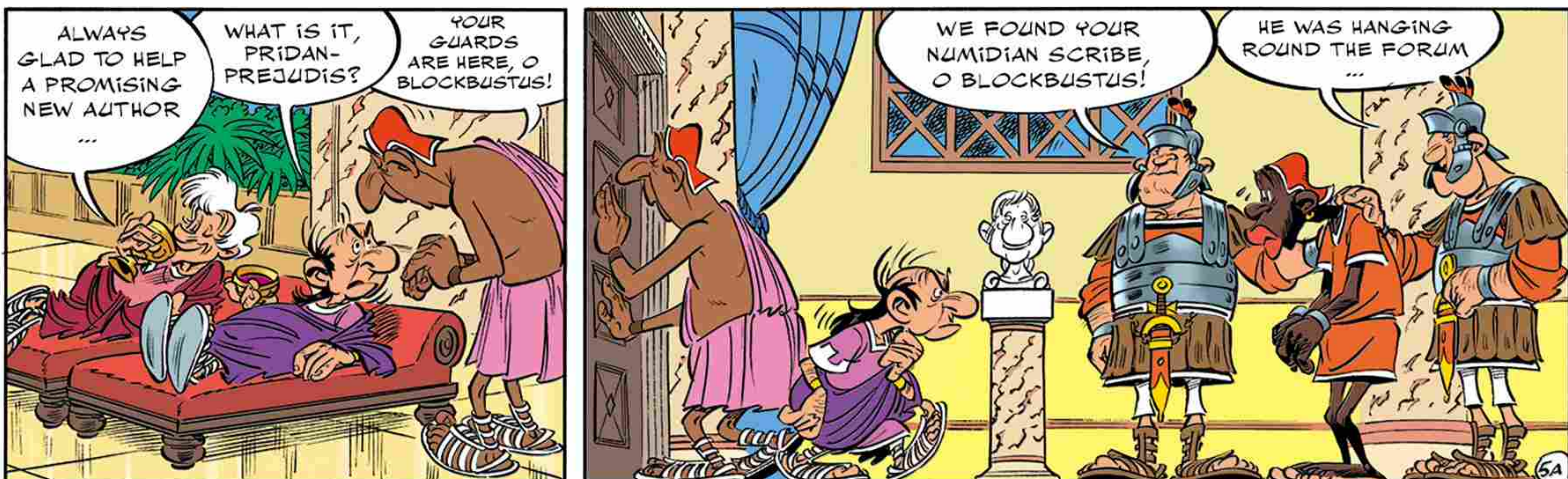
WE KNOW THE REST: CAESAR'S BOOK, IN ITS EXPURGATED VERSION, IS A HUGE HIT. THE ACTA DIURNA* OF ROME ALL AGREE ...

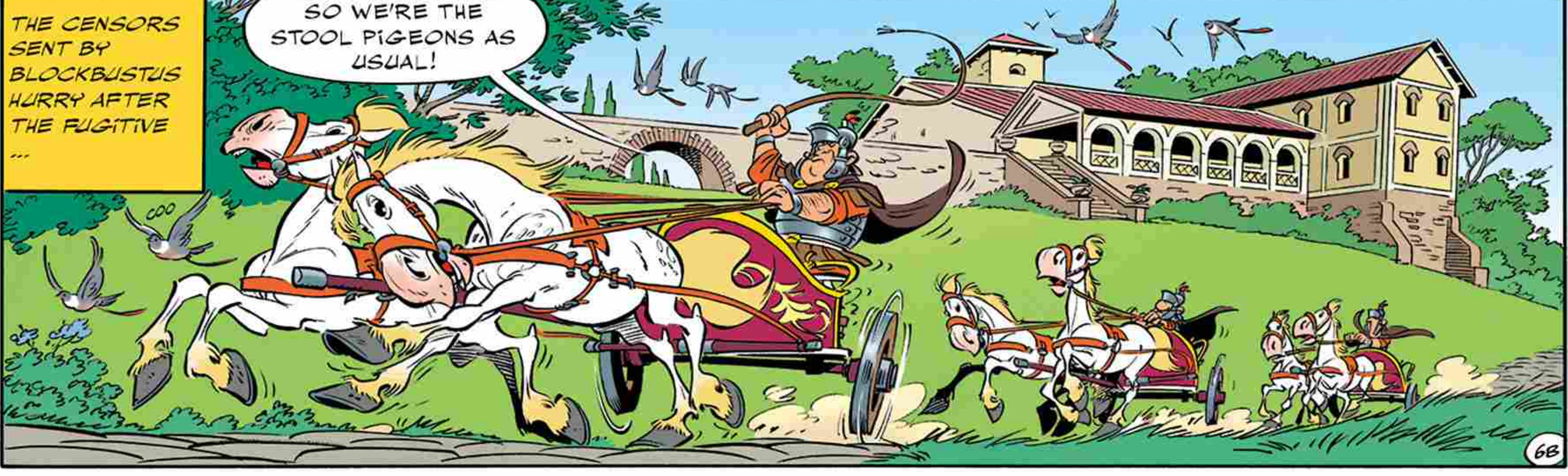
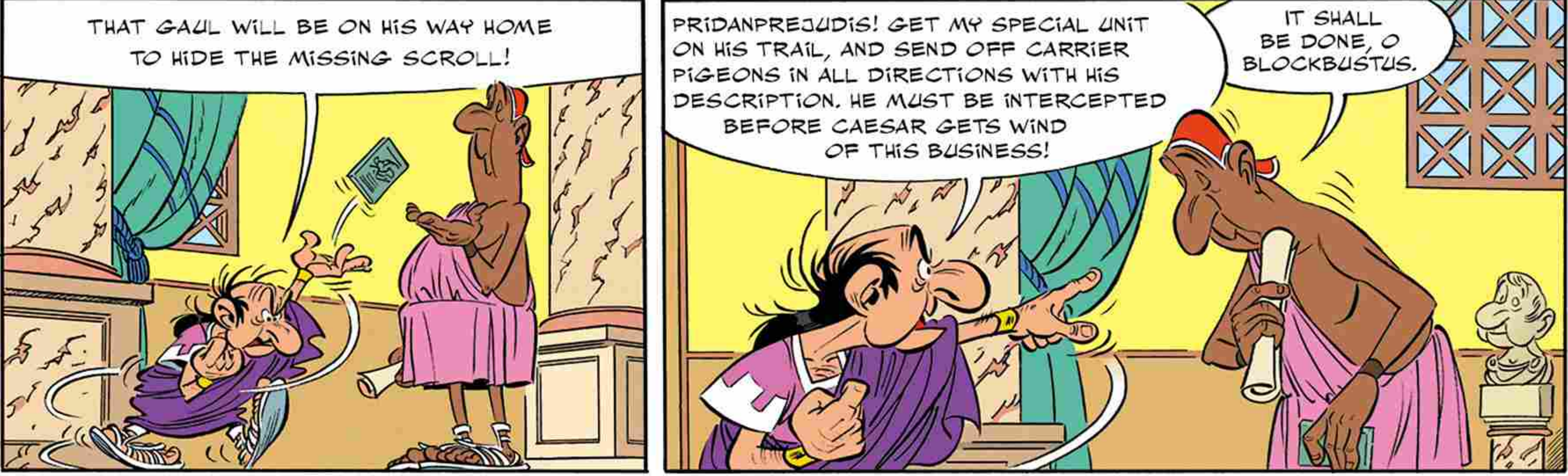
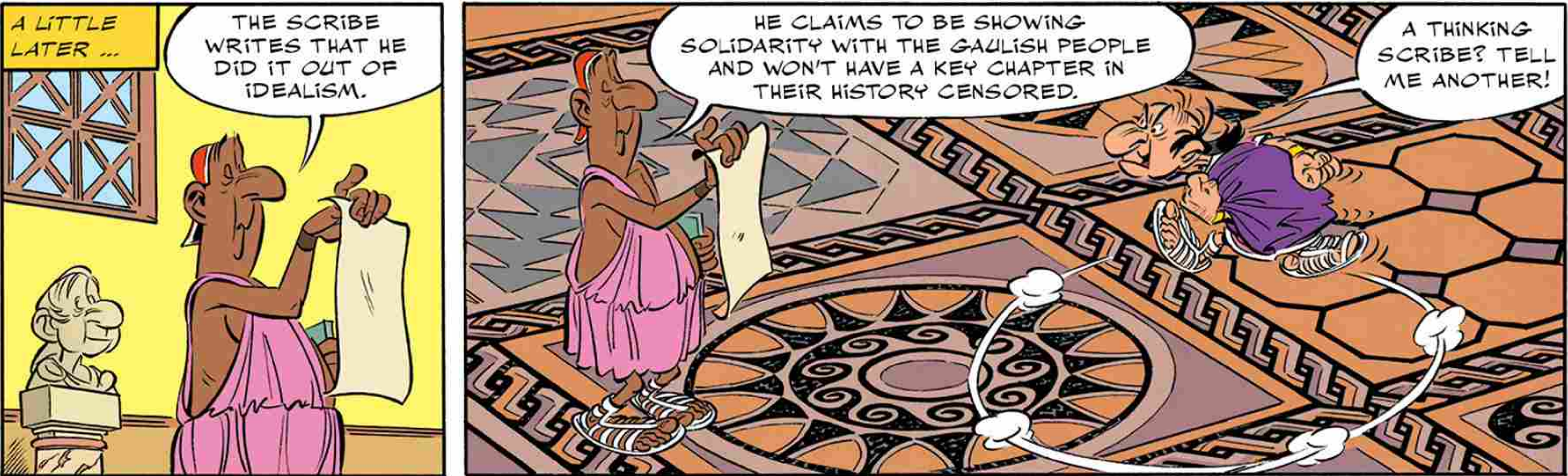


*NEWSPAPERS



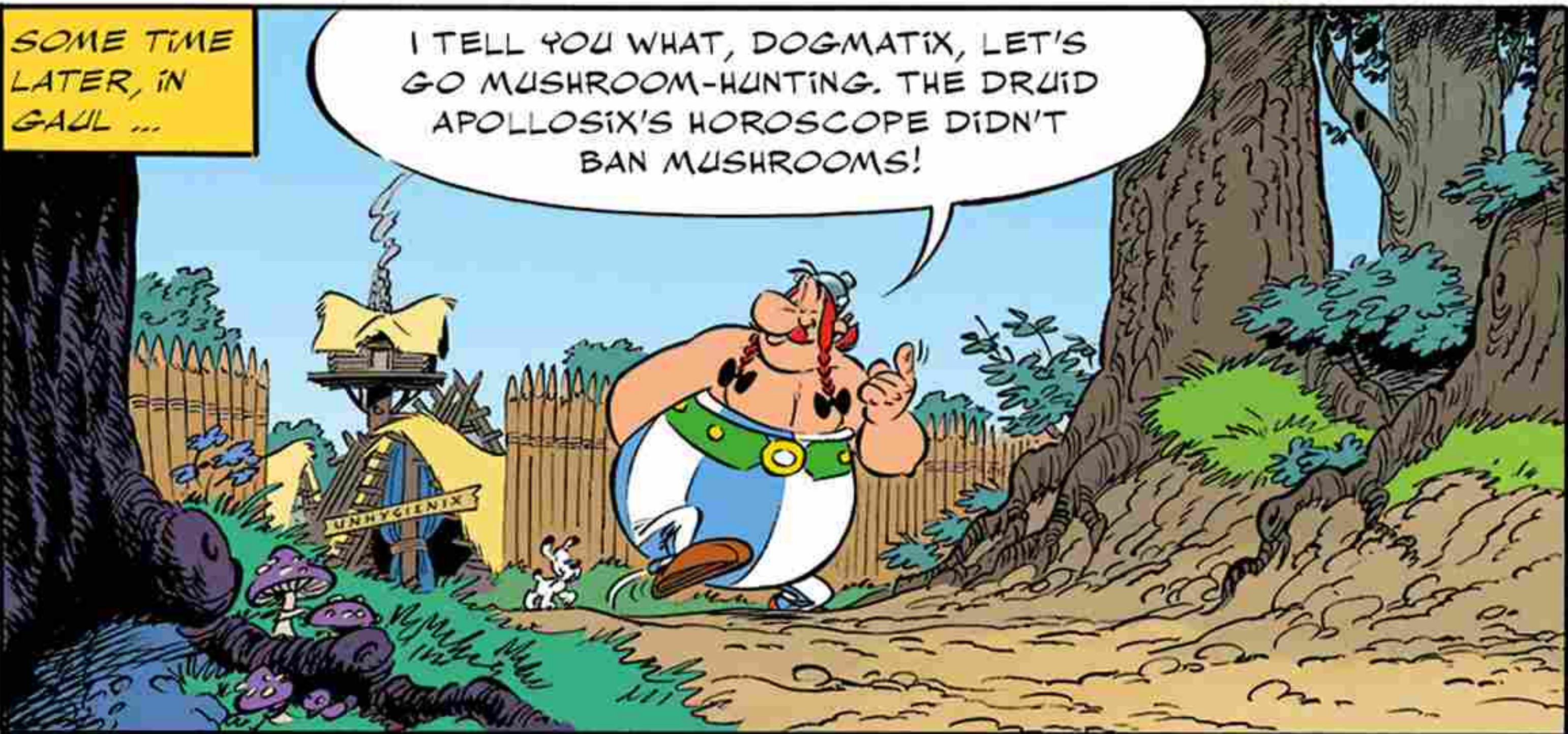






SOME TIME
LATER, IN
GAUL ...

I TELL YOU WHAT, DOGMATIX, LET'S
GO MUSHROOM-HUNTING. THE DRUID
APOLLOSIX'S HOROSCOPE DIDN'T
BAN MUSHROOMS!



ARE YOU ONE OF THE INDOMITABLE
GAULS? PLEASE HELP ME!
THESE ROMANS
WANT TO
SILENCE ME!

STOP! DID YOU
HEAR THAT? AN
INDOMITABLE
GAUL!

ABOUT
TURN,
FAST!



WAIT!
YOU'RE NOT IN ANY
DANGER, I HAVE
TO AVOID
CONFLICT!

THEY ALL
SAY THAT.



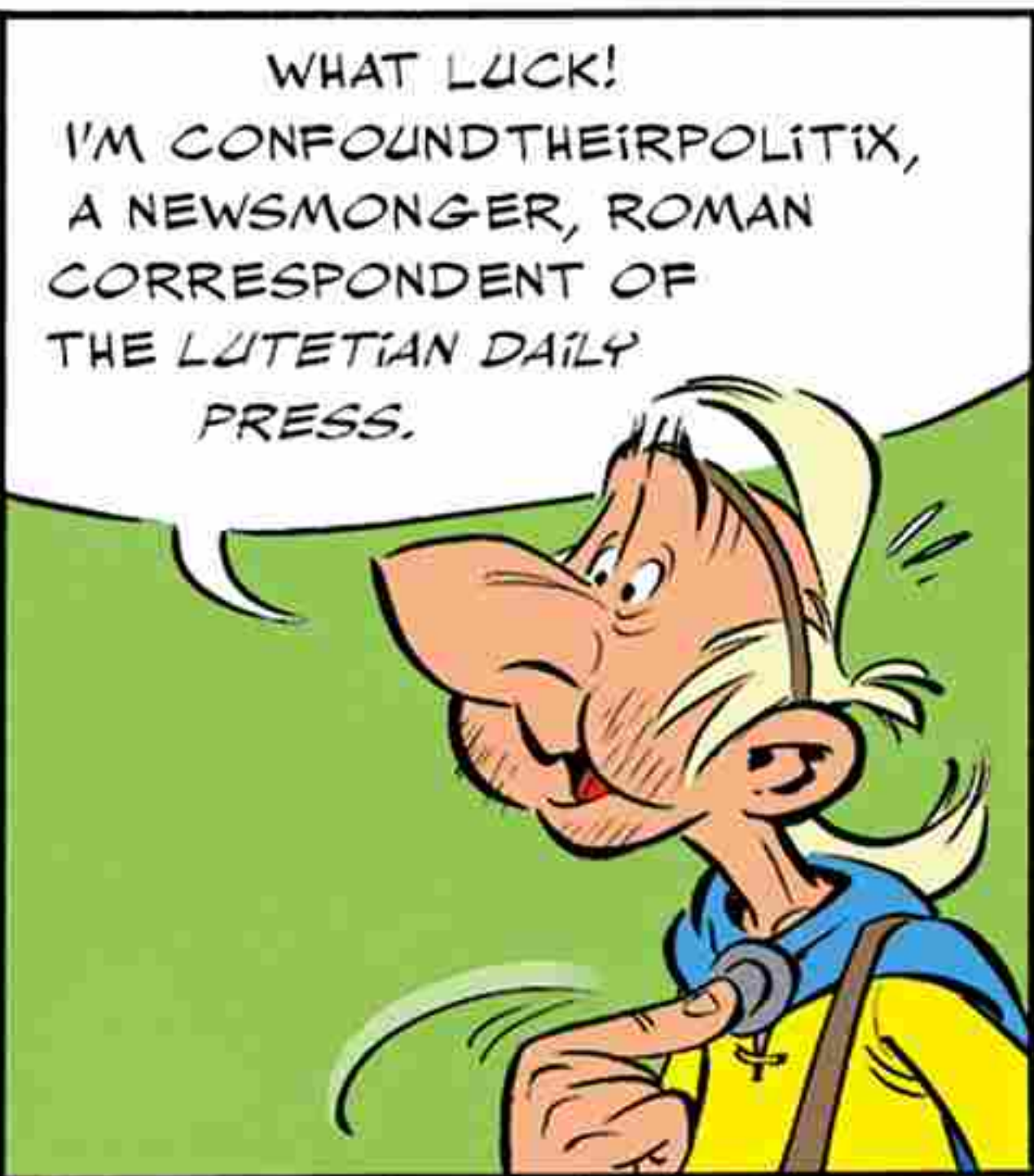
AN INDOMITABLE GAUL, AT
LAST! ARE YOU ASTERIX, THE
CUNNING WARRIOR FEARED BY
THE ROMANS?



NO, I'M HIS INSEPARABLE
FRIEND OBELIX, AND I LIKE
WILD BOAR BUT I HAVE TO
GO EASY ON
THEM NOW.

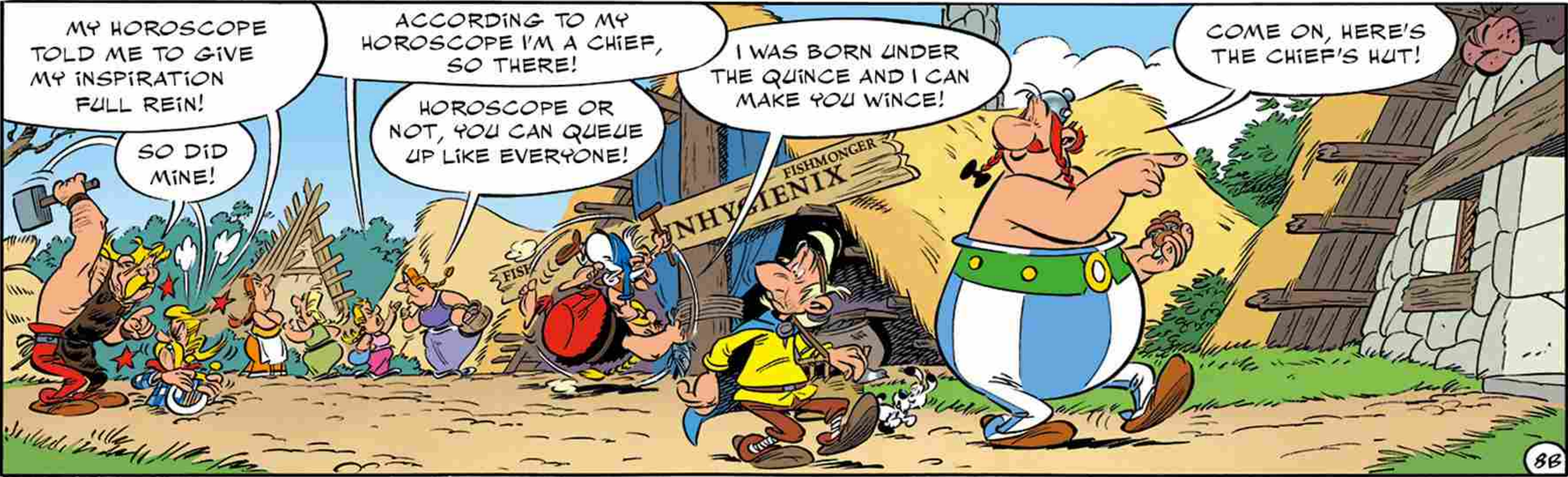
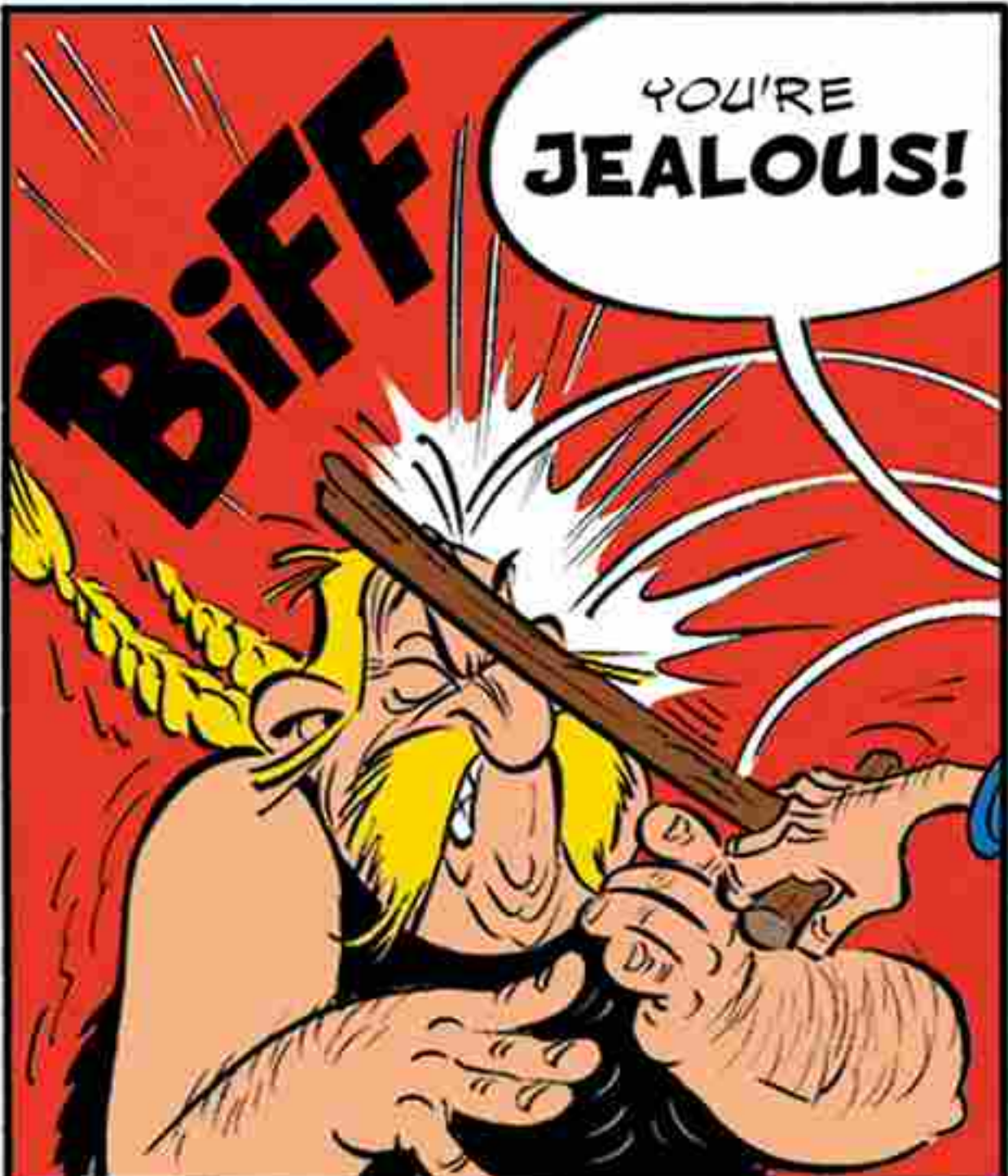
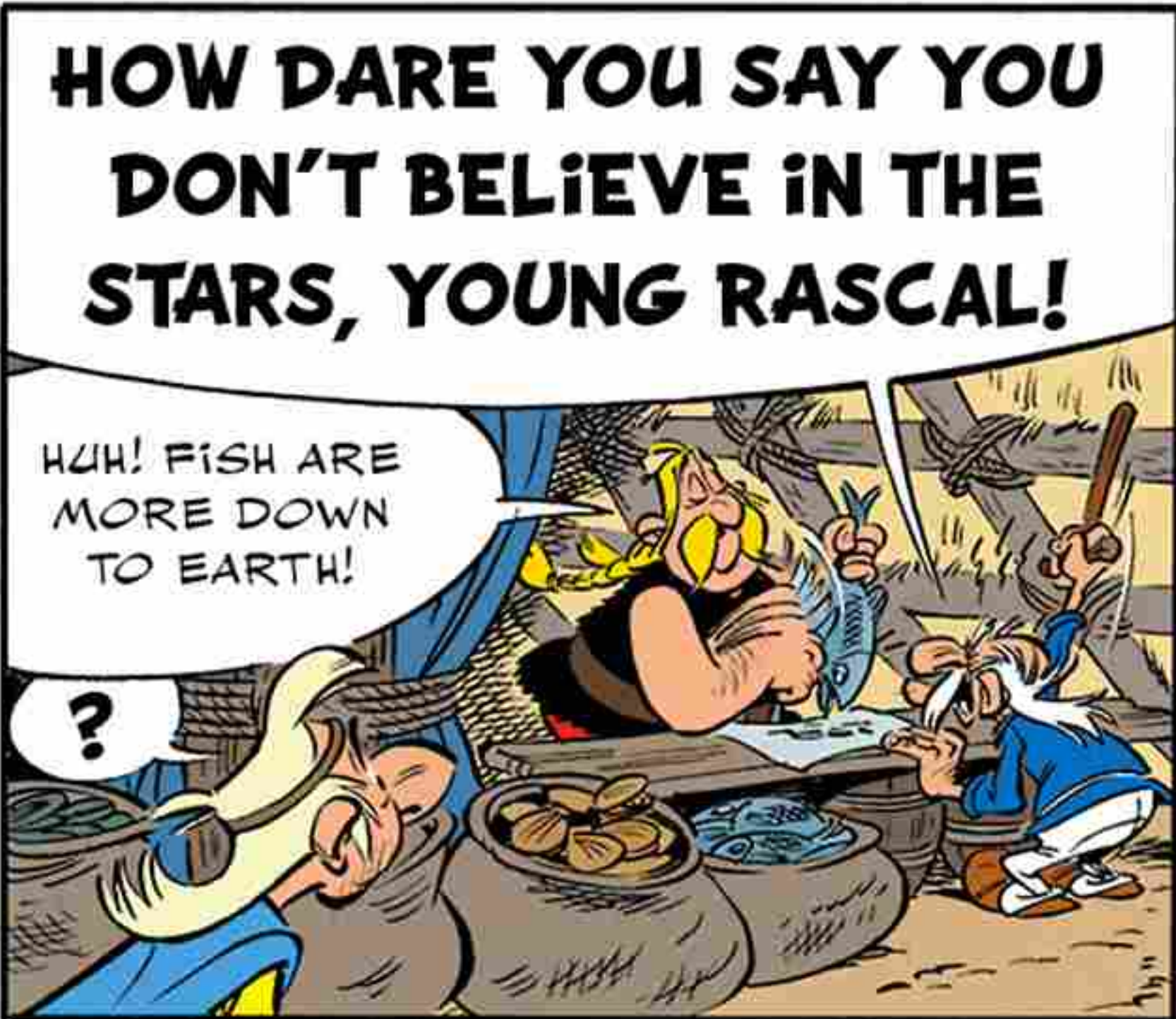
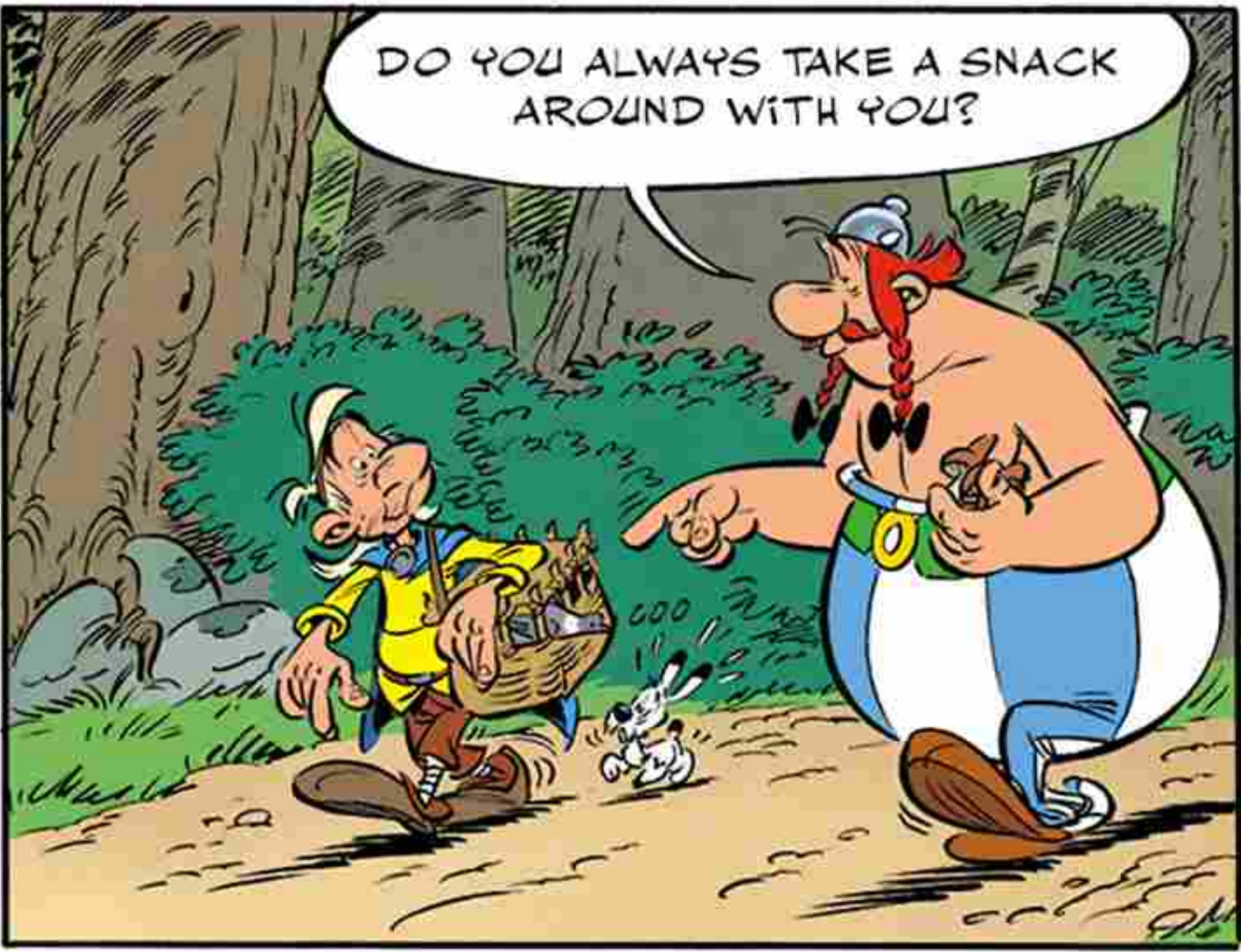


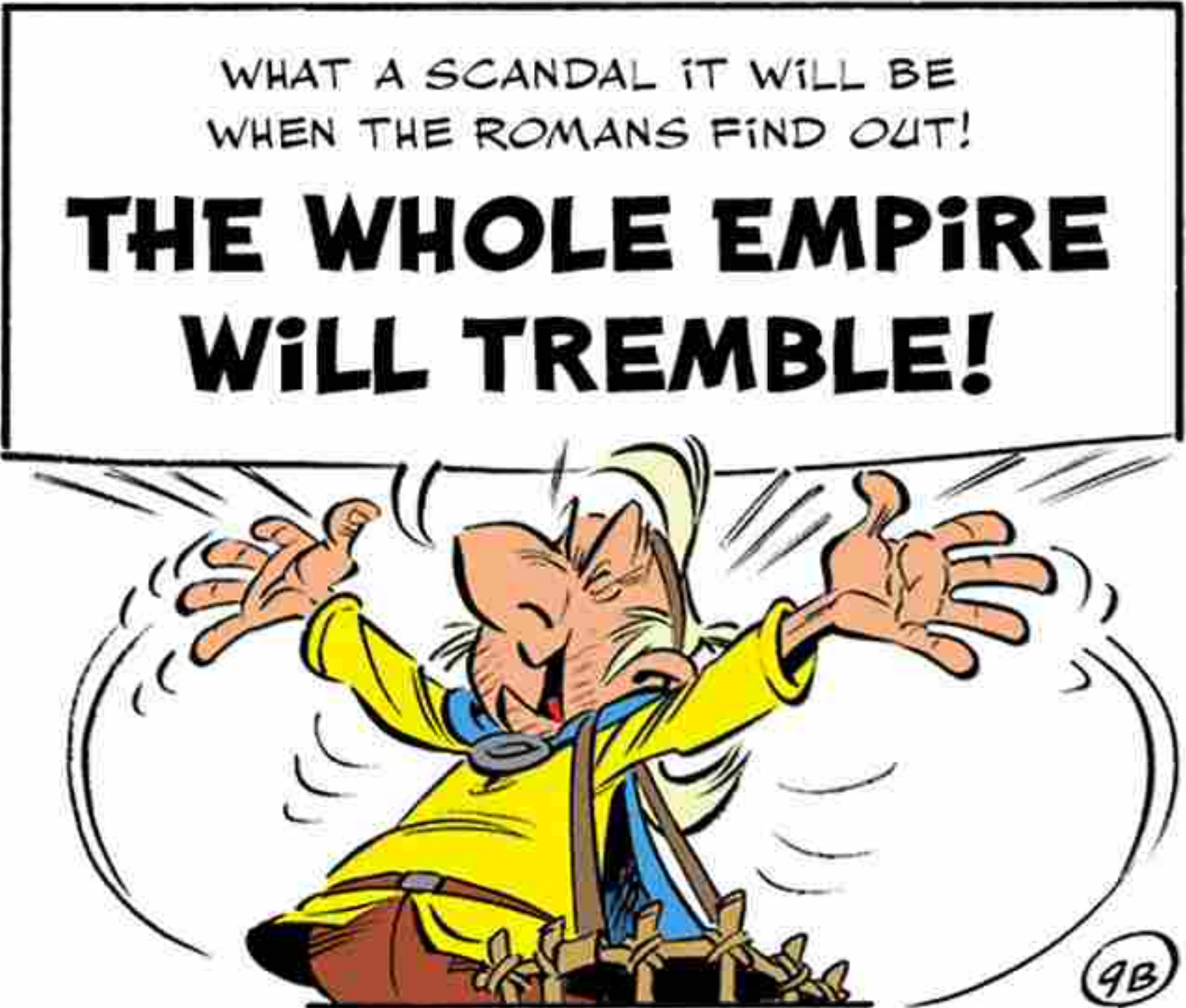
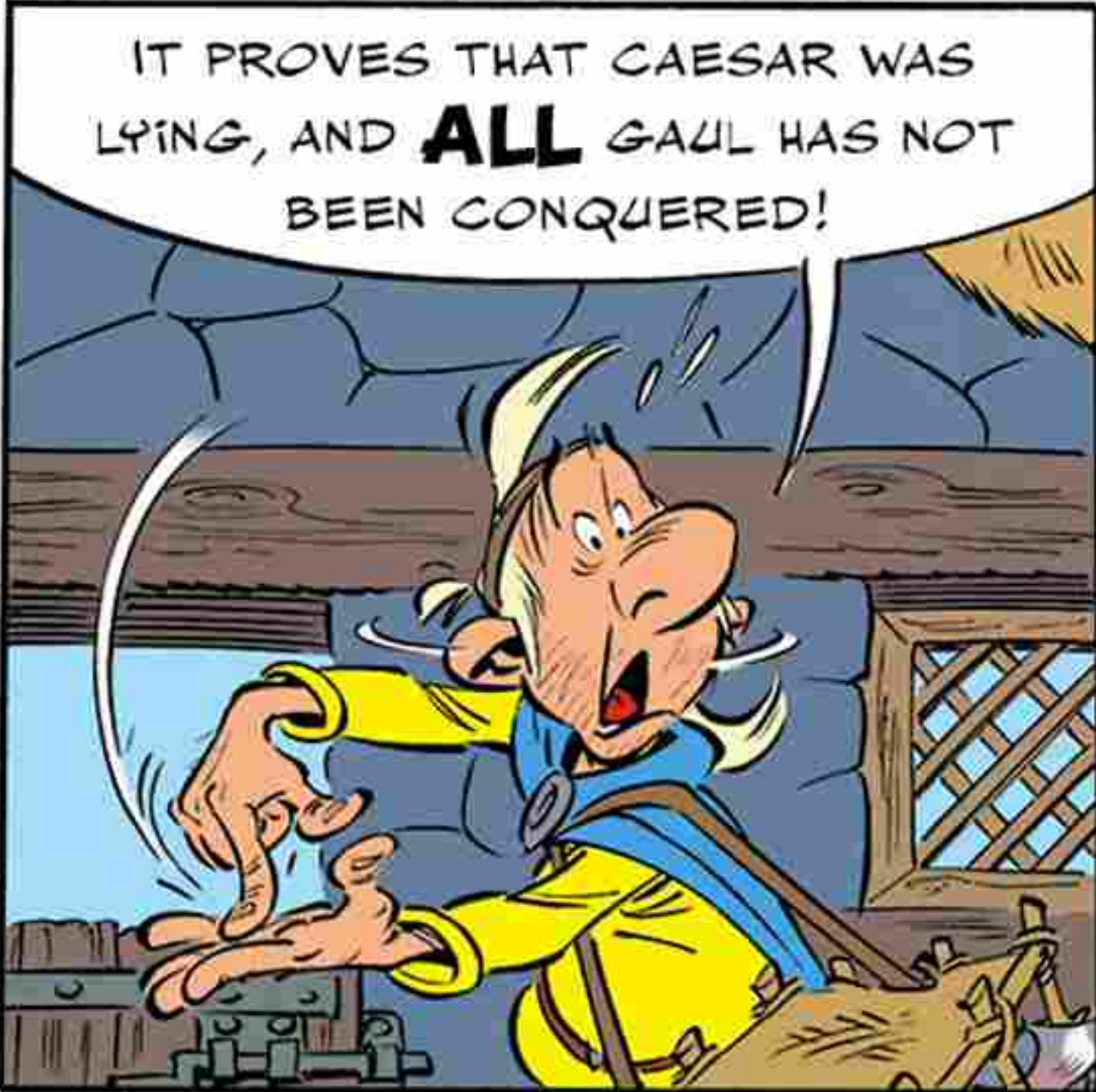
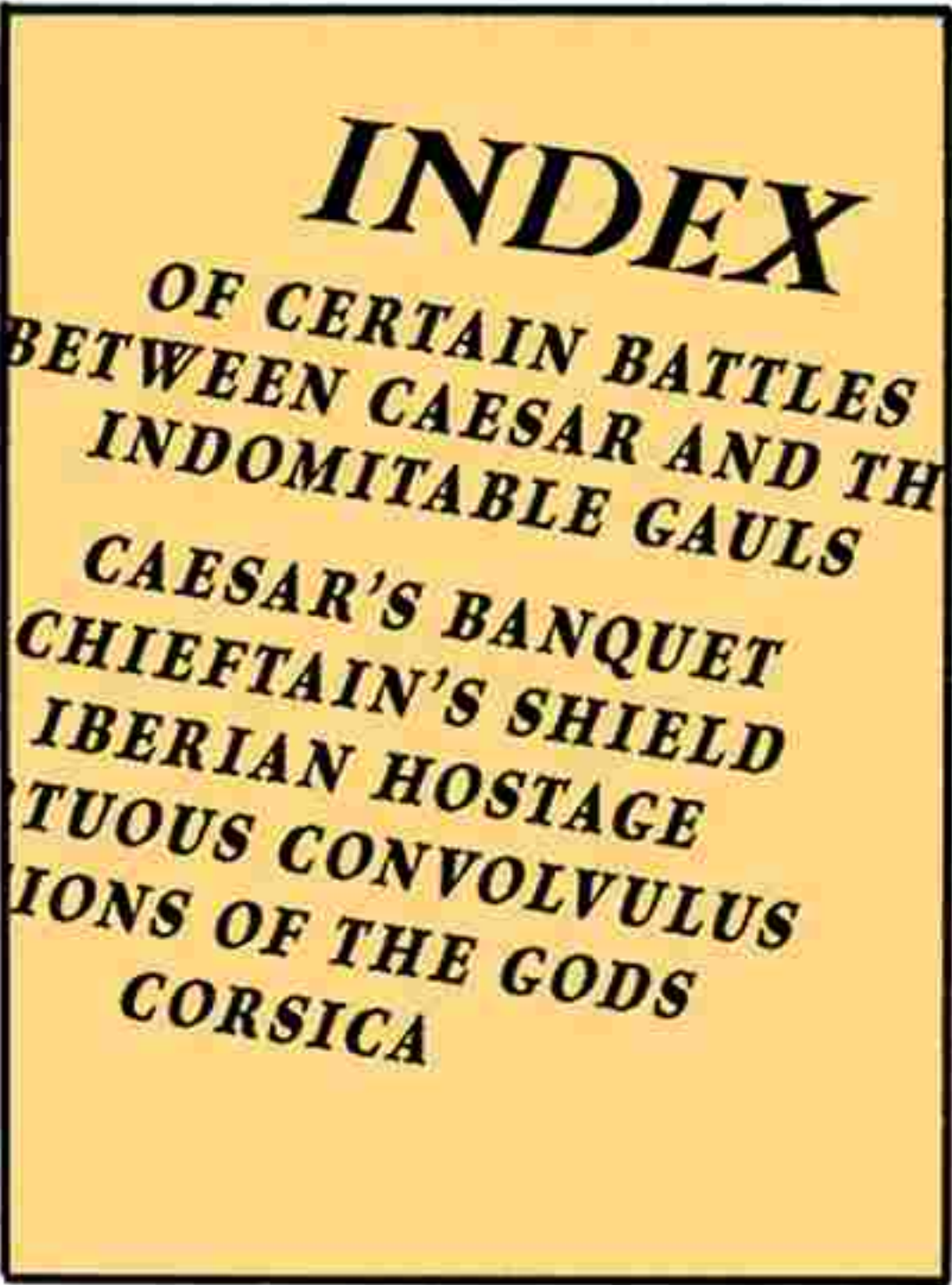
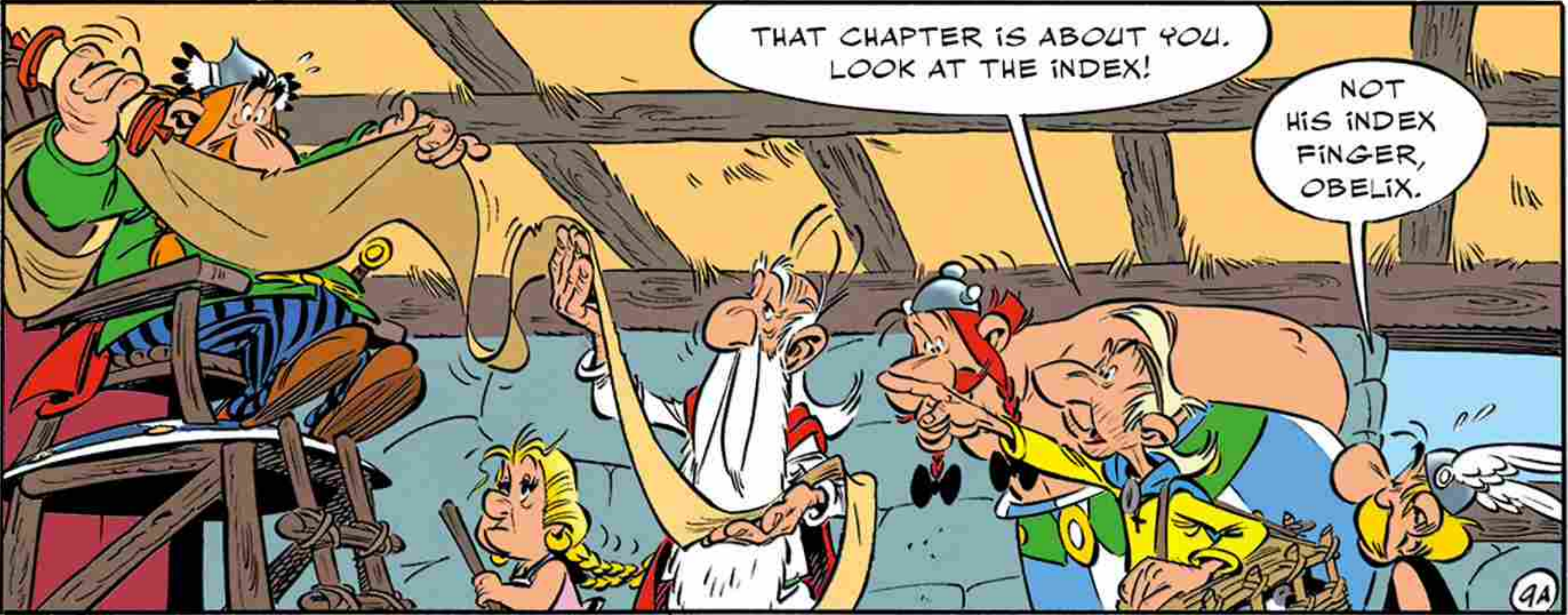
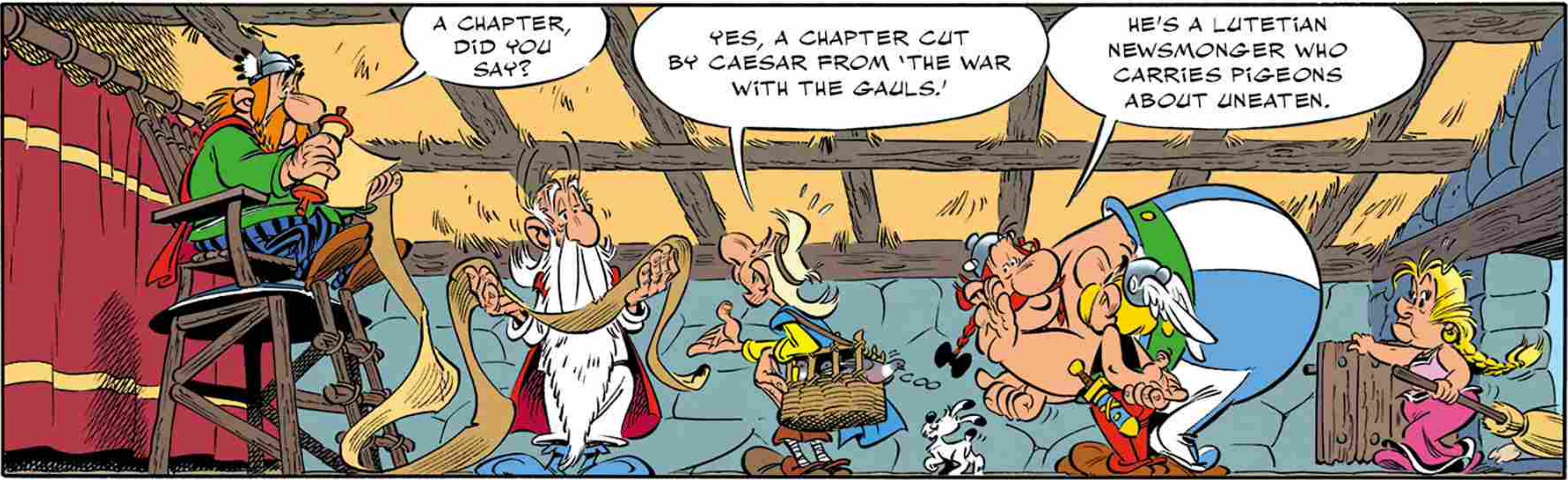
WHAT LUCK!
I'M CONFOUNDTHEIRPOLITIX,
A NEWSMONGER, ROMAN
CORRESPONDENT OF
THE LUTETIAN DAILY
PRESS.

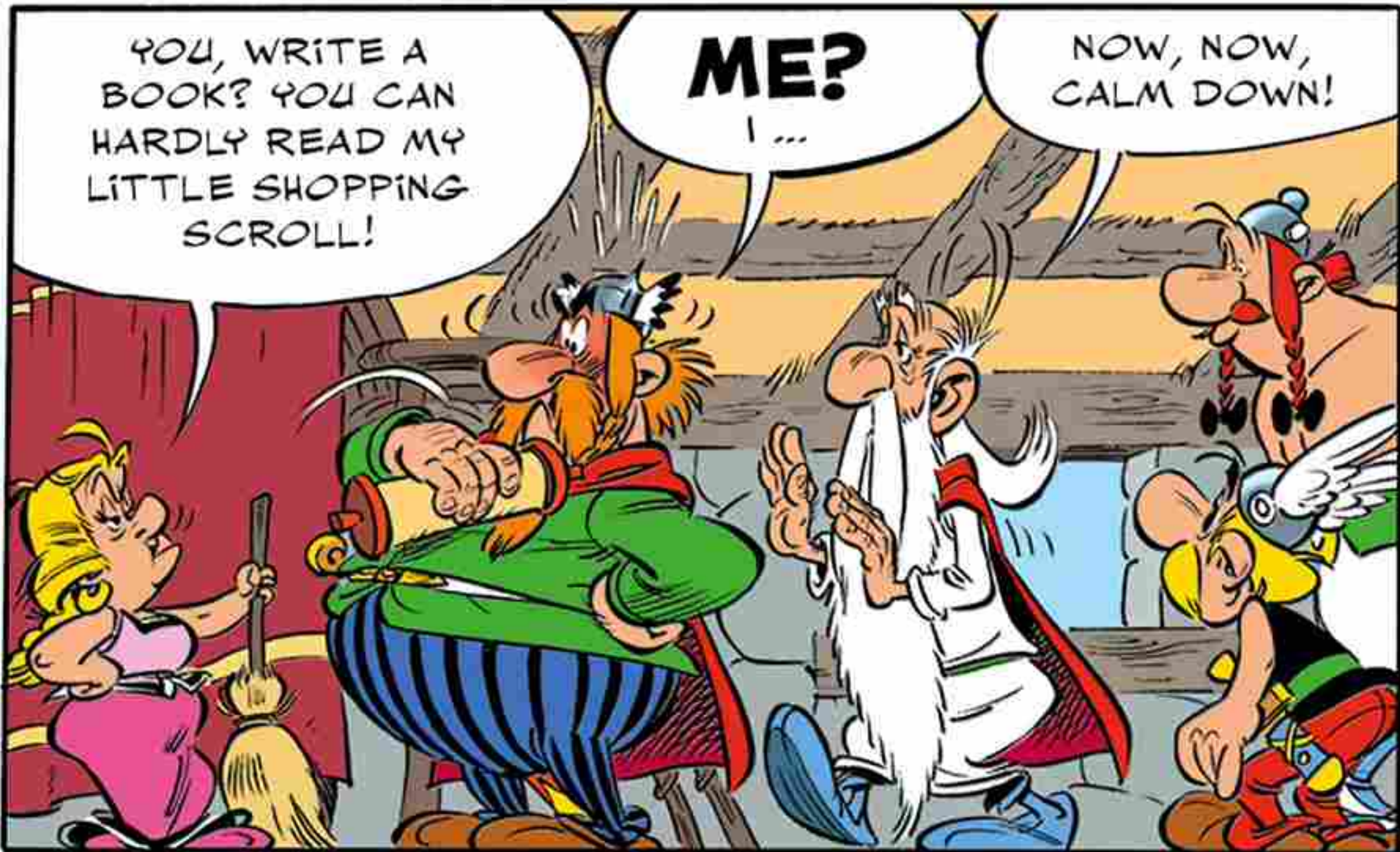
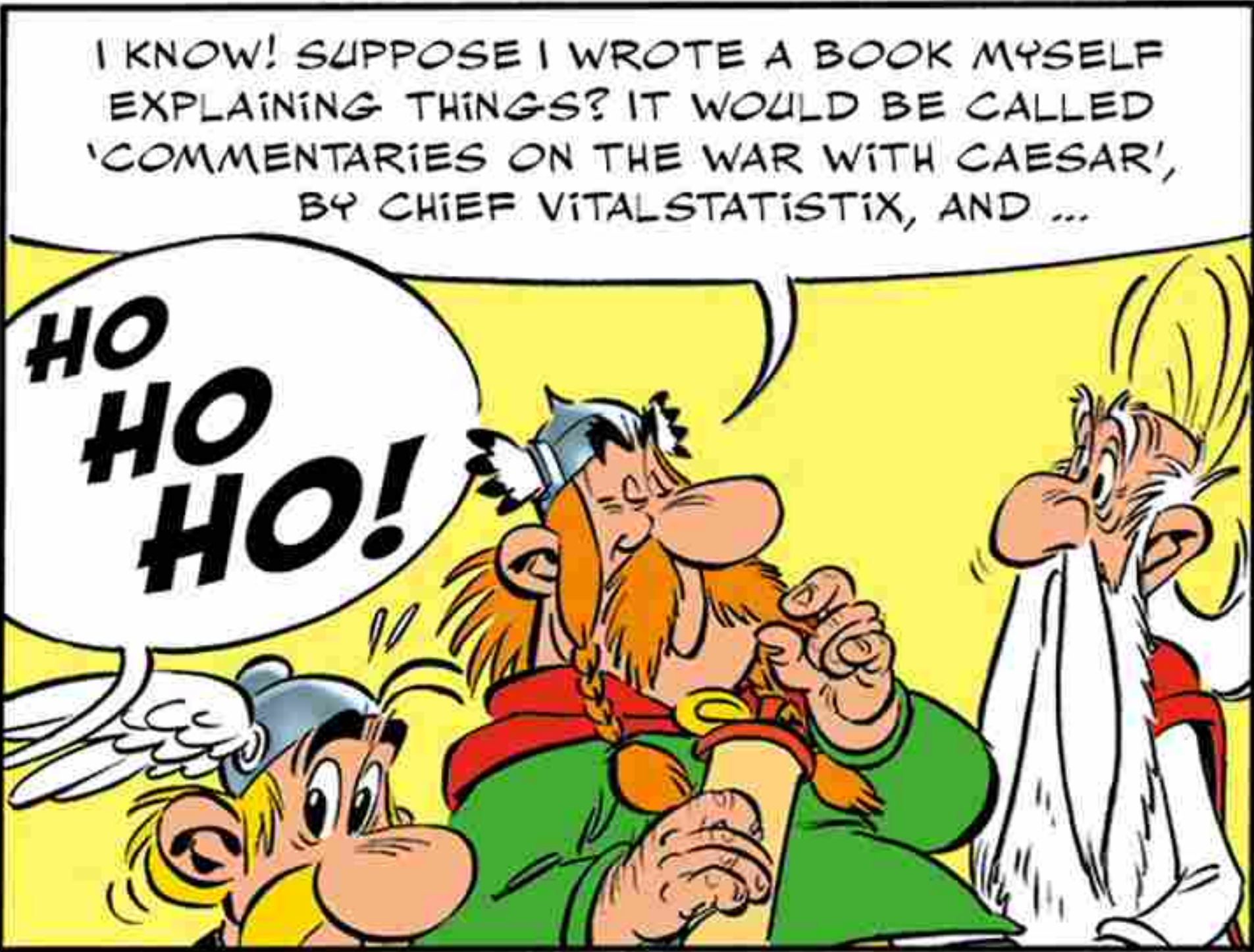
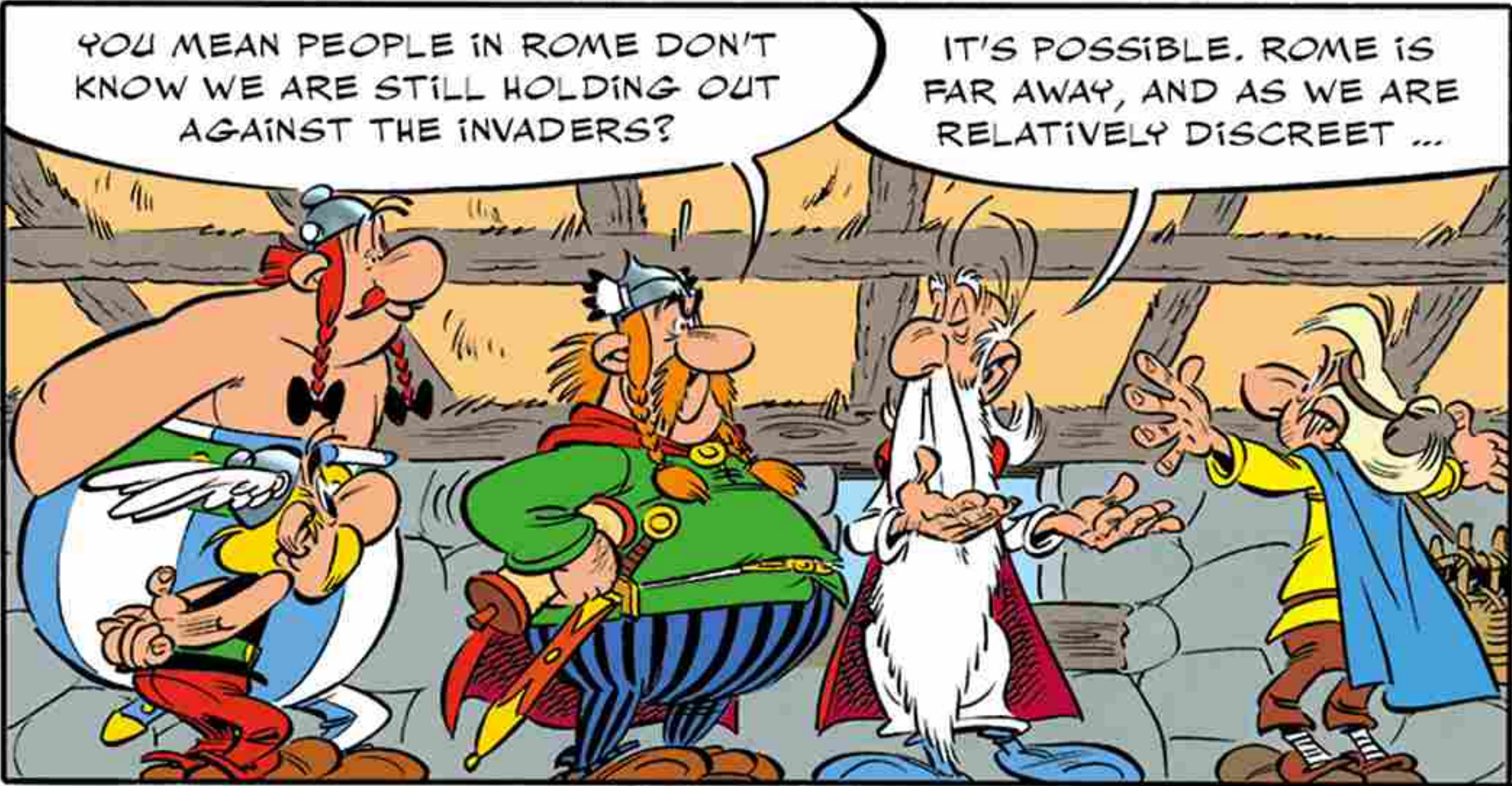


AND I HAVE WITH ME A DOCUMENT TO
MAKE THE EMPIRE TREMBLE: **THE
MISSING SCROLL FROM
CAESAR'S NEW BOOK!**









MEANWHILE, IN THE CAMP OF TOTORUM ...

AVE, CENTURION VERIGREGARIUS! WE'RE THE SPECIAL UNIT FROM ROME INVESTIGATING THE CASE OF THE STOLEN SCROLL.

AVE, YUP, I THINK I READ A PIGEON-FLASH ABOUT YOU ...

THE ROMAN ARMY HAS ADOPTED THE LATEST COMMUNICATIONS TECHNOLOGY ...

I'VE COME TO TAKE OVER ON PIGEON-LOFT DUTY ...

THERE YOU ARE, ANTIVIRUS.

THE FUGITIVE WE'RE TRYING TO CATCH HAS JUST REACHED THE VILLAGE OF THE INDOMITABLE GAULS.

YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP, THEN!

WHAT?

THERE'S NO ARGUING WITH THOSE GAULS. YOU'LL NEVER SEE YOUR SCROLL AGAIN.

ER ... THEN WE MUST REFER BACK TO ROME. MAY WE USE ONE OF YOUR PIGEONS?

SURE, GO AHEAD.

OUR SUPPLIER GIVES US AN UNLIMITED PIGEON PACKAGE...

WRITE: SCR. FND. VILL.

YES, BETTER KEEP IT SHORT.

ADD THE RECIPIENT'S ADDRESS.

SOON AFTERWARDS...

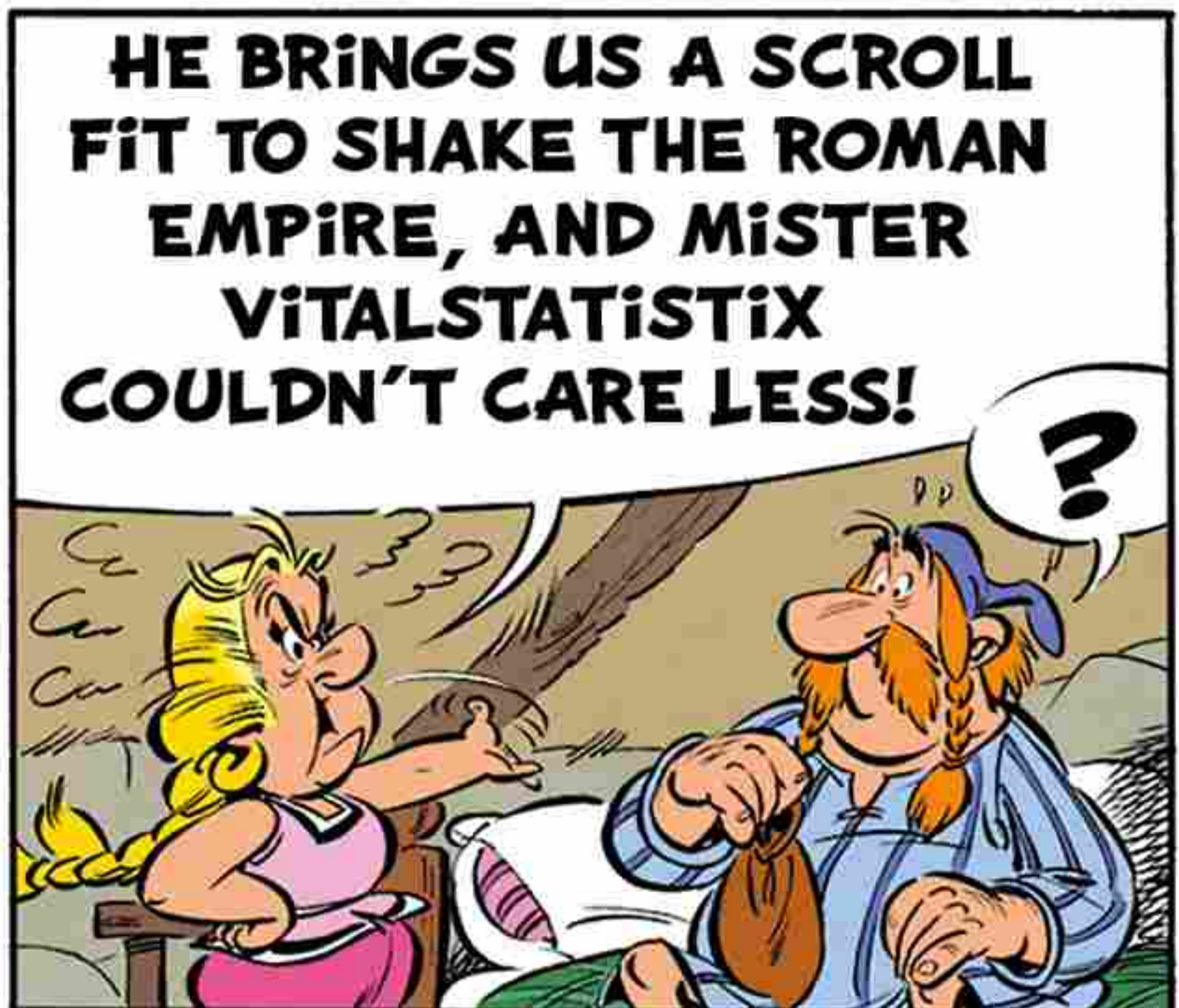
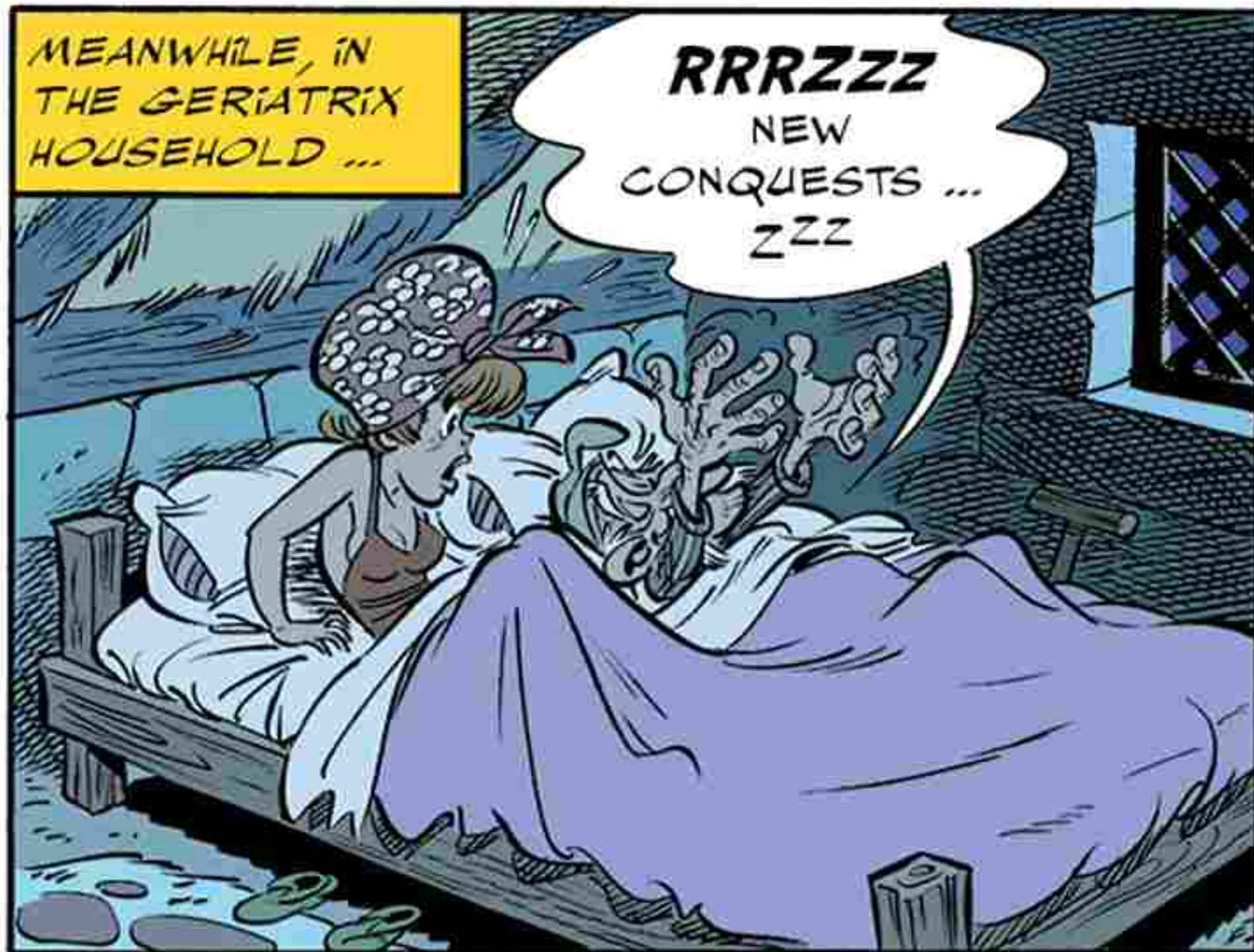
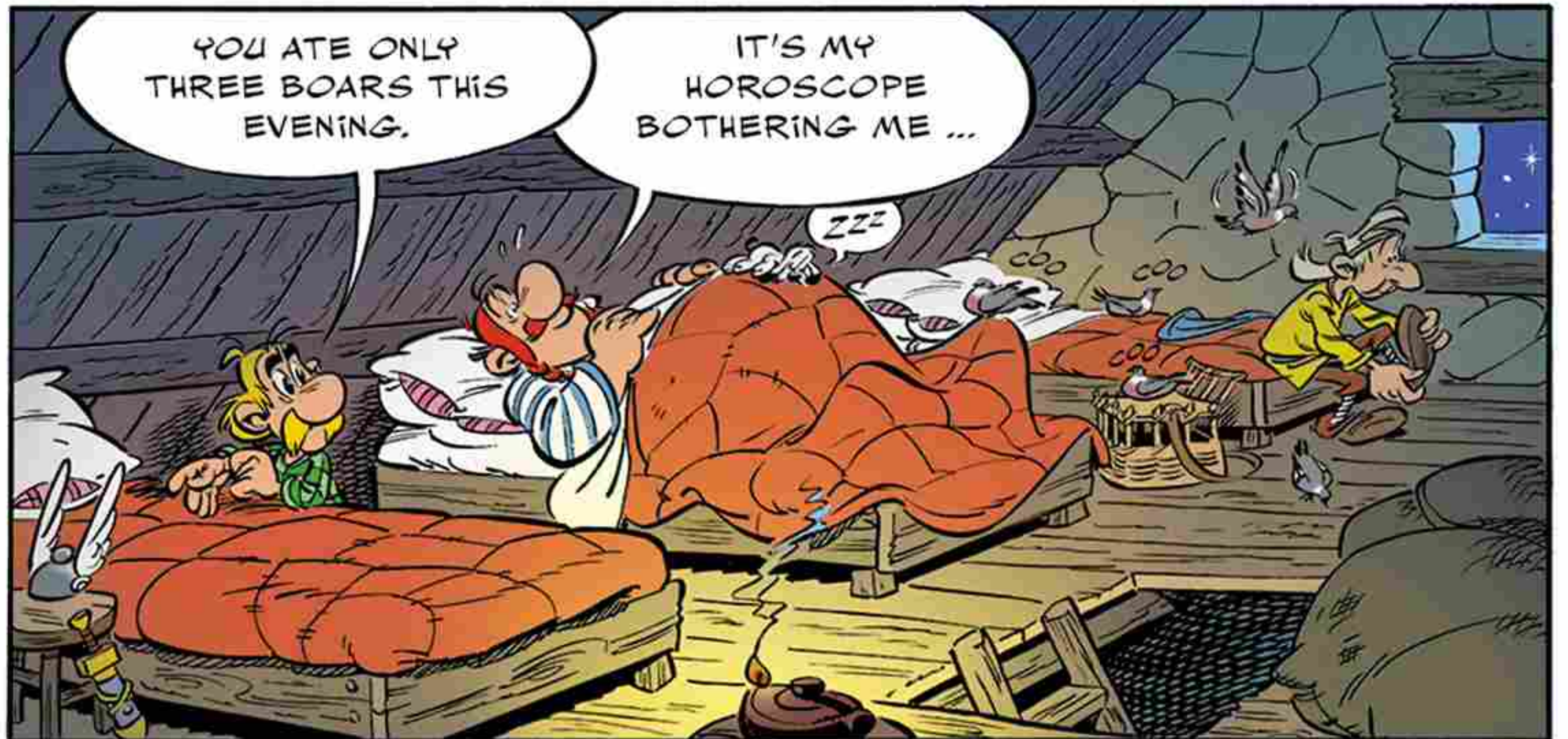
THERE IT GOES!

OOPS! BY MERCURY, WE FORGOT TO SAY WHICH VILLAGE!

NEVER MIND, WE'LL SEND A PIGEON CORRIGENDUM.

I JUST HAVE TO PICK A HEAVIER PIGEON TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T OVERTAKE THE FIRST.

COO?



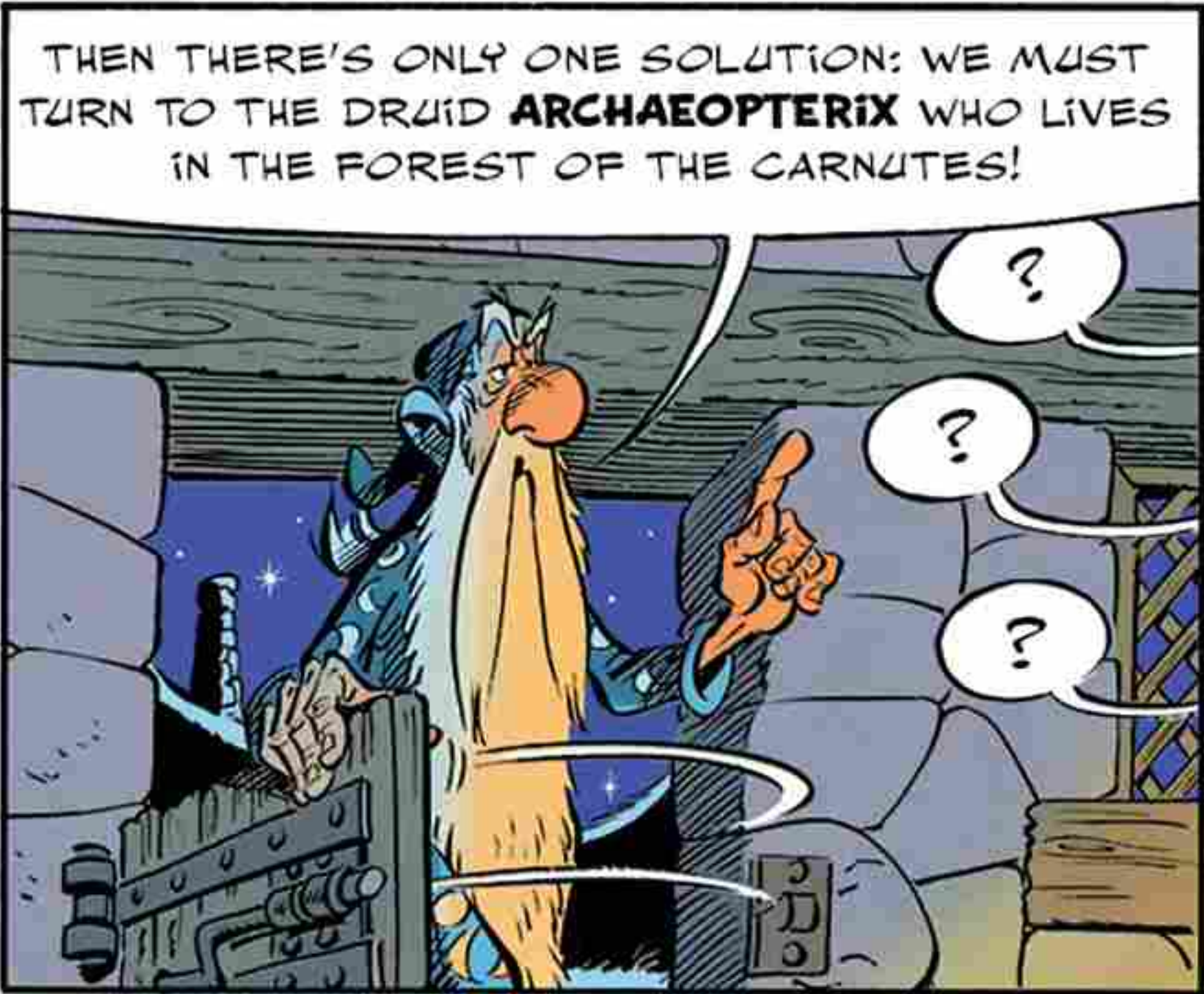


AFTER ... ER, MATURE REFLECTION,
I HAVE DECIDED THAT CAESAR'S LIE
CANNOT BE IGNORED!

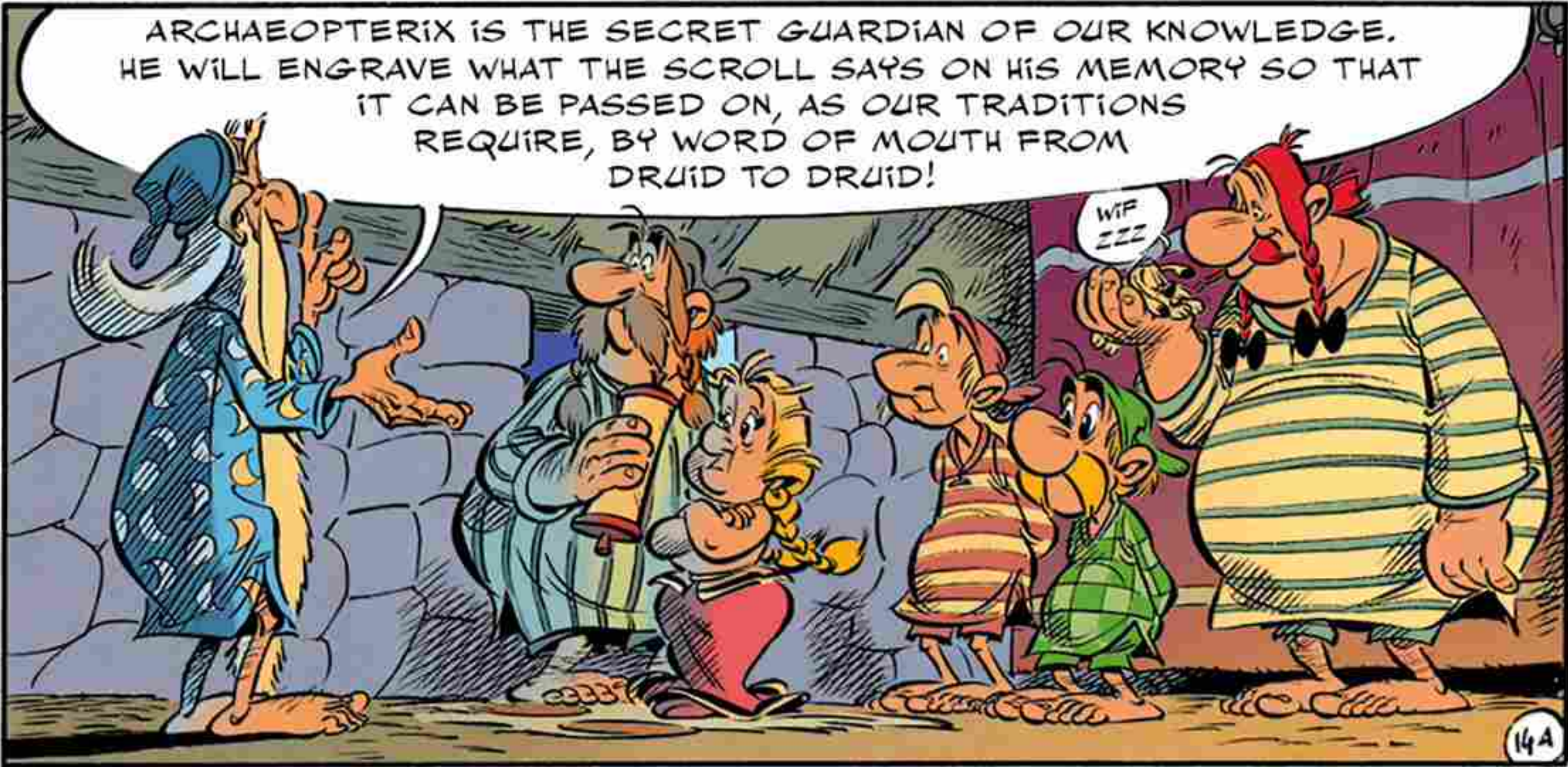


IT IS IMPORTANT FOR OUR
DESCENDANTS TO KNOW THAT
CAESAR DID NOT CONQUER
ALL GAUL!

ABSOLUTELY!



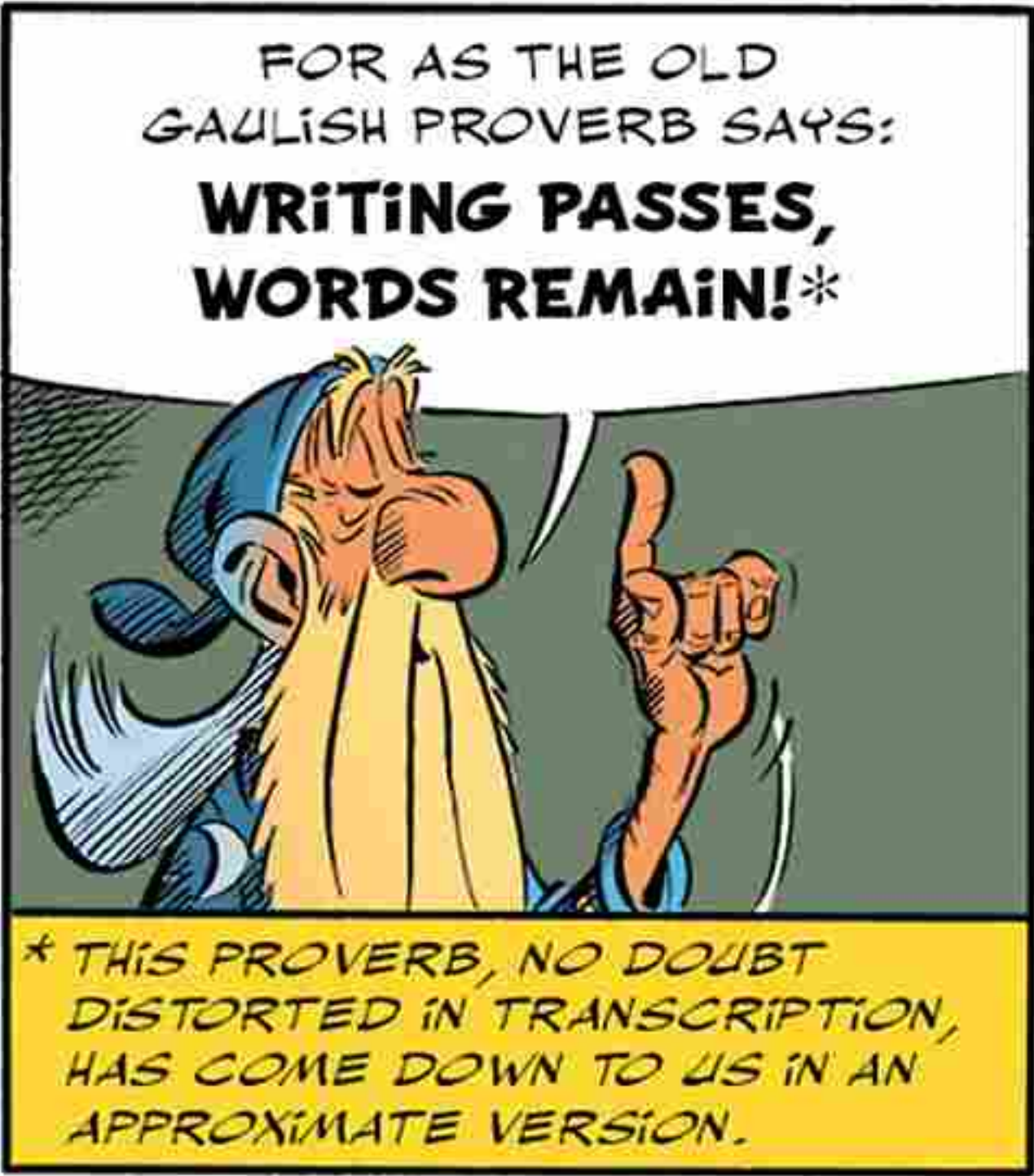
THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION: WE MUST
TURN TO THE DRUID **ARCHAEOPTERIX** WHO LIVES
IN THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES!



ARCHAEOPTERIX IS THE SECRET GUARDIAN OF OUR KNOWLEDGE.
HE WILL ENGRAVE WHAT THE SCROLL SAYS ON HIS MEMORY SO THAT
IT CAN BE PASSED ON, AS OUR TRADITIONS
REQUIRE, BY WORD OF MOUTH FROM
DRUID TO DRUID!

WTF
ZZZ

14A



FOR AS THE OLD
GAULISH PROVERB SAYS:
**WRITING PASSES,
WORDS REMAIN!***

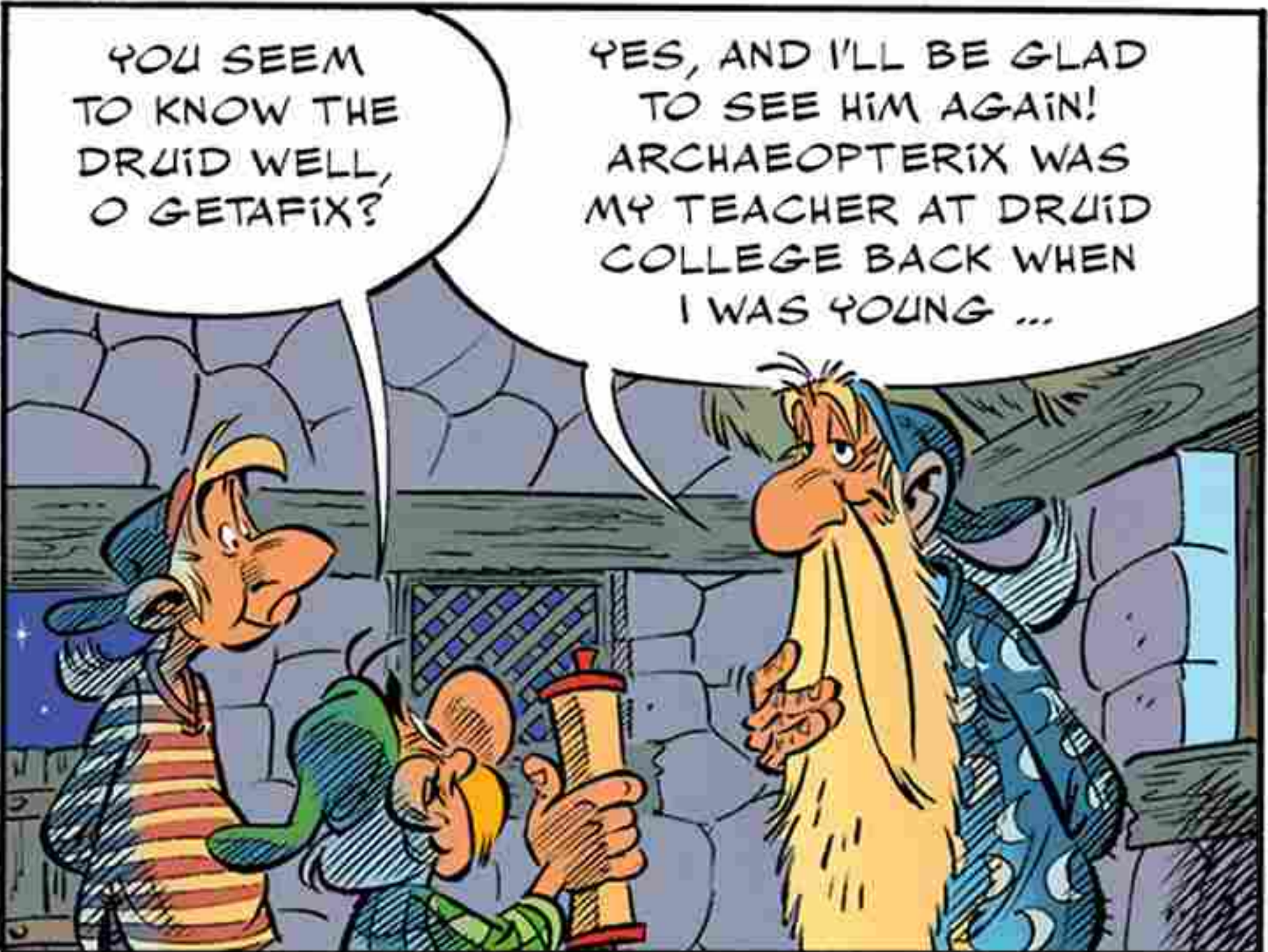
* THIS PROVERB, NO DOUBT
DISTORTED IN TRANSCRIPTION,
HAS COME DOWN TO US IN AN
APPROXIMATE VERSION.



I HAVE SPOKEN! ASTERIX AND OBELIX, YOU
WILL ESCORT OUR DRUID TO THE FOREST OF
THE CARNUTES, TAKING THE SCROLL
TO ARCHAEOPTERIX.

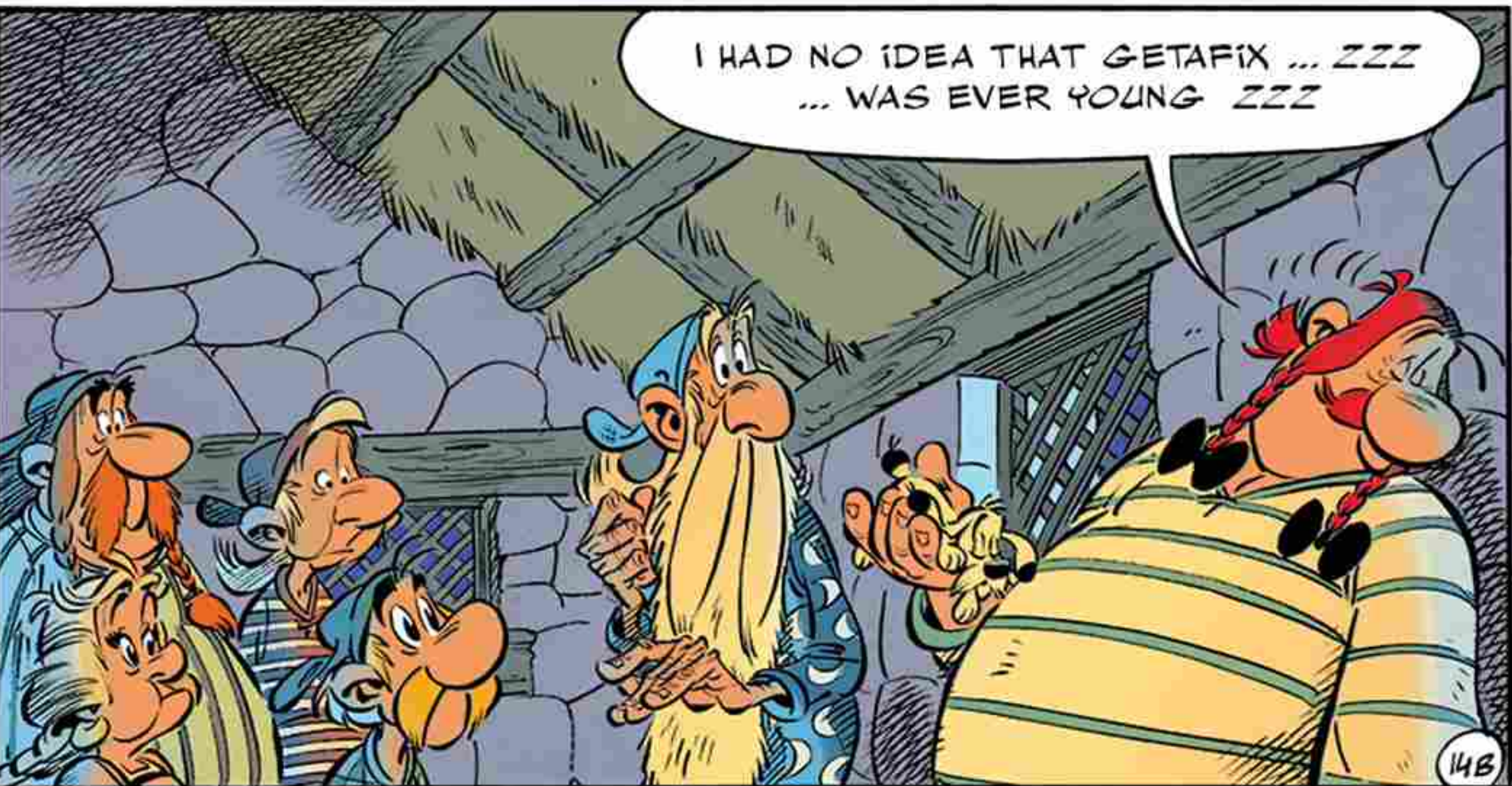
RIGHT,
O CHIEF!

CAN WE GO BACK
TO BED NOW?



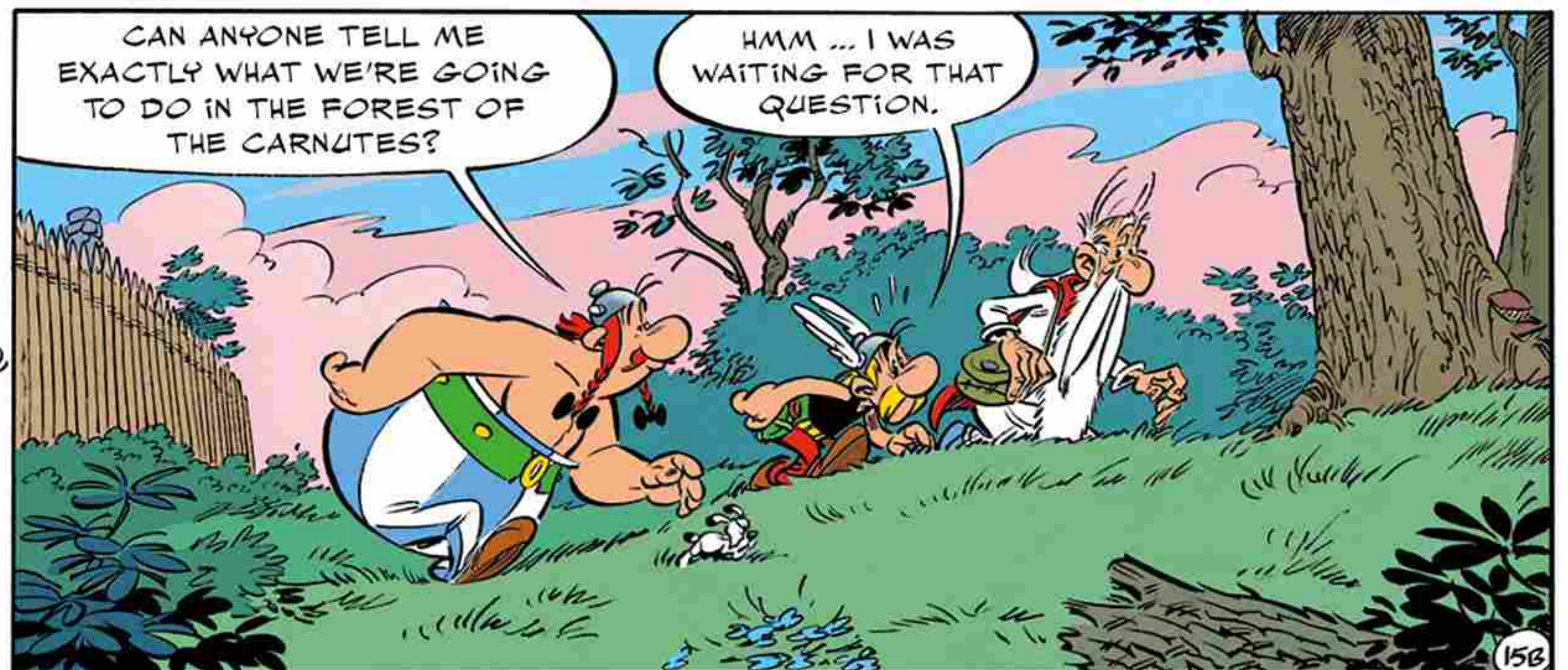
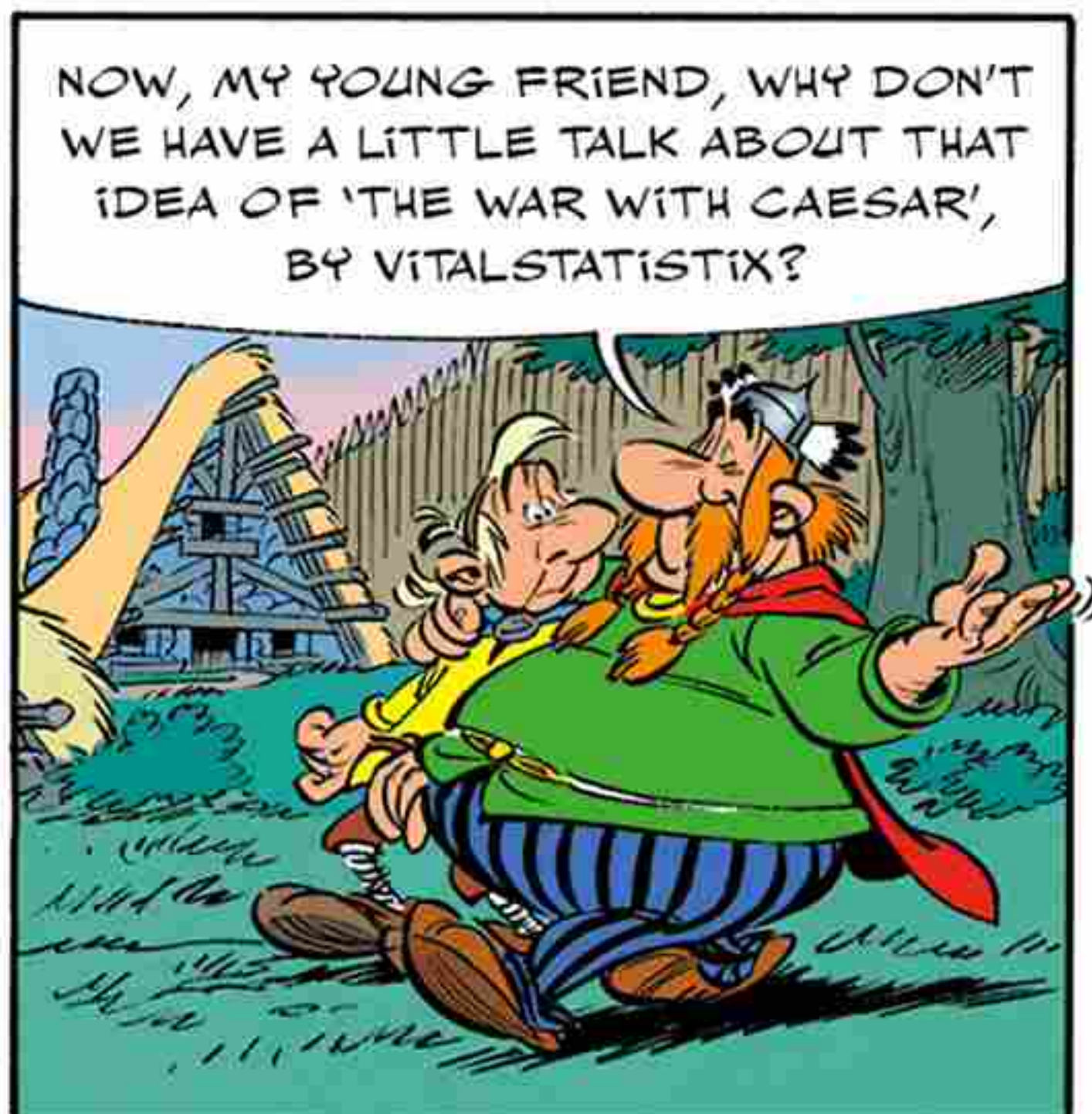
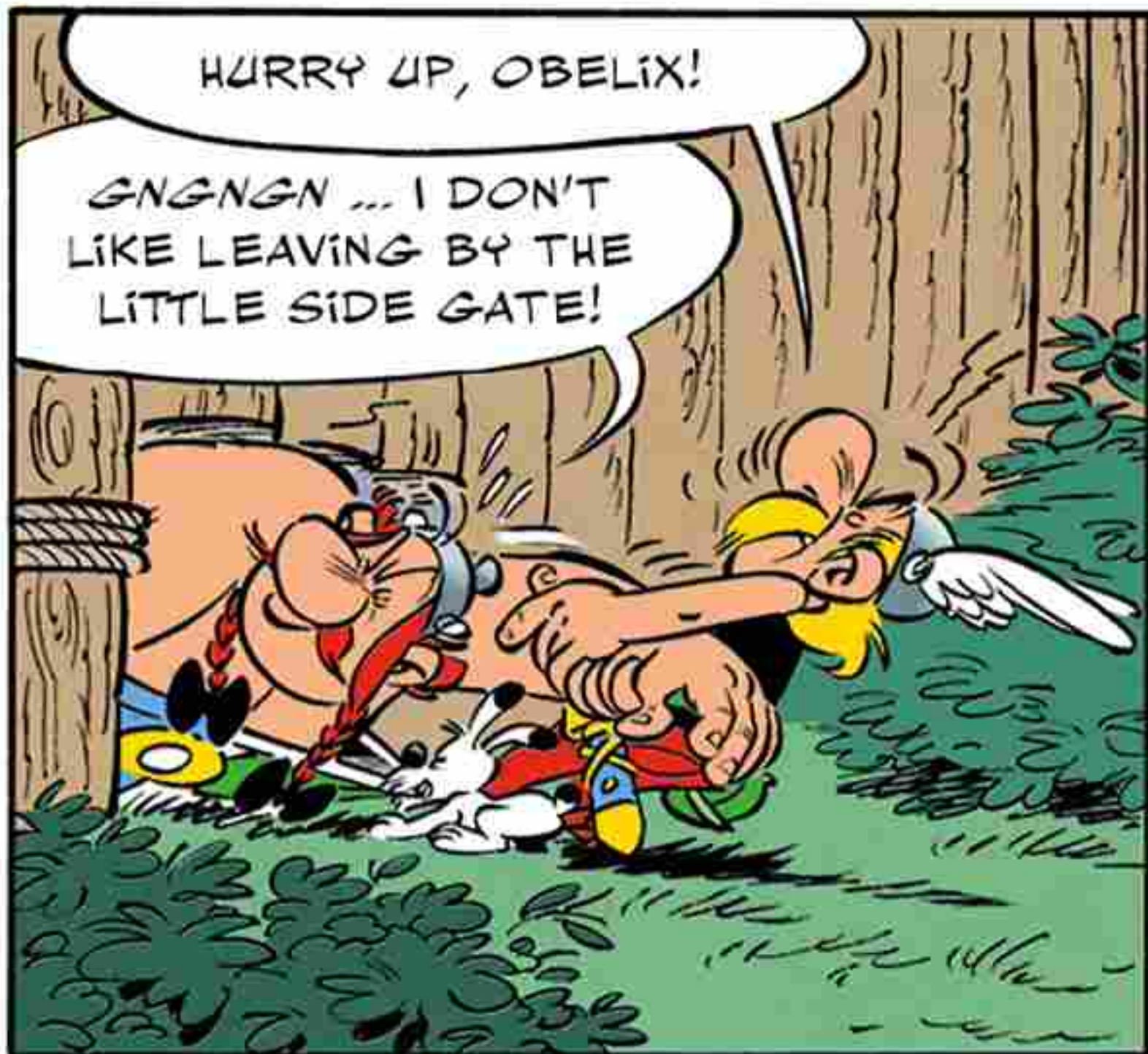
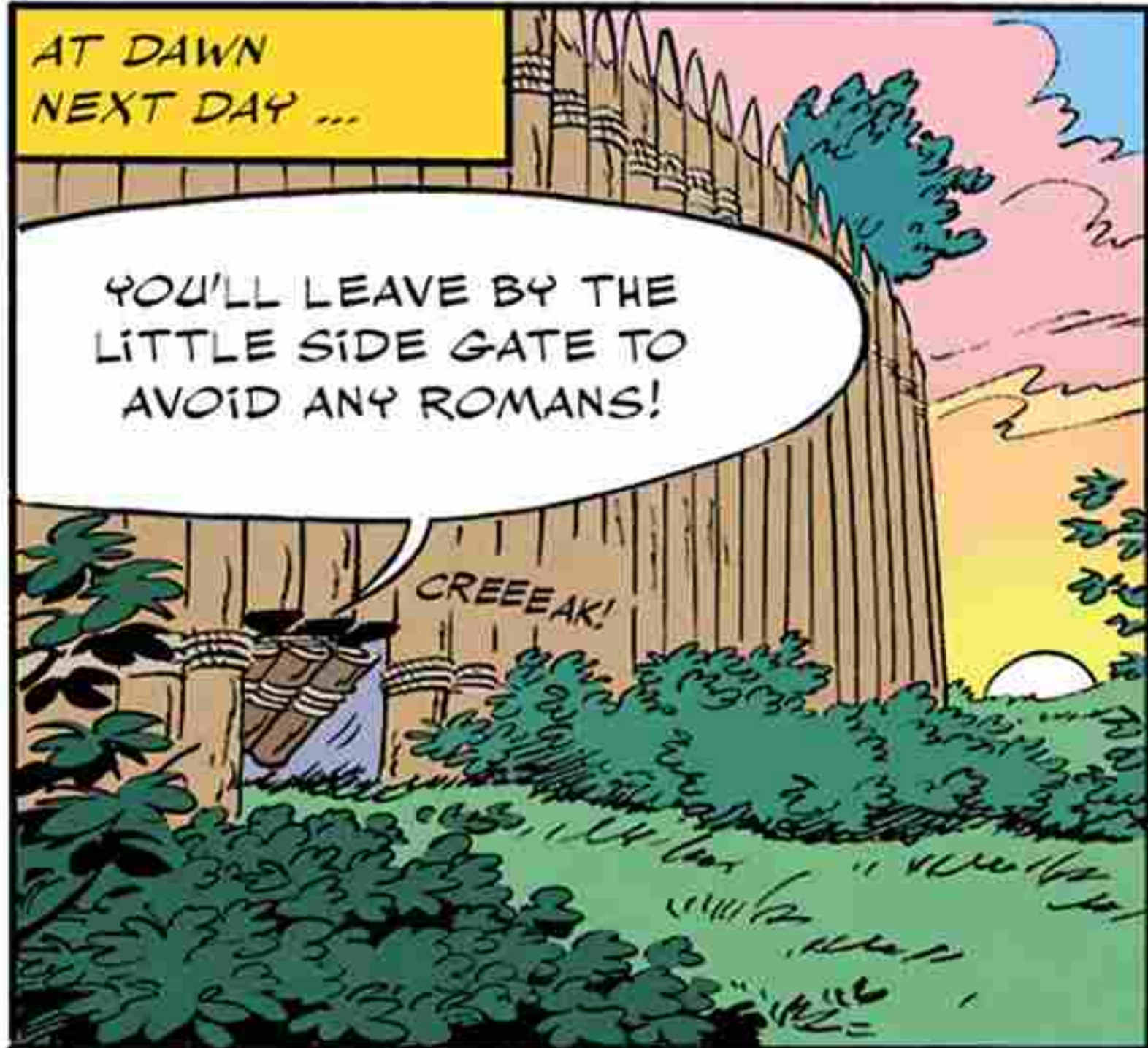
YOU SEEM
TO KNOW THE
DRUID WELL,
O GETAFIX?

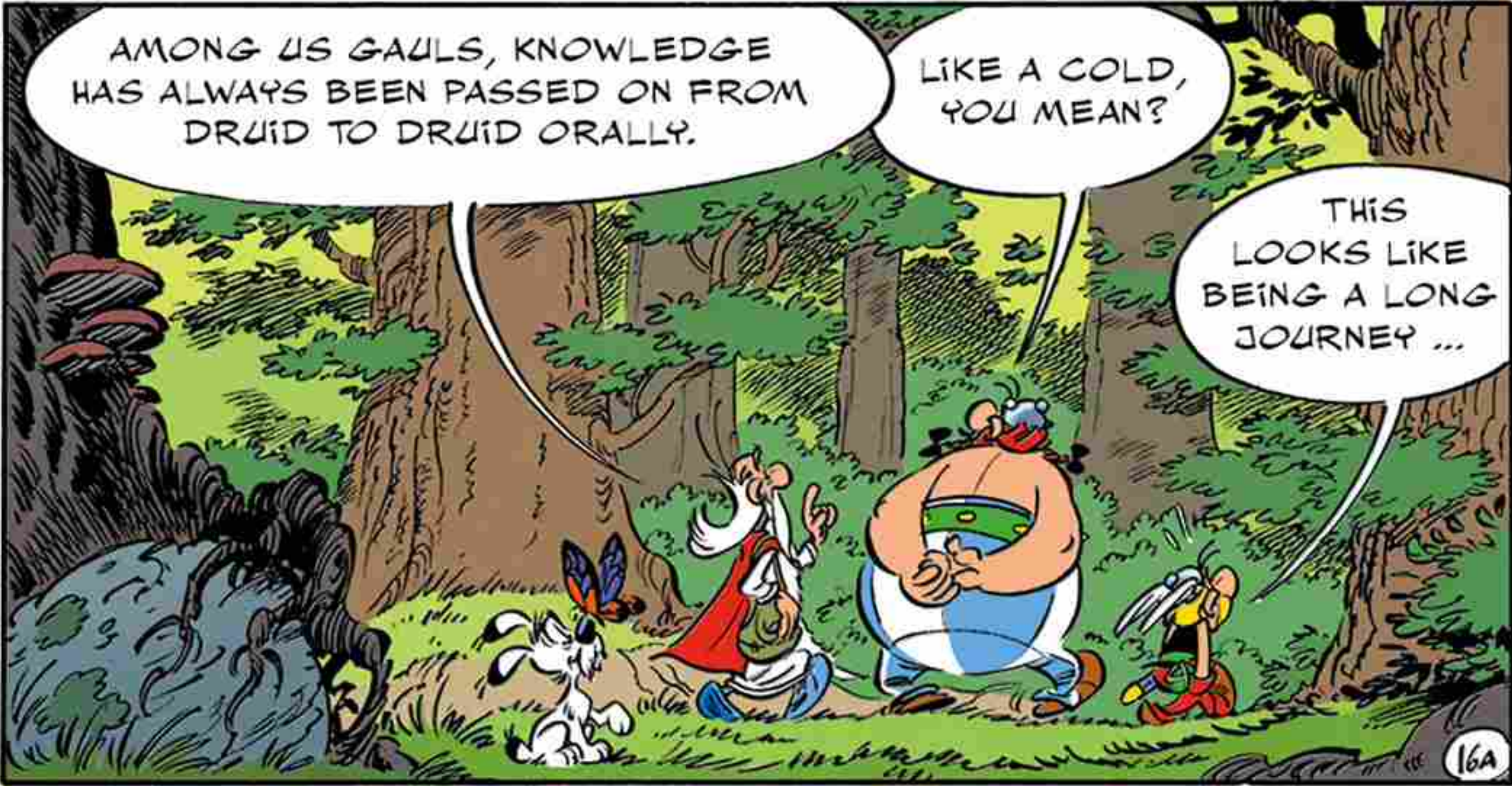
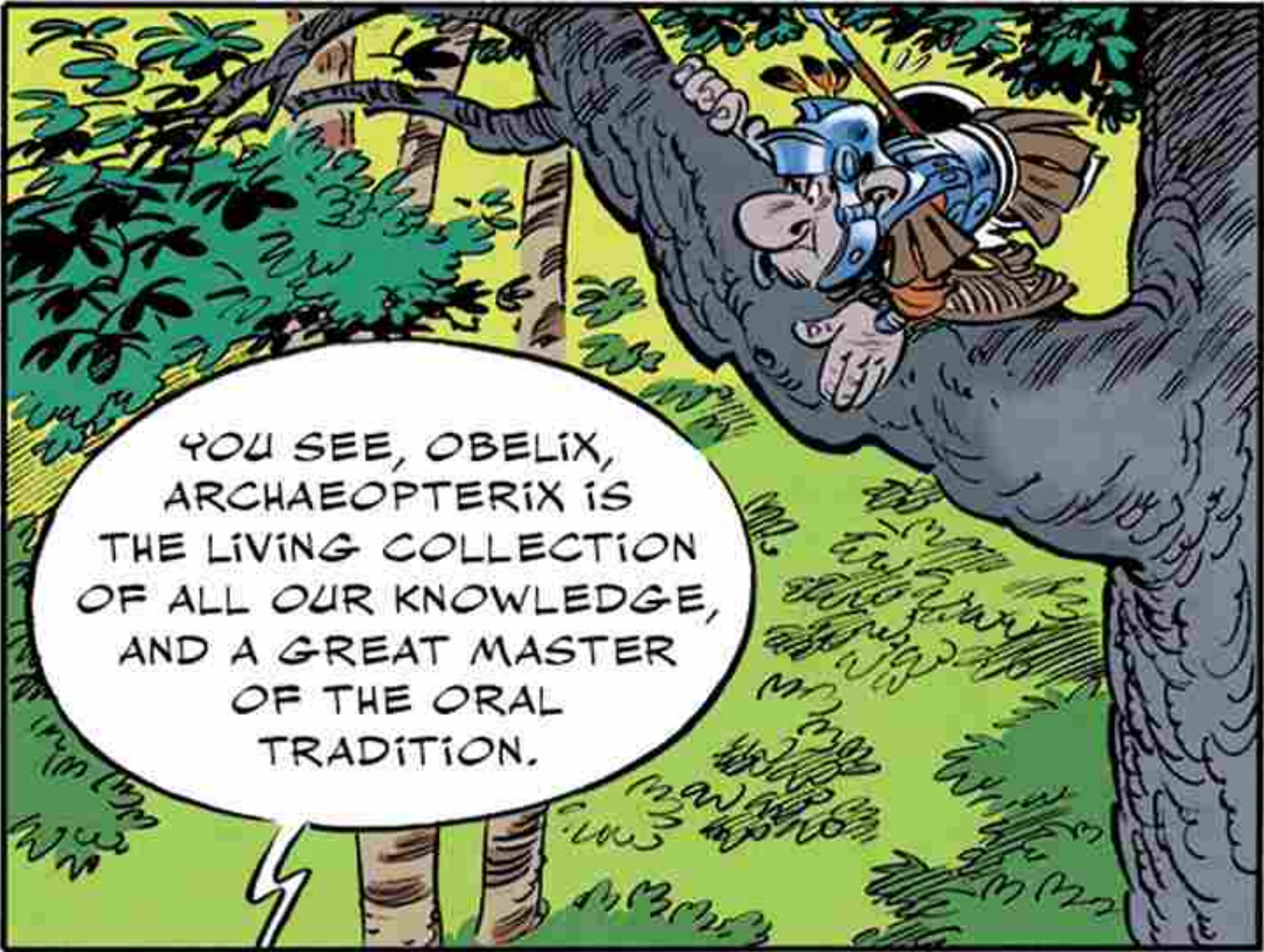
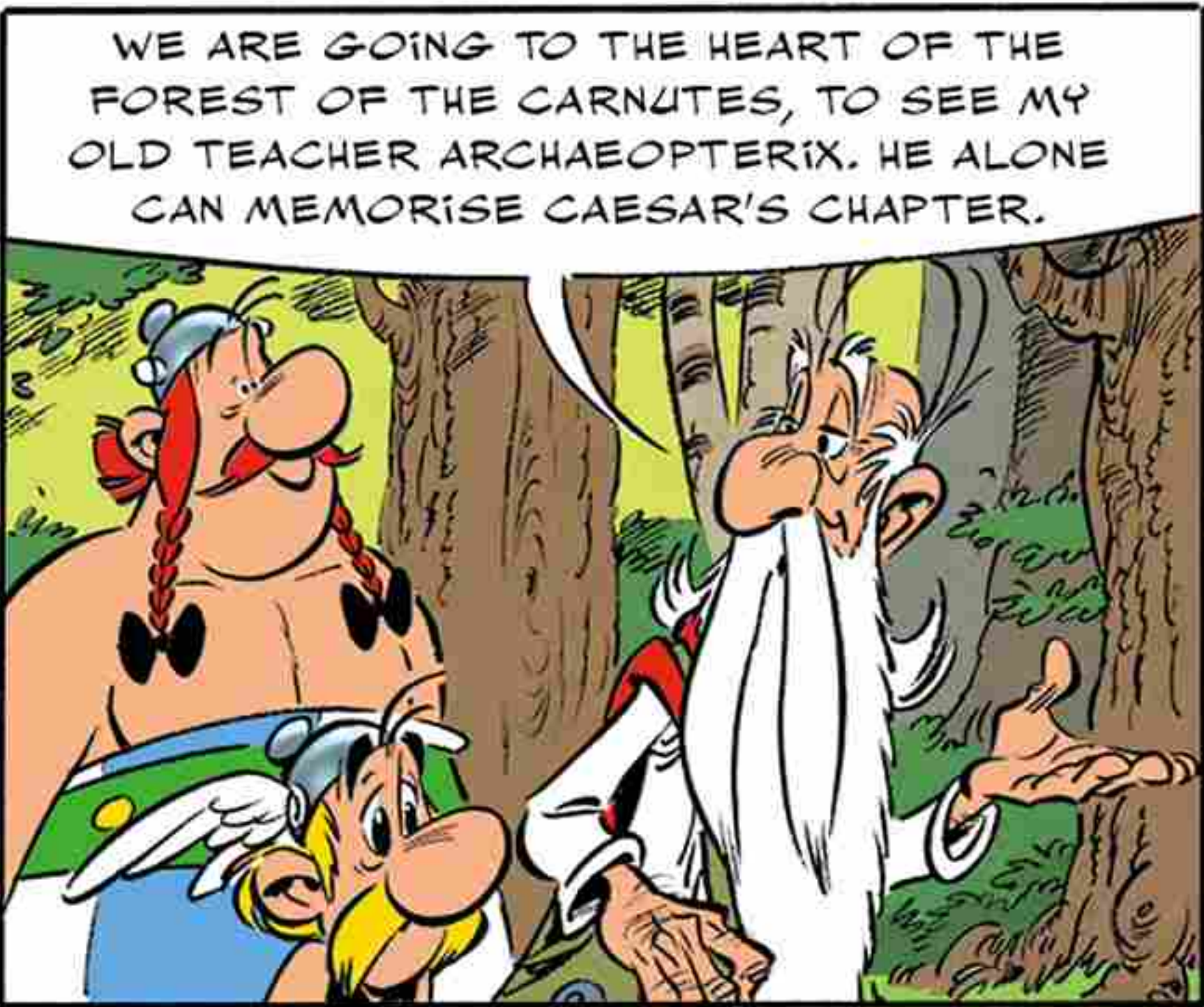
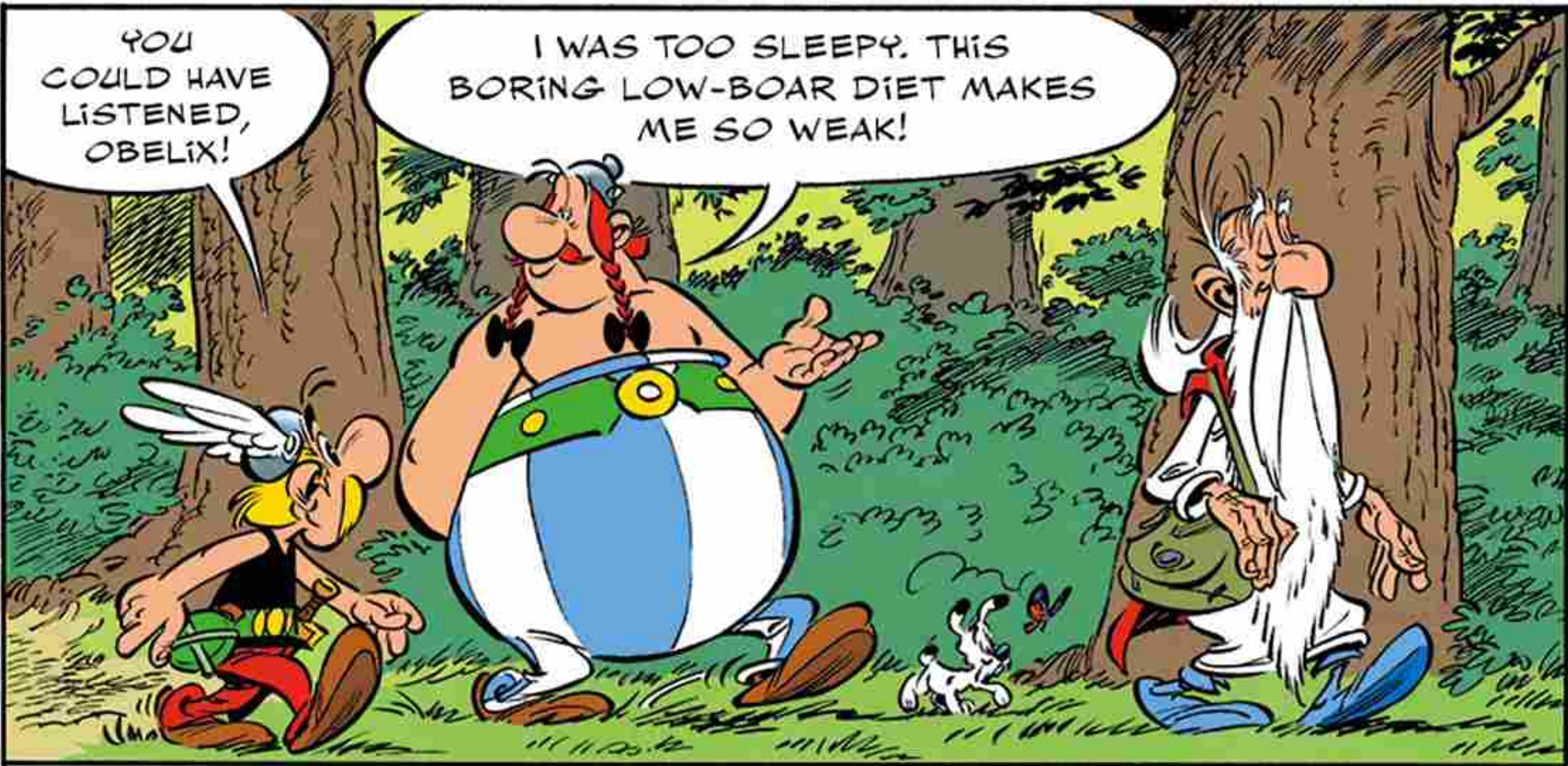
YES, AND I'LL BE GLAD
TO SEE HIM AGAIN!
ARCHAEOPTERIX WAS
MY TEACHER AT DRUID
COLLEGE BACK WHEN
I WAS YOUNG ...

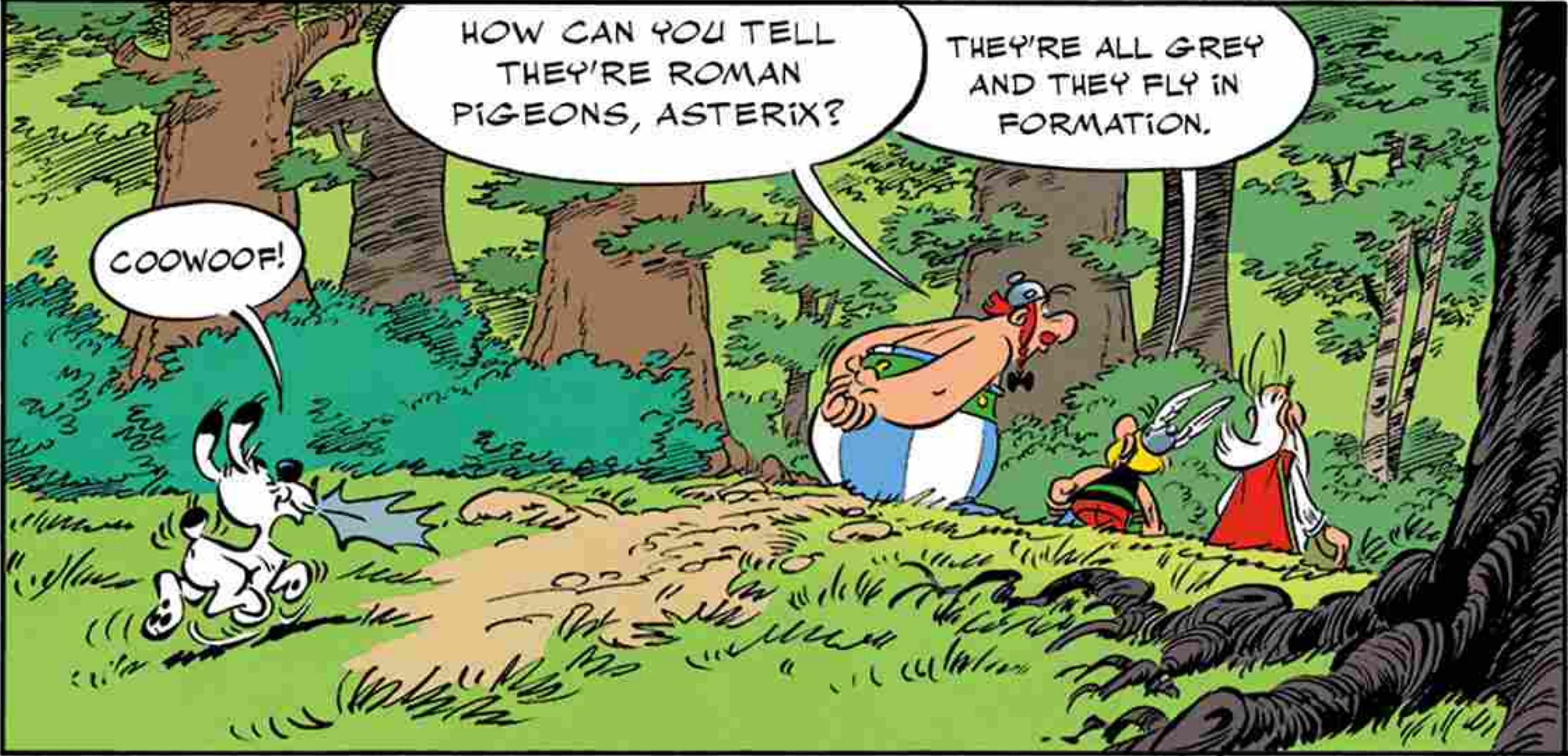
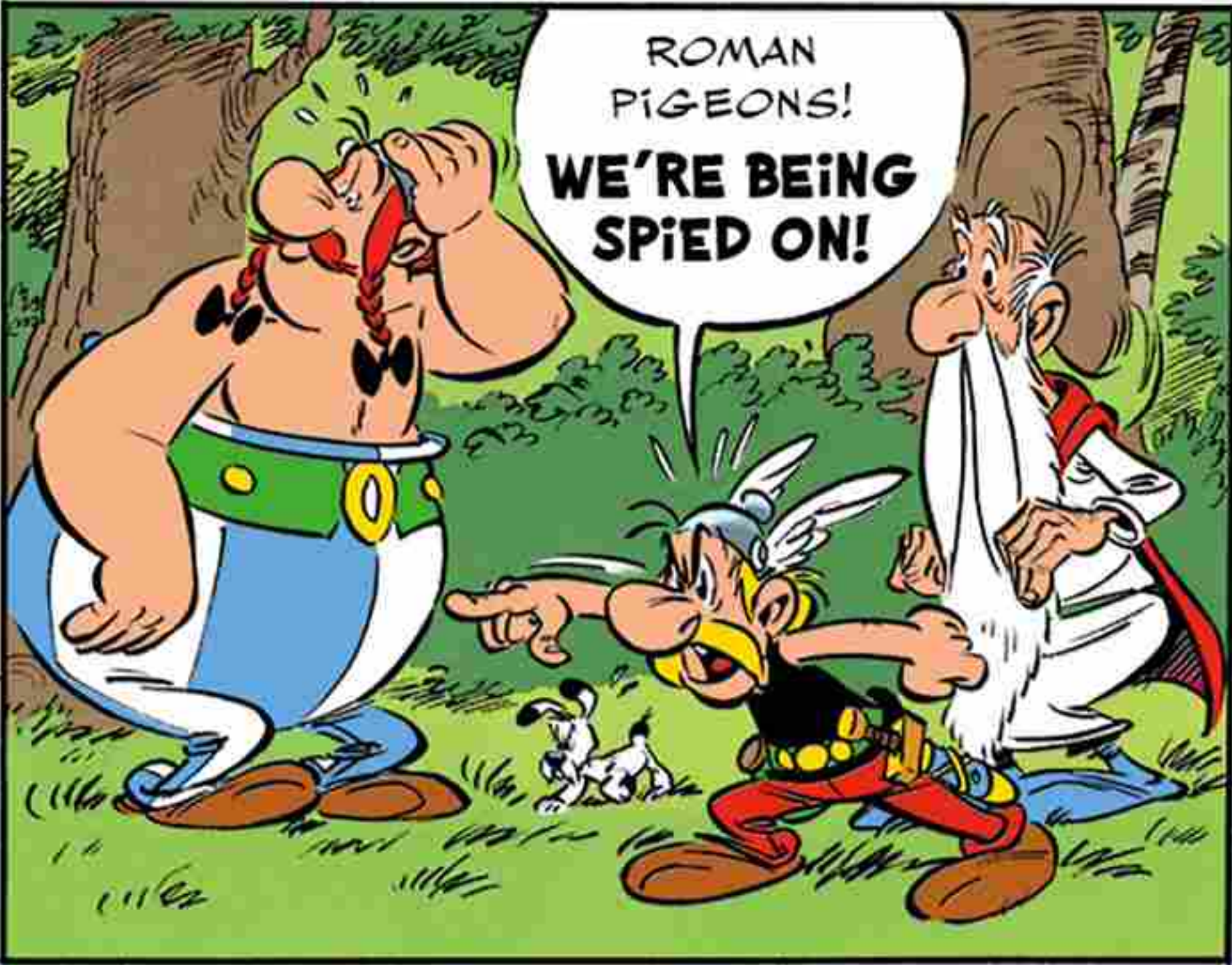
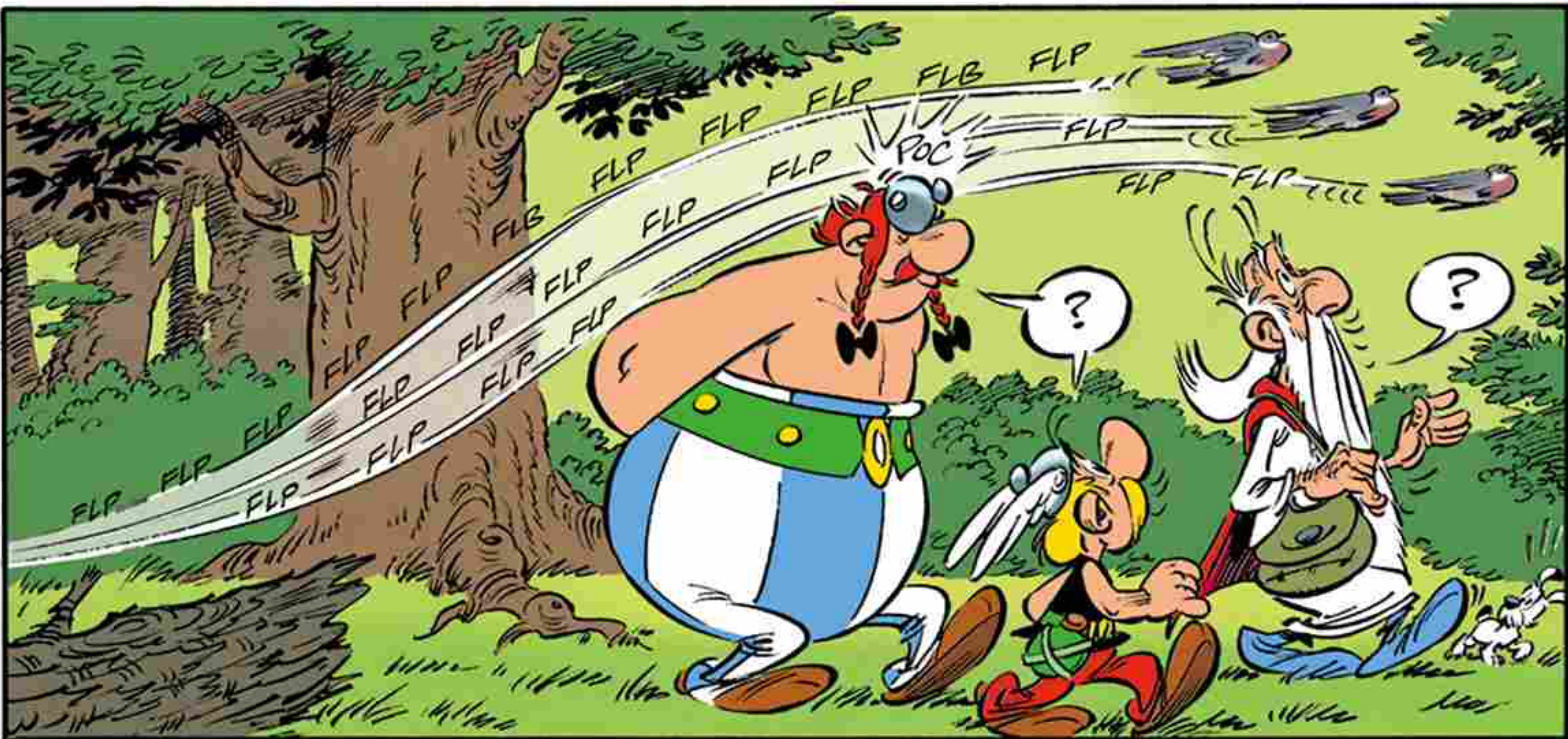


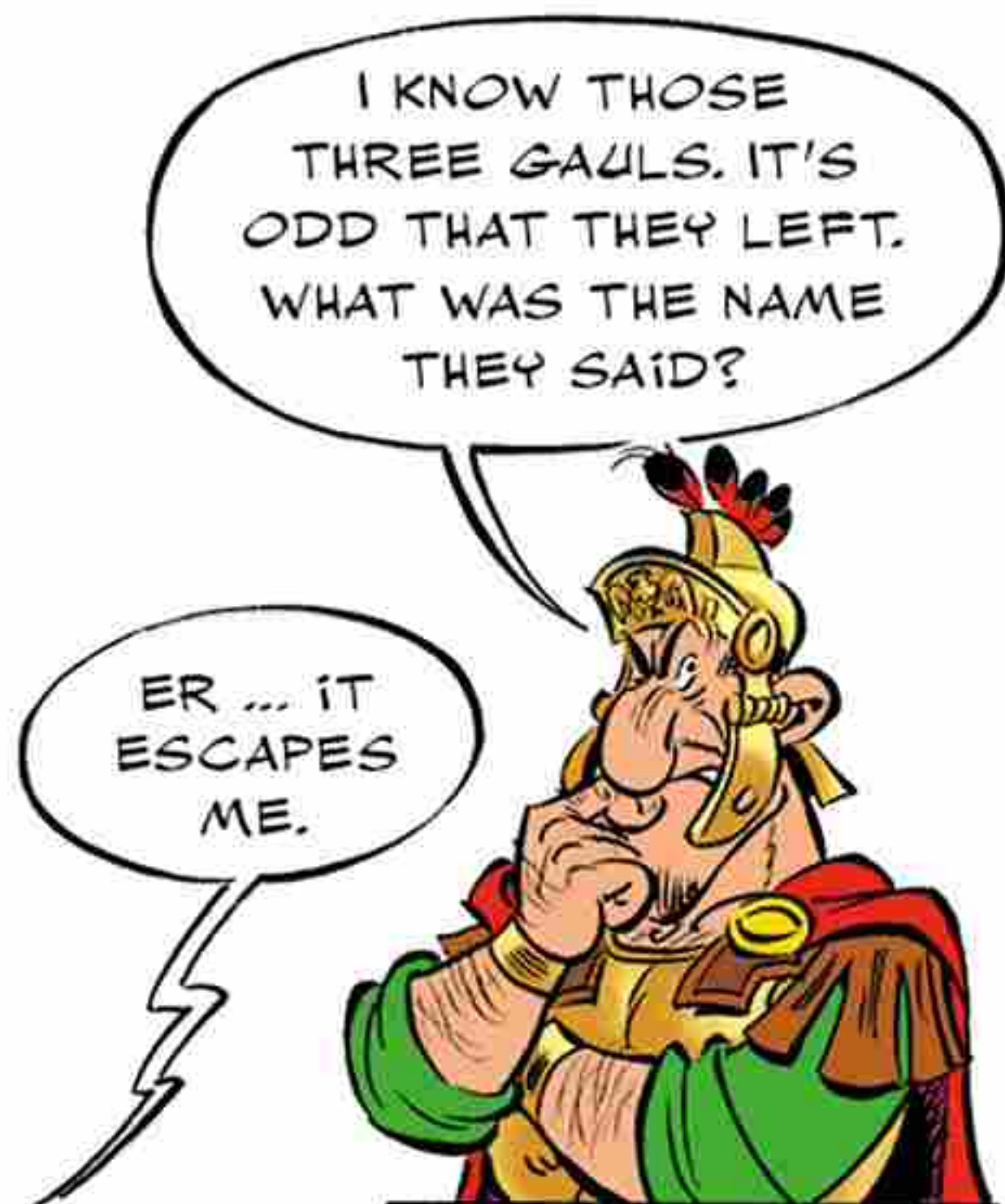
I HAD NO IDEA THAT GETAFIX ... ZZZ
... WAS EVER YOUNG ZZZ

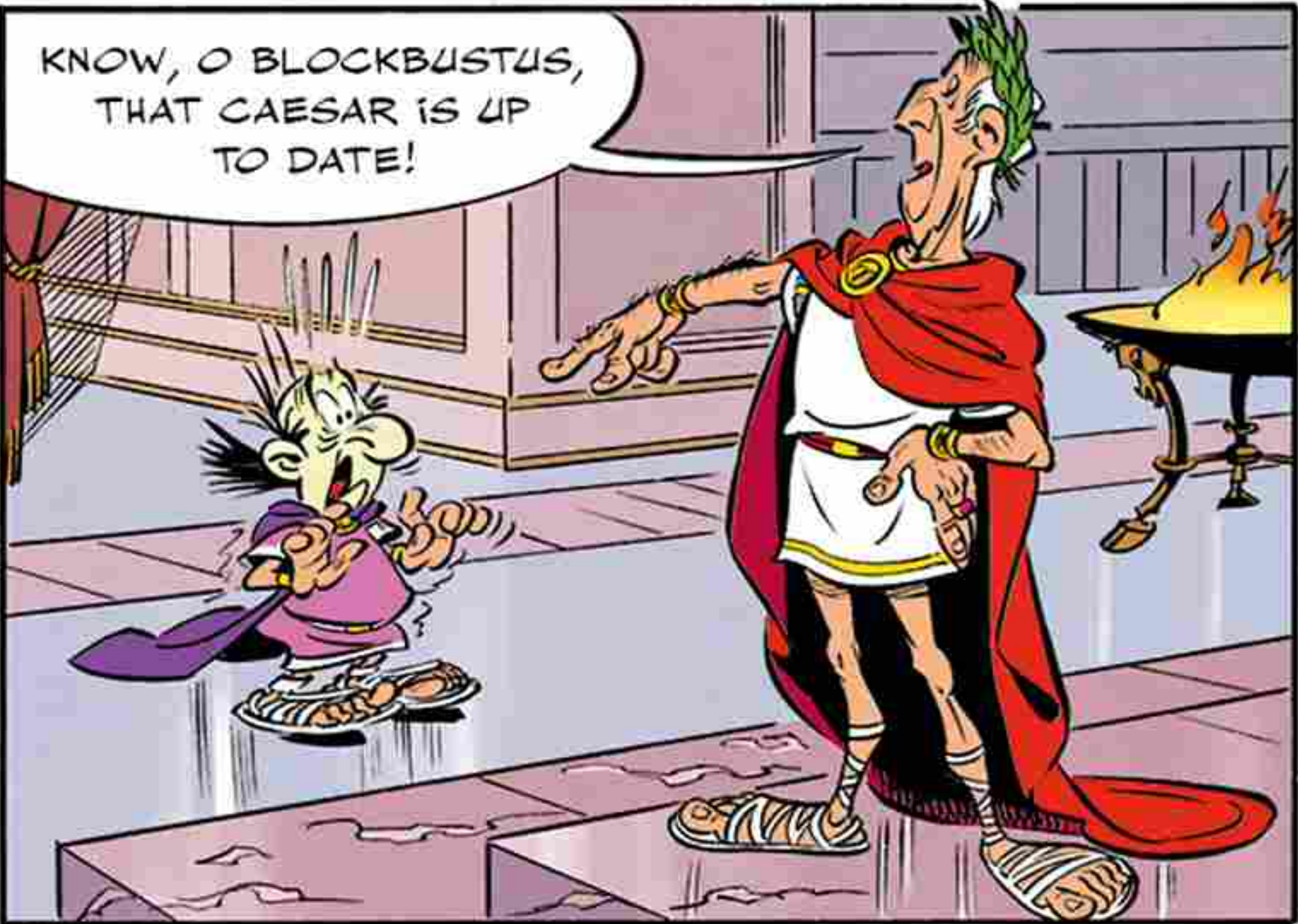
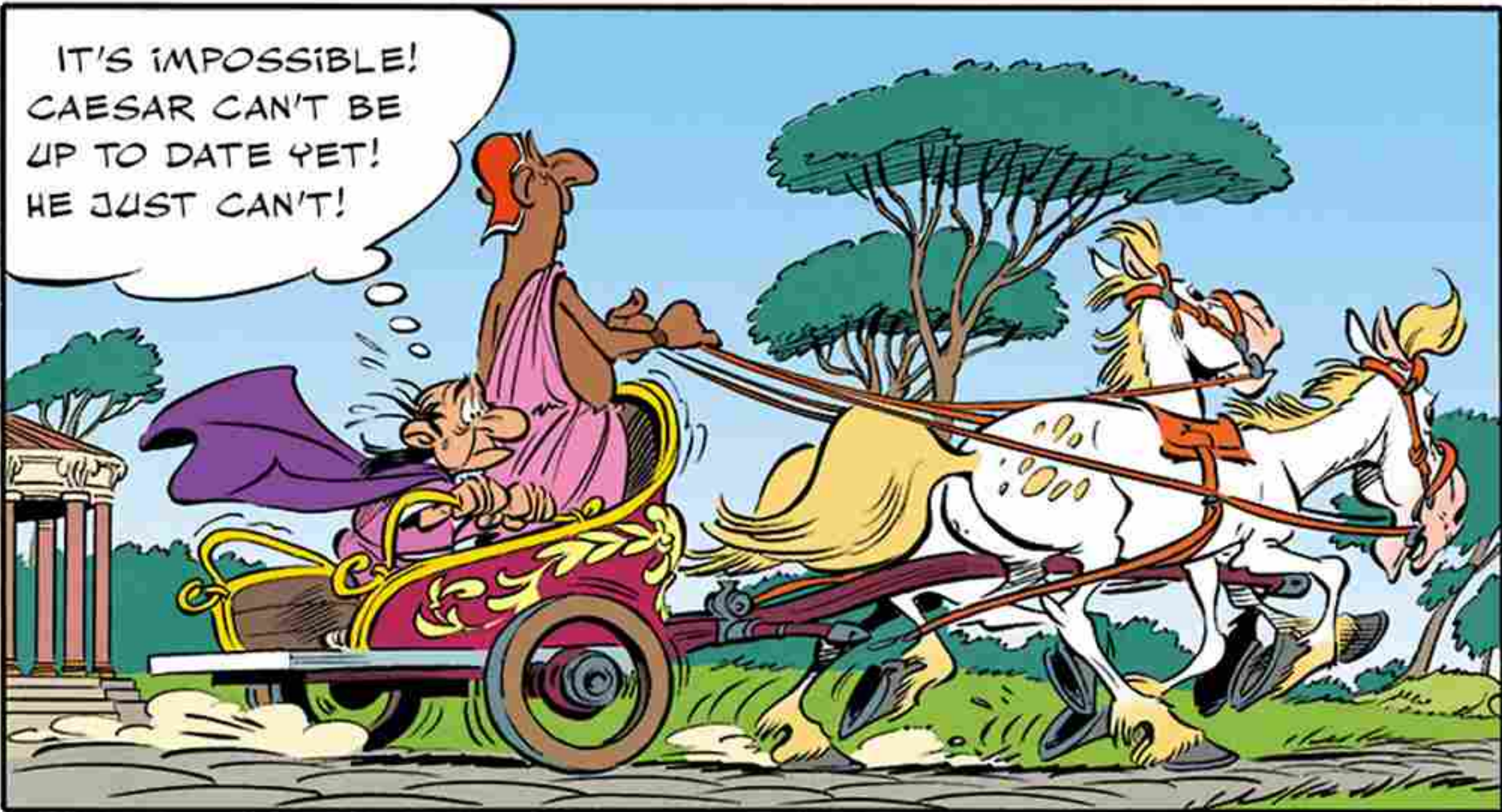
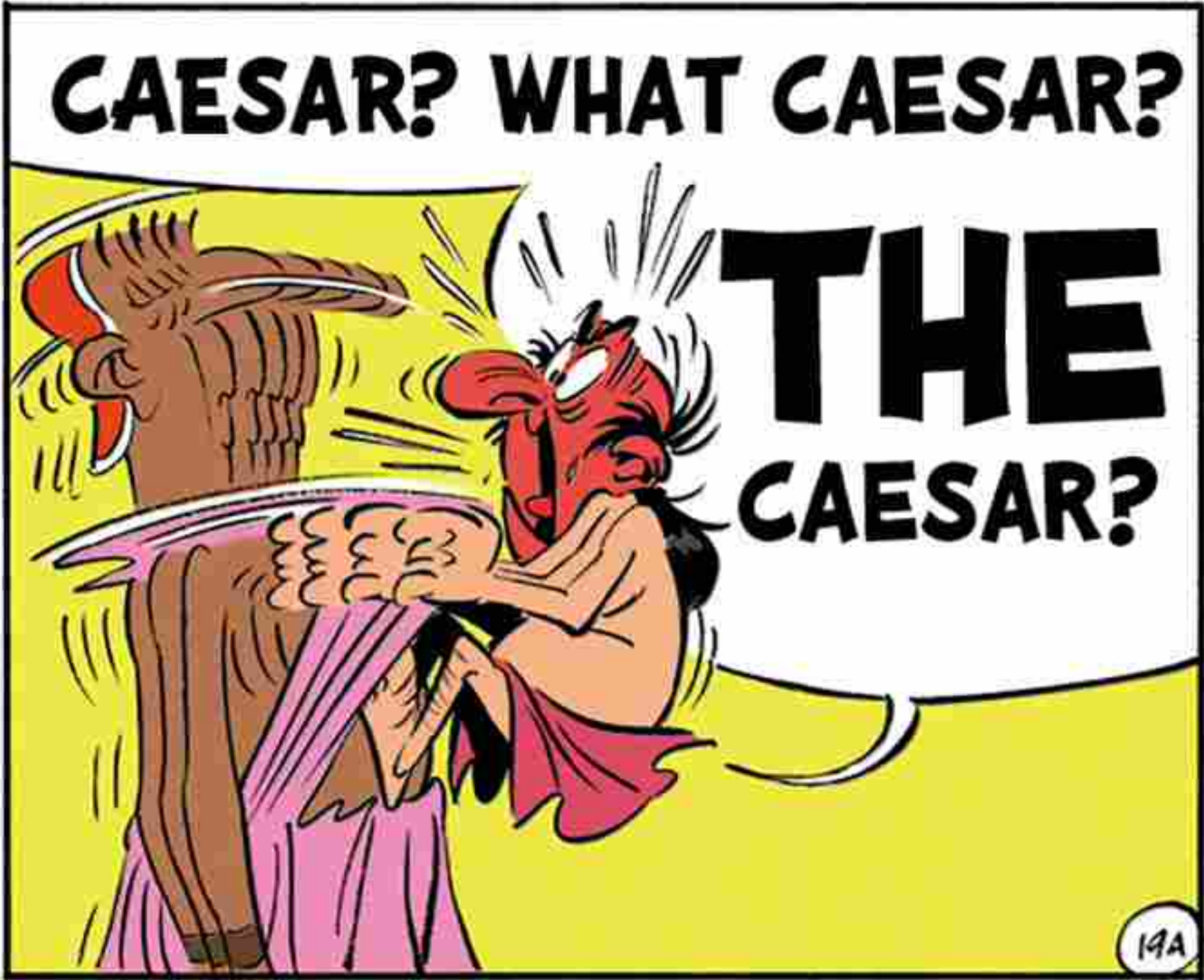
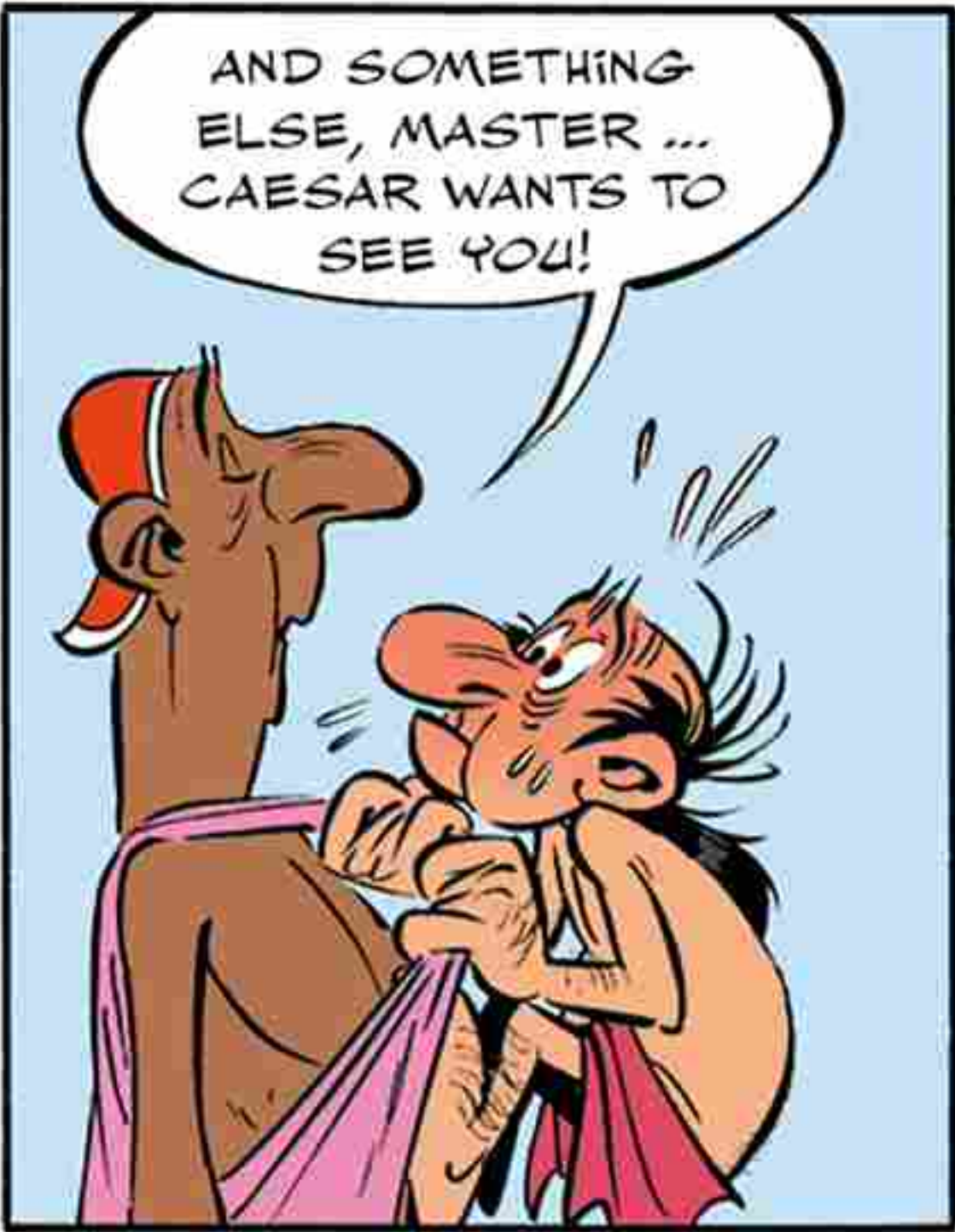
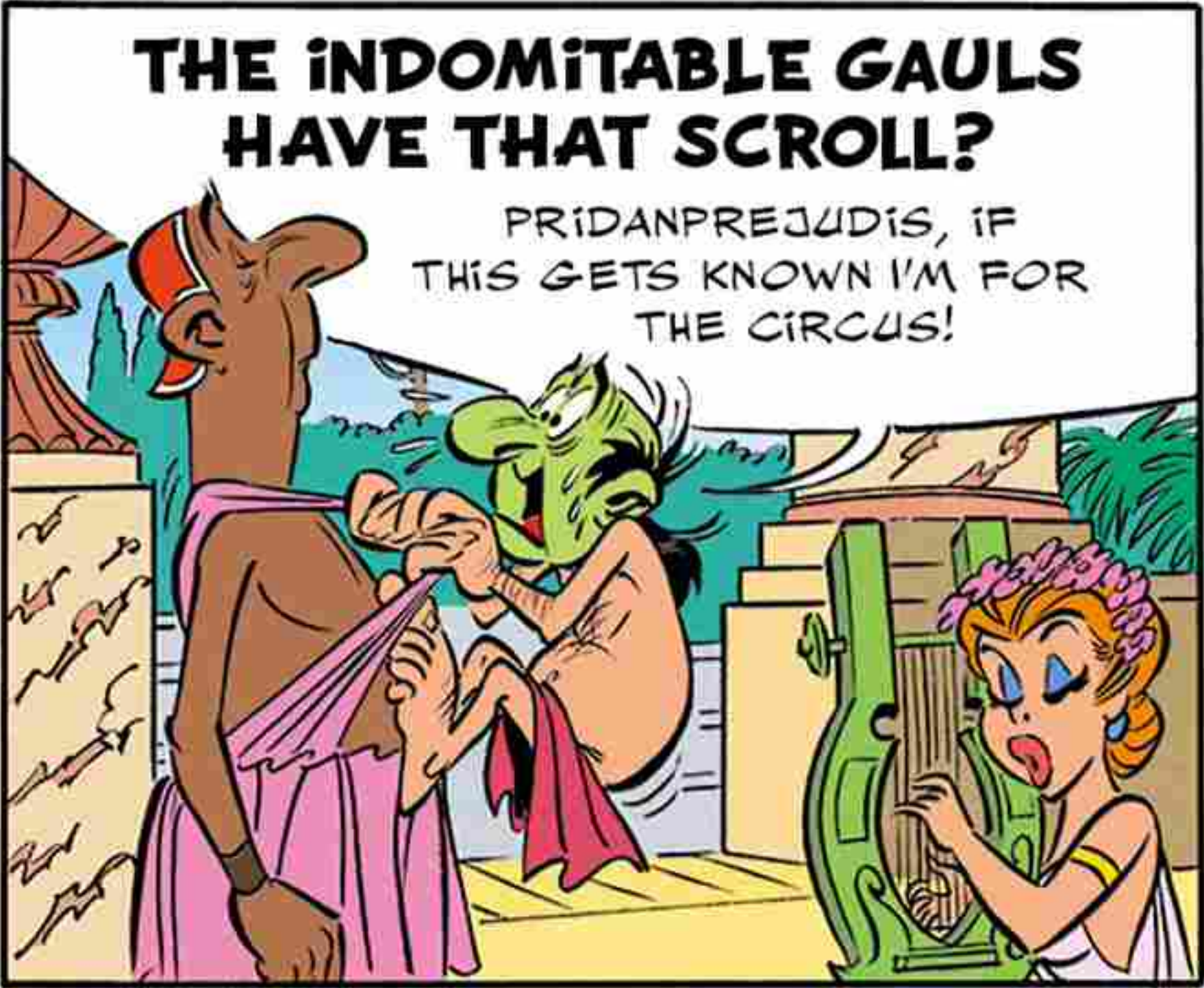
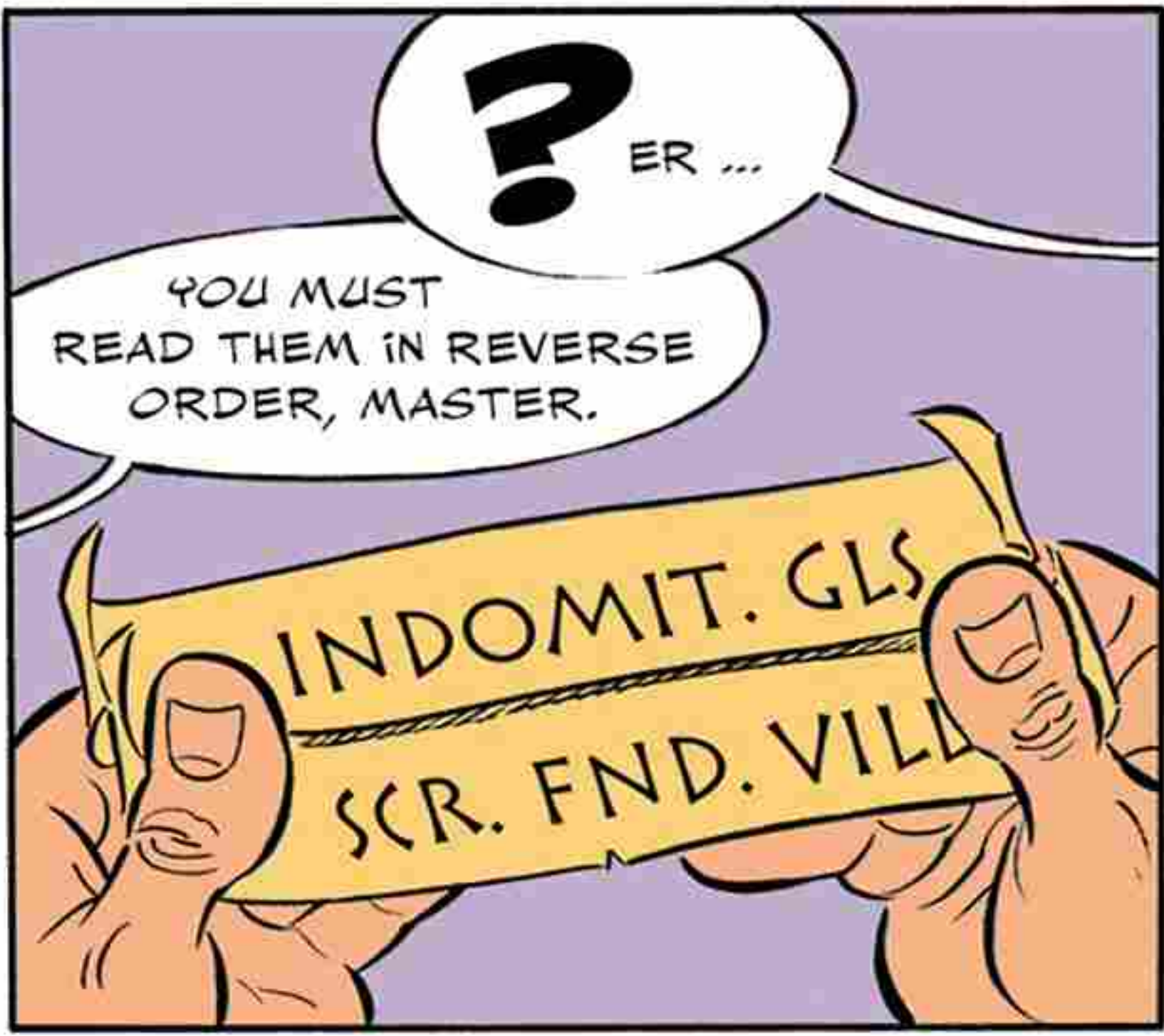
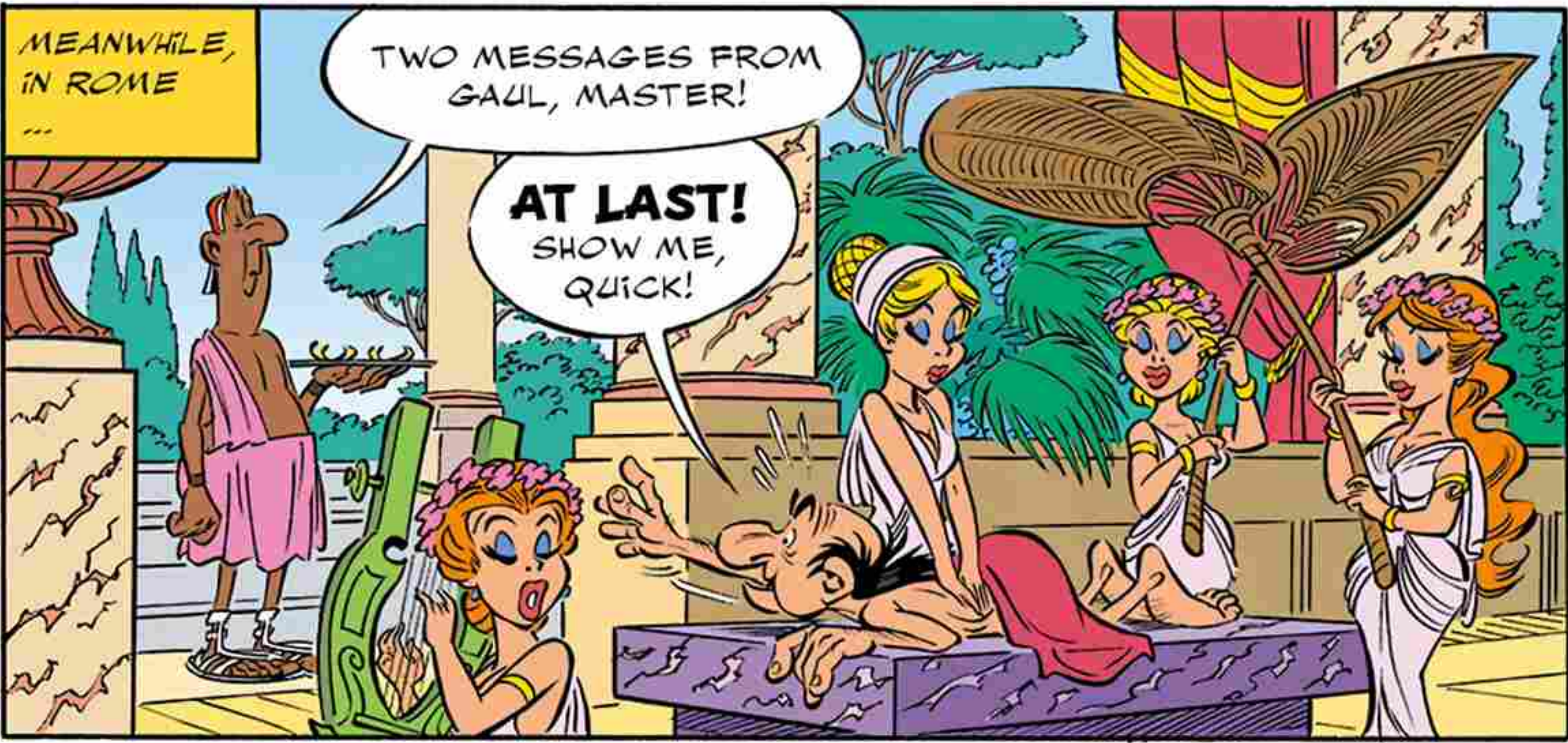
14B

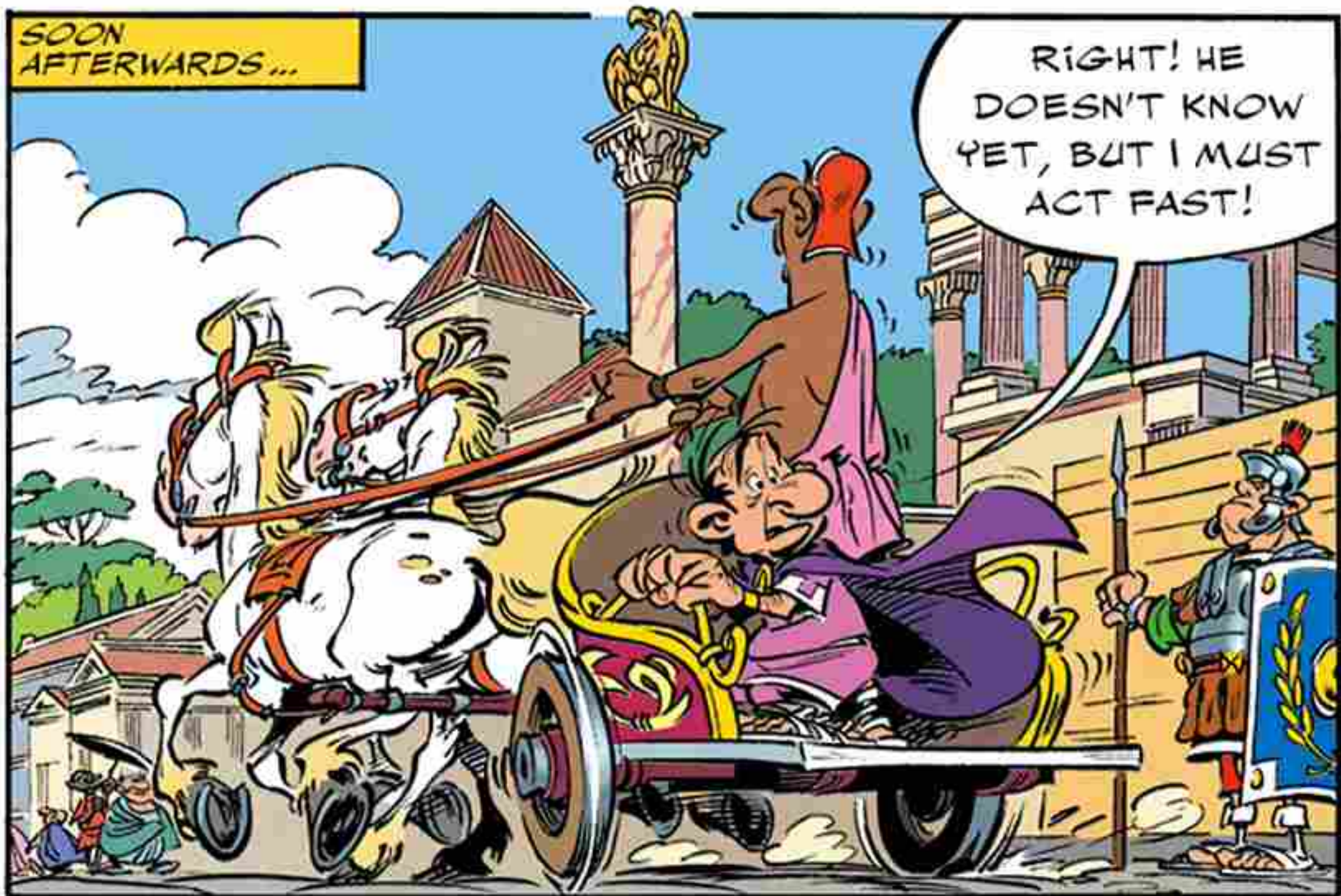
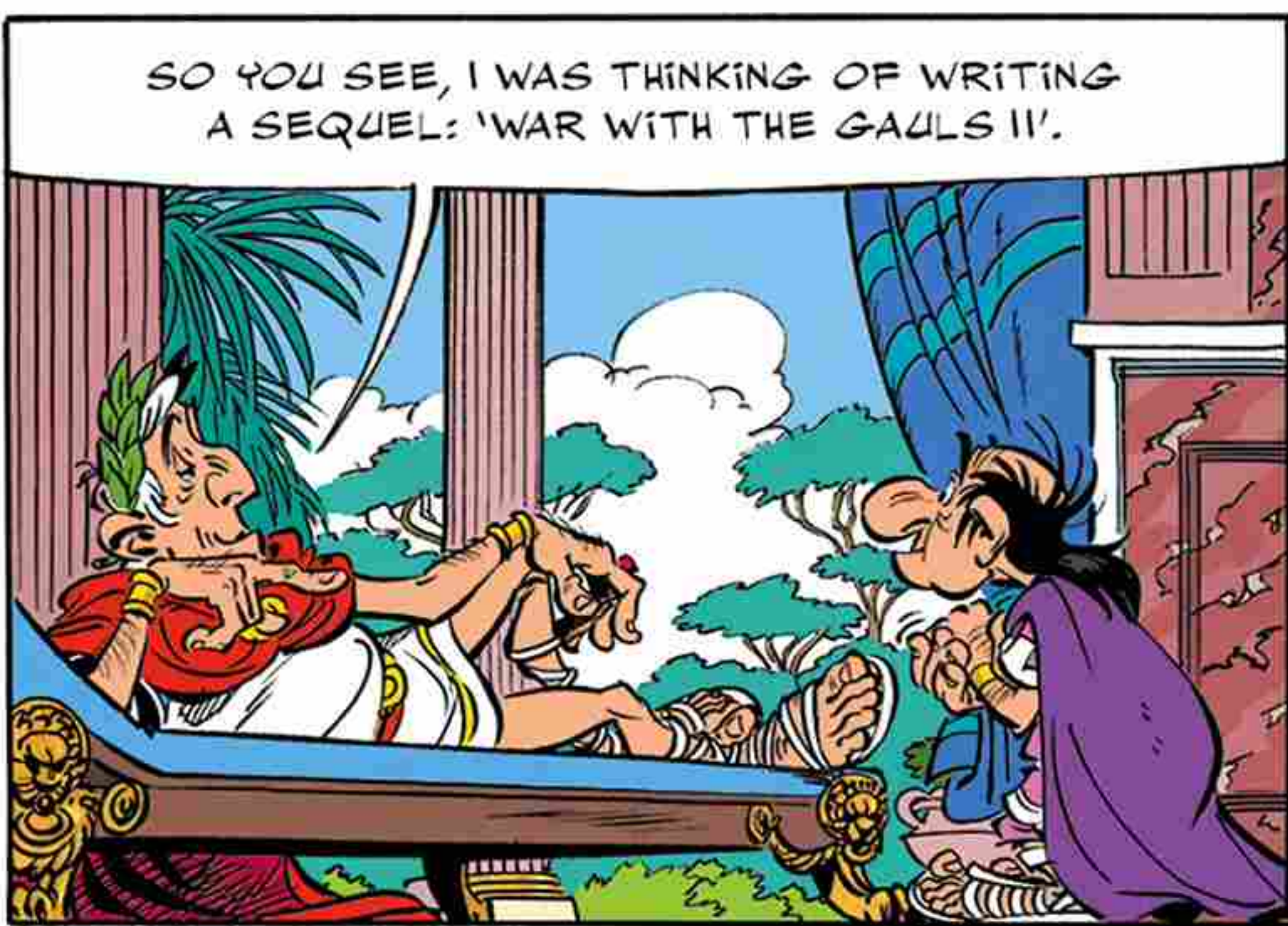
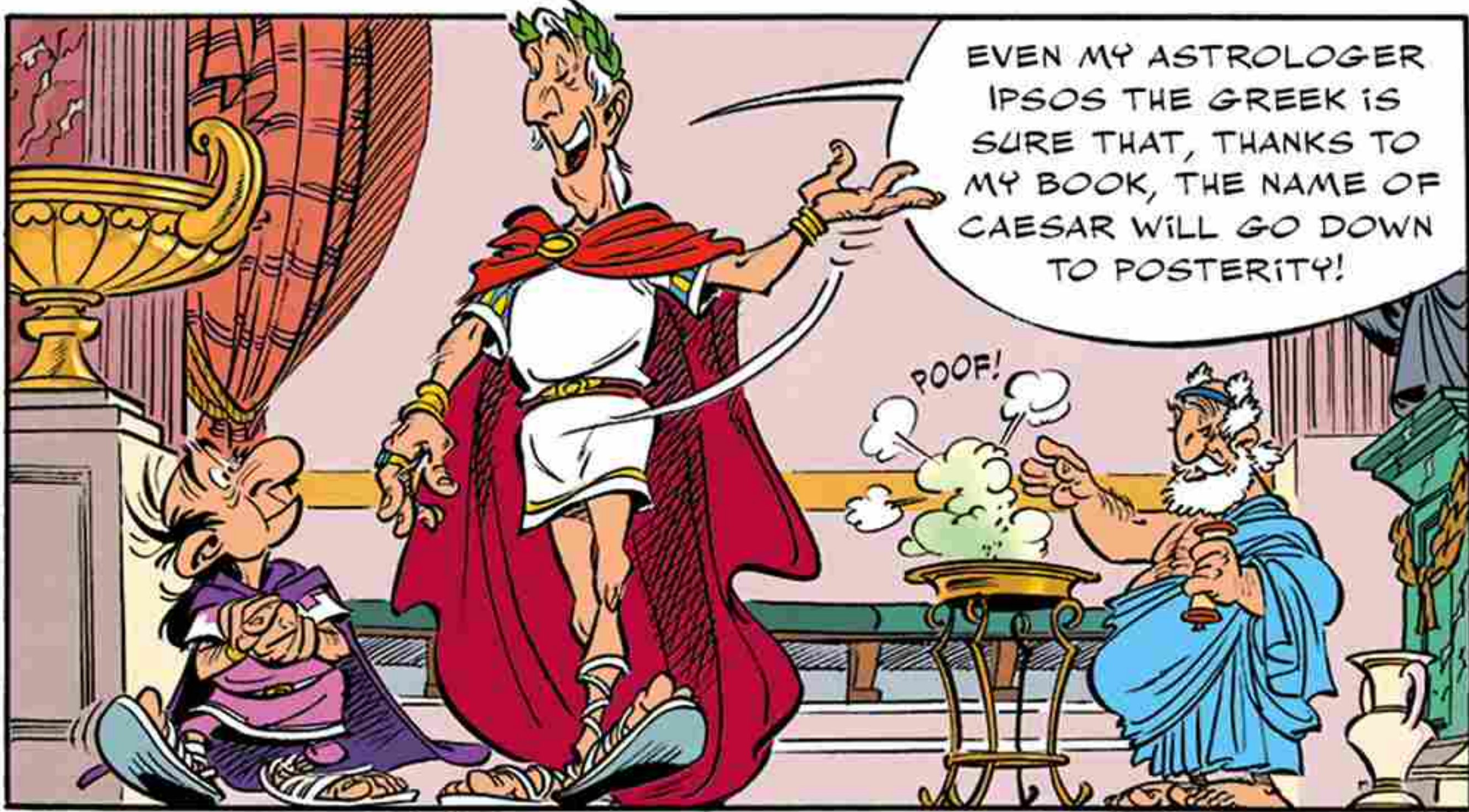










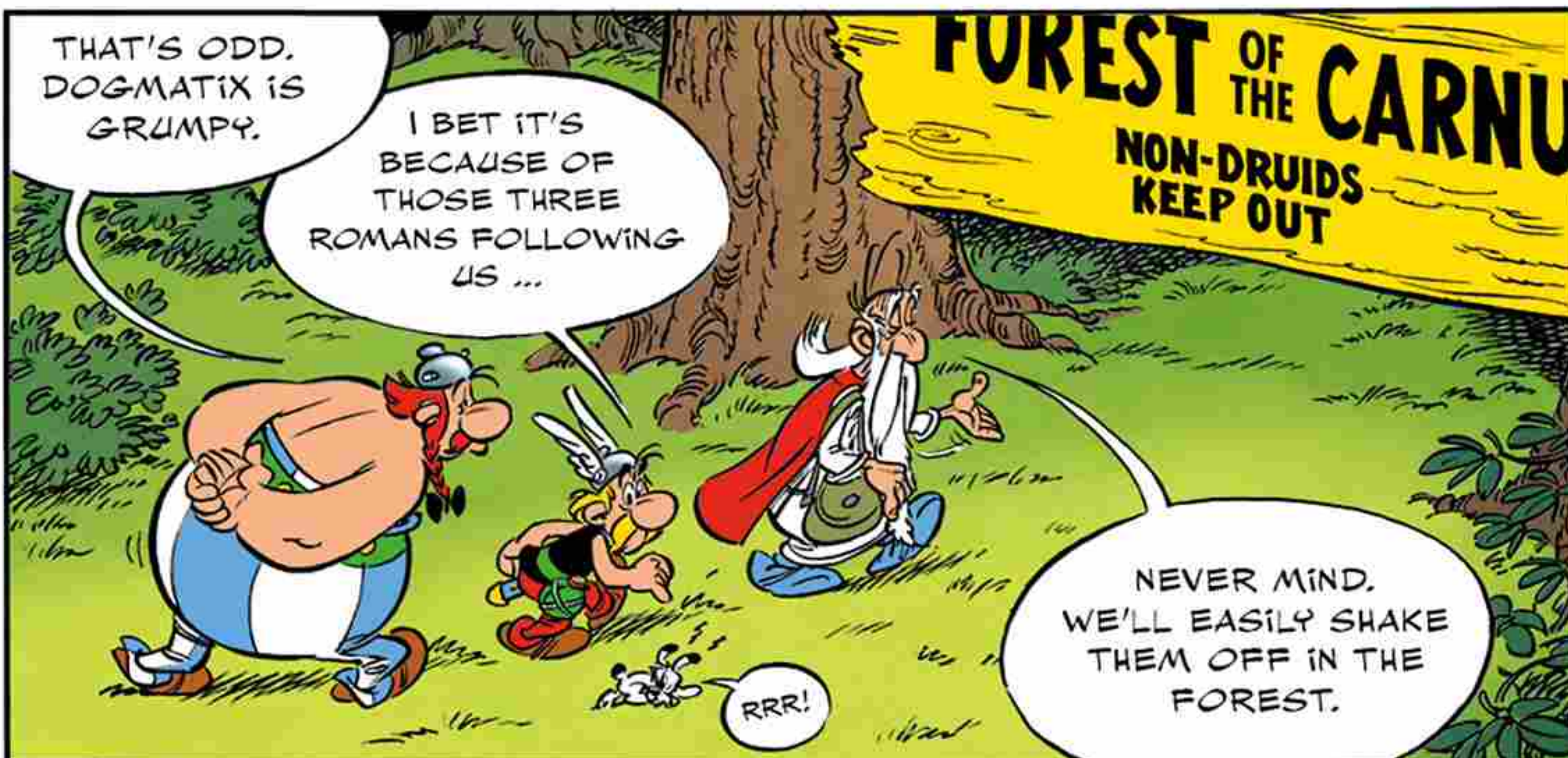


MEANWHILE OUR THREE GAULS ARE WITHIN SIGHT OF THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES.



THAT'S ODD. DOGMATIX IS GRUMPY.

I BET IT'S BECAUSE OF THOSE THREE ROMANS FOLLOWING US ...



NEVER MIND. WE'LL EASILY SHAKE THEM OFF IN THE FOREST.

THEY'RE GOING INTO THE FOREST!

CARRY ON FOLLOWING THEM!



GETAFIX!

ANACHRONISTIX, OLD BOY!



HERE WE GO ROUND THE MISTLETOE SPRIG, MISTLETOE SPRIG, MISTLETOE SPRIG ...

THIS IS THE WAY WE CUT THE SPRIG, CUT THE SPRIG, CUT THE SPRIG ...



LET ME INTRODUCE ANACHRONISTIX, MY OLD FRIEND FROM DRUID COLLEGE! WE GOT OUR FIRST SICKLE DIPLOMA TOGETHER.

GOOD OLD GETAFIX! HE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT!



I THOUGHT IT WAS PYROTECHNIX ON GUARD DUTY UNTIL THE NEW MOON ...

I'M STANDING IN WHILE HE'S ON DIVINATION EXPERIENCE AT DELPHI.



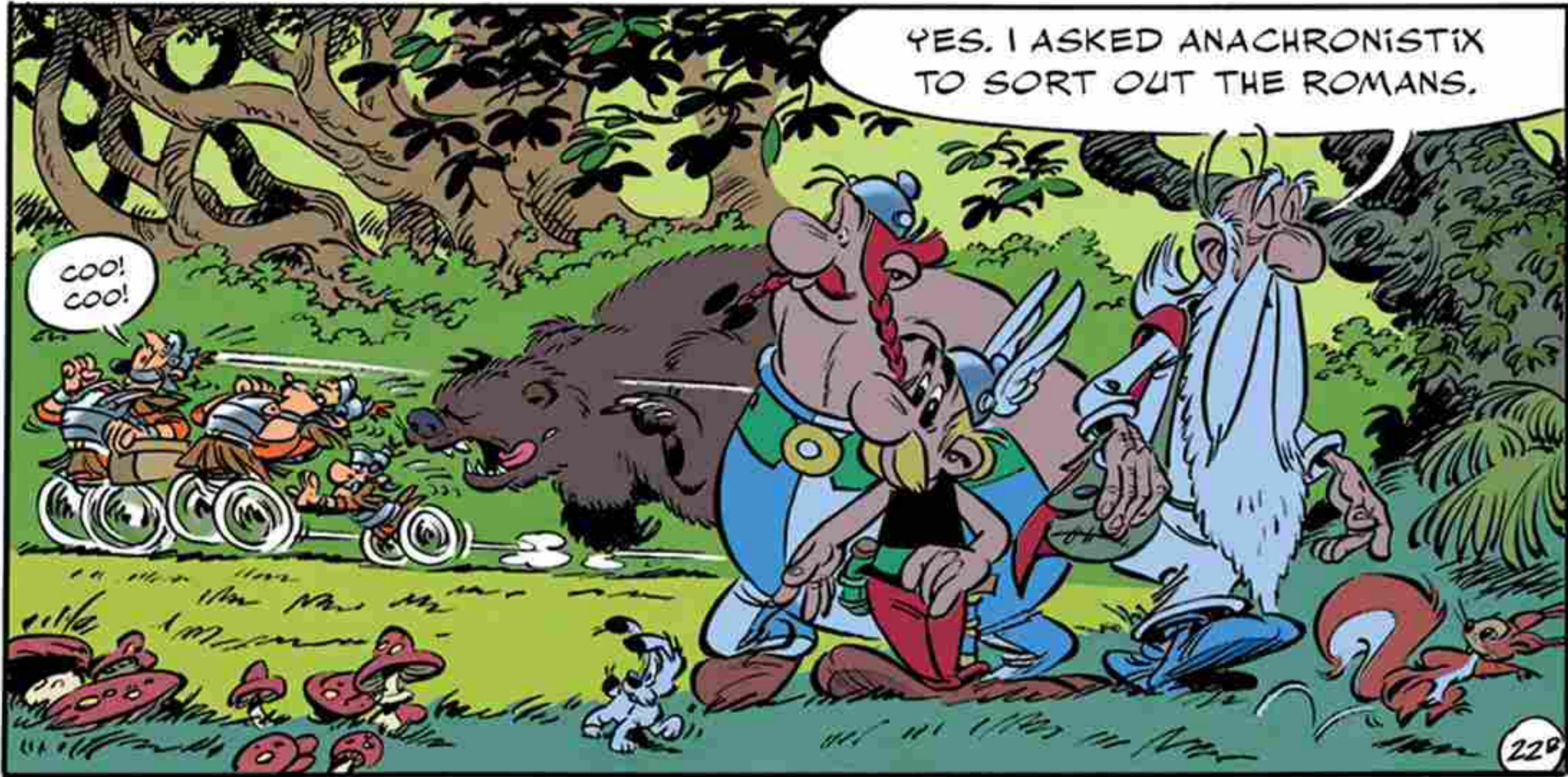
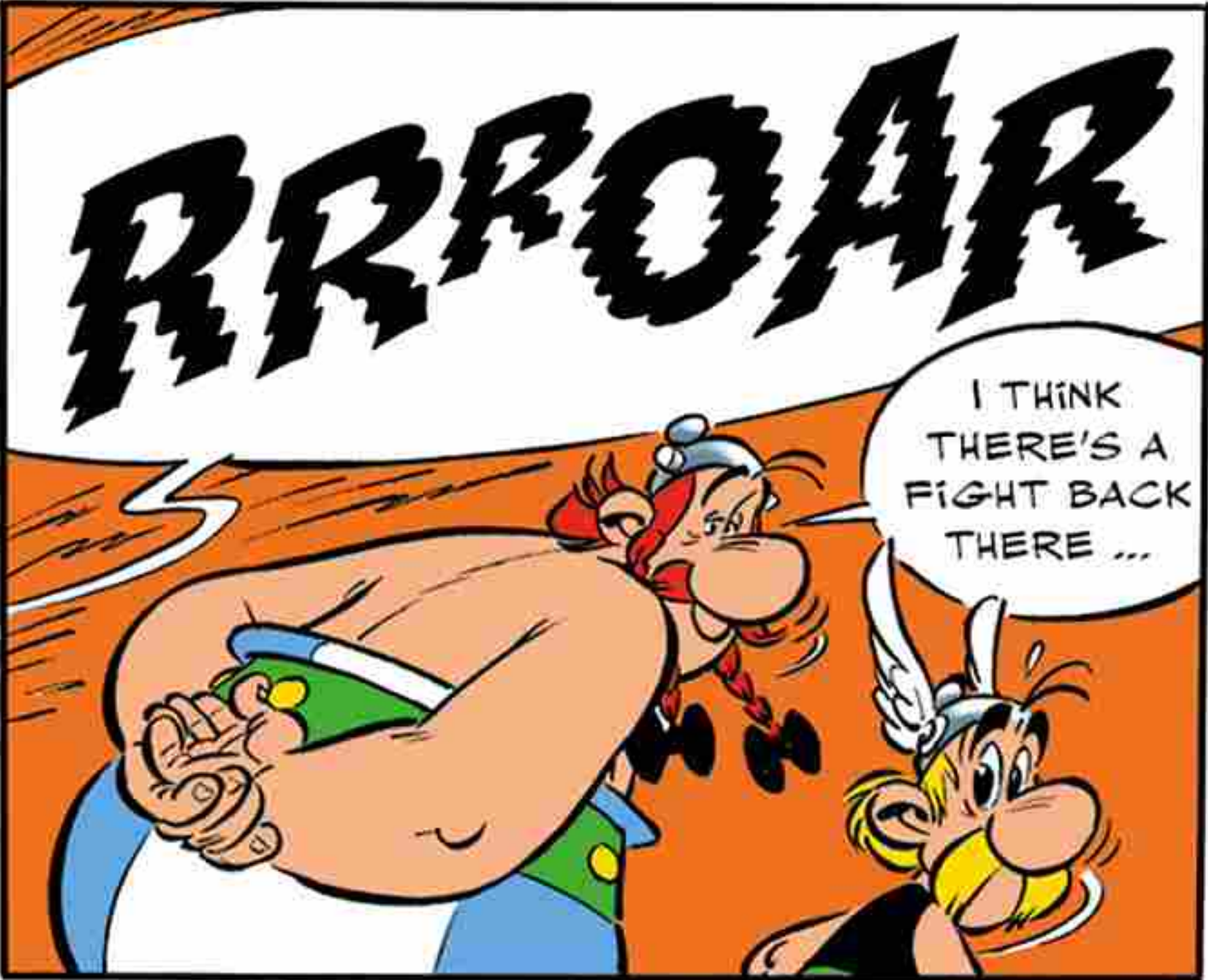
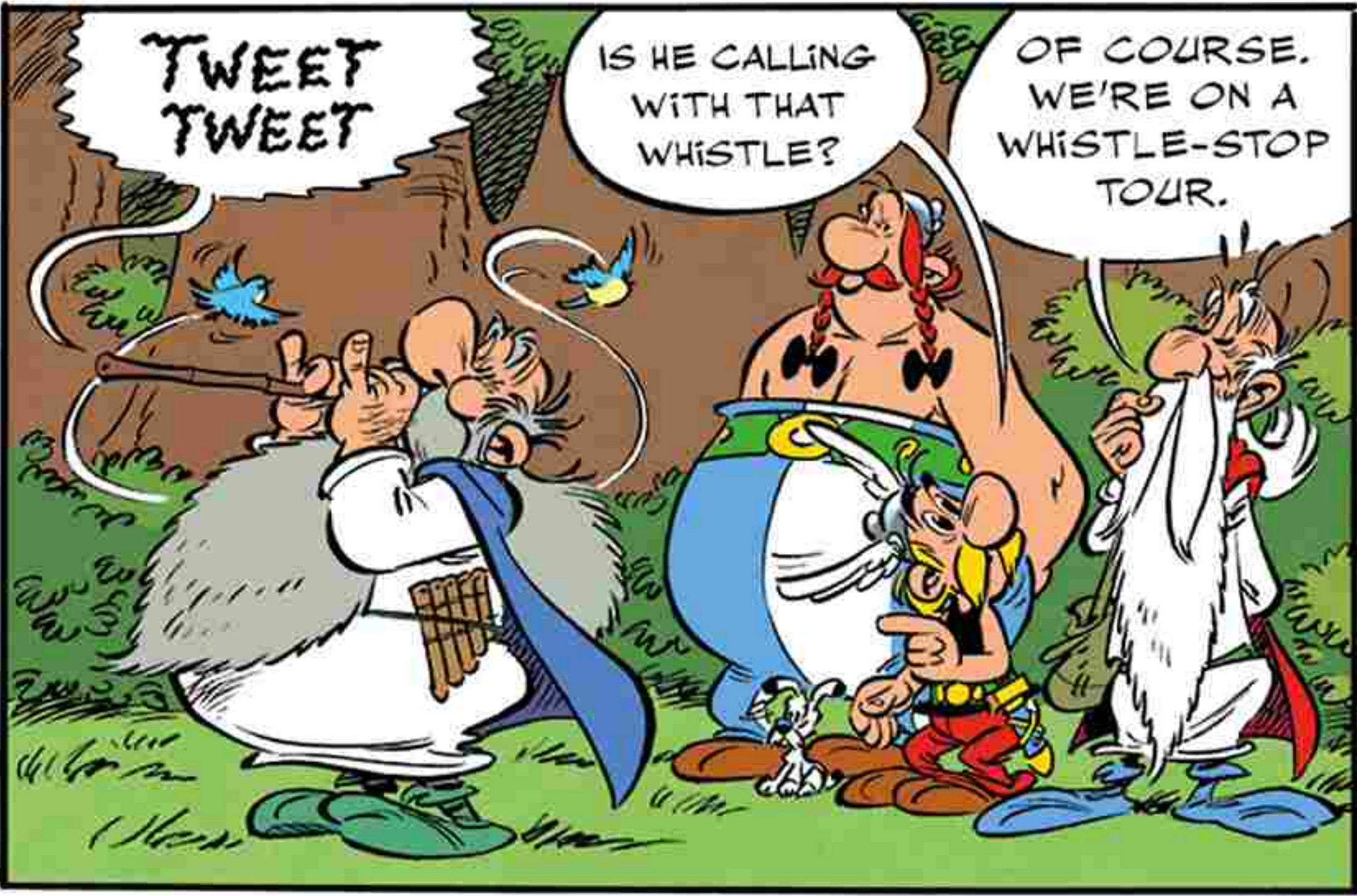
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT SOME OTHER DRUID ...

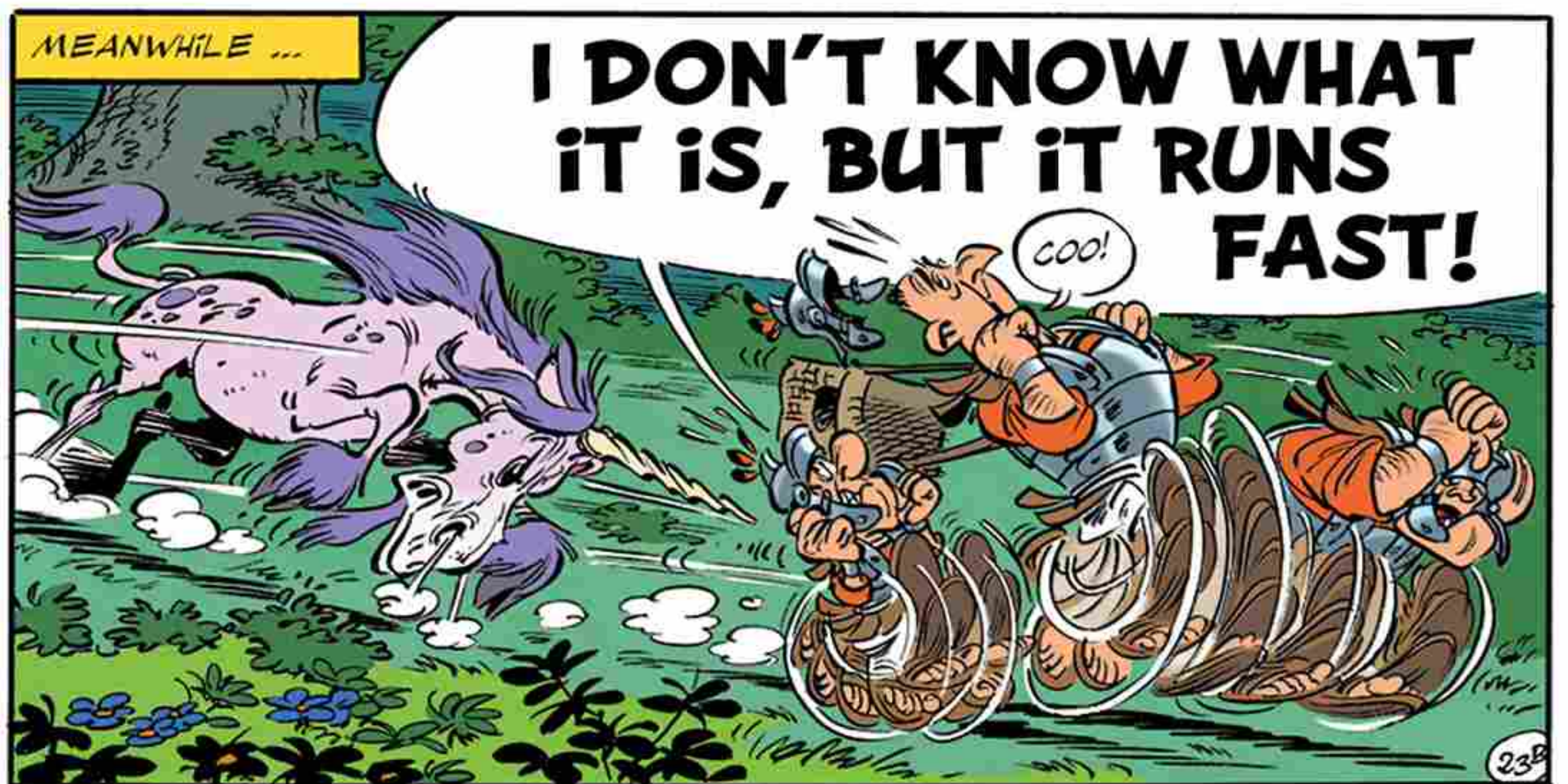
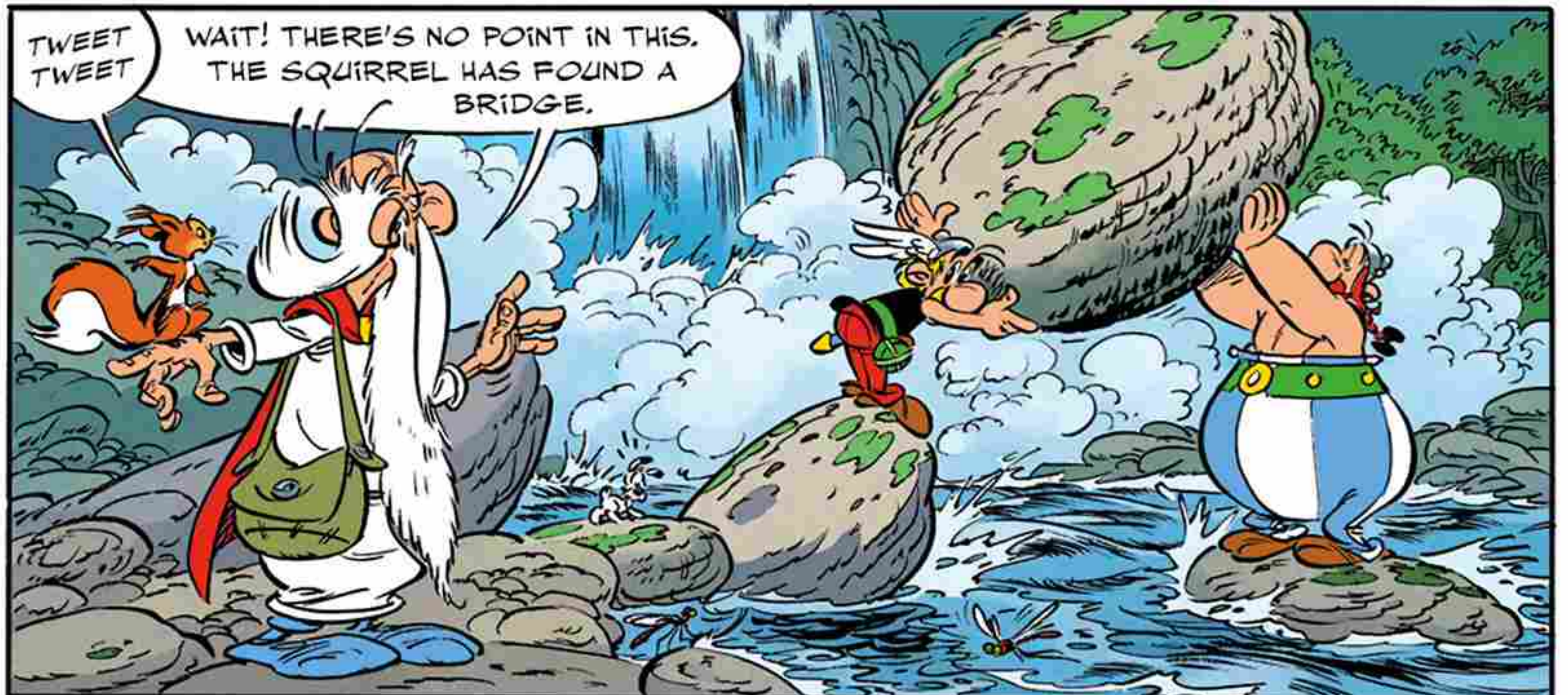
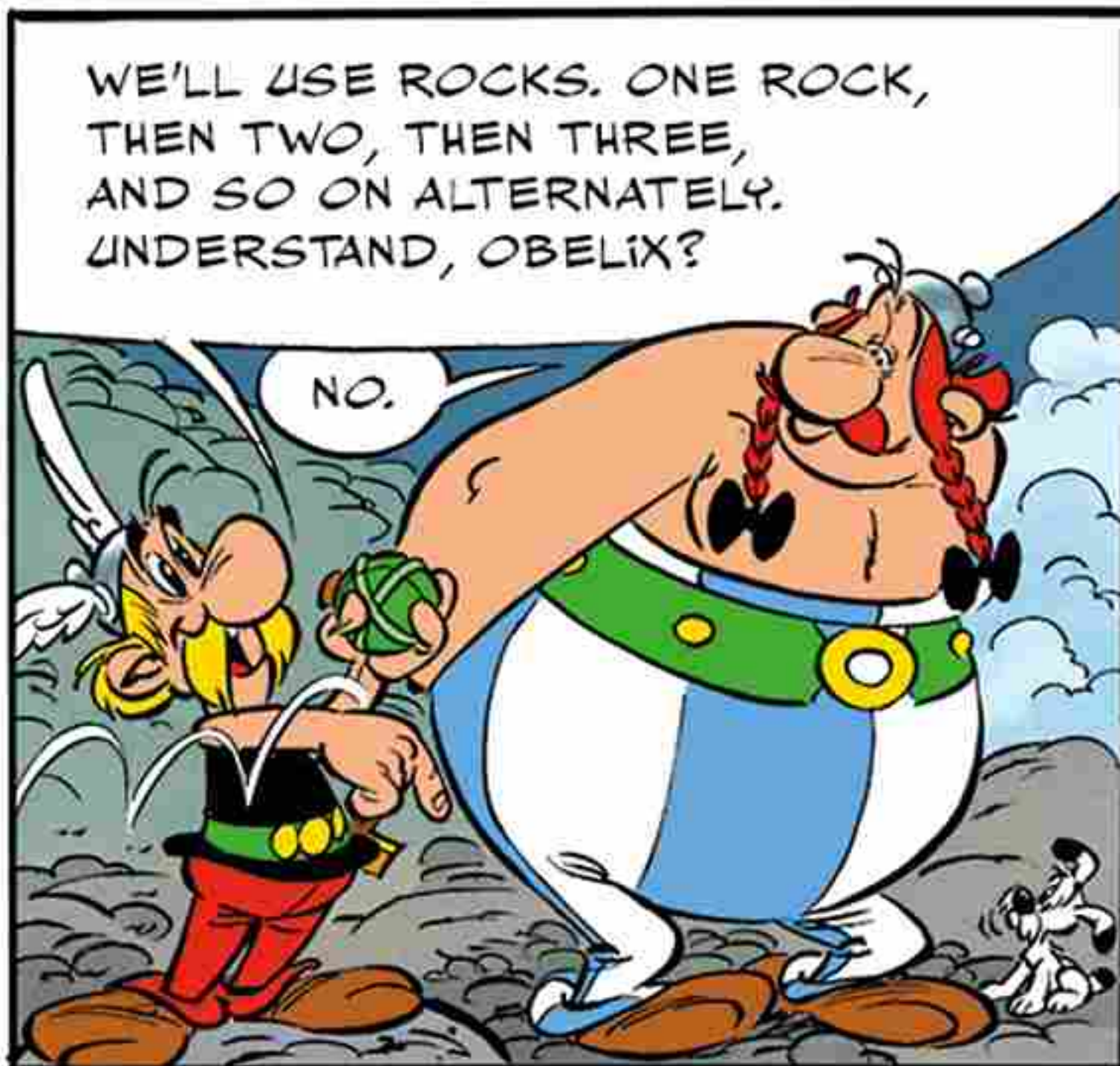
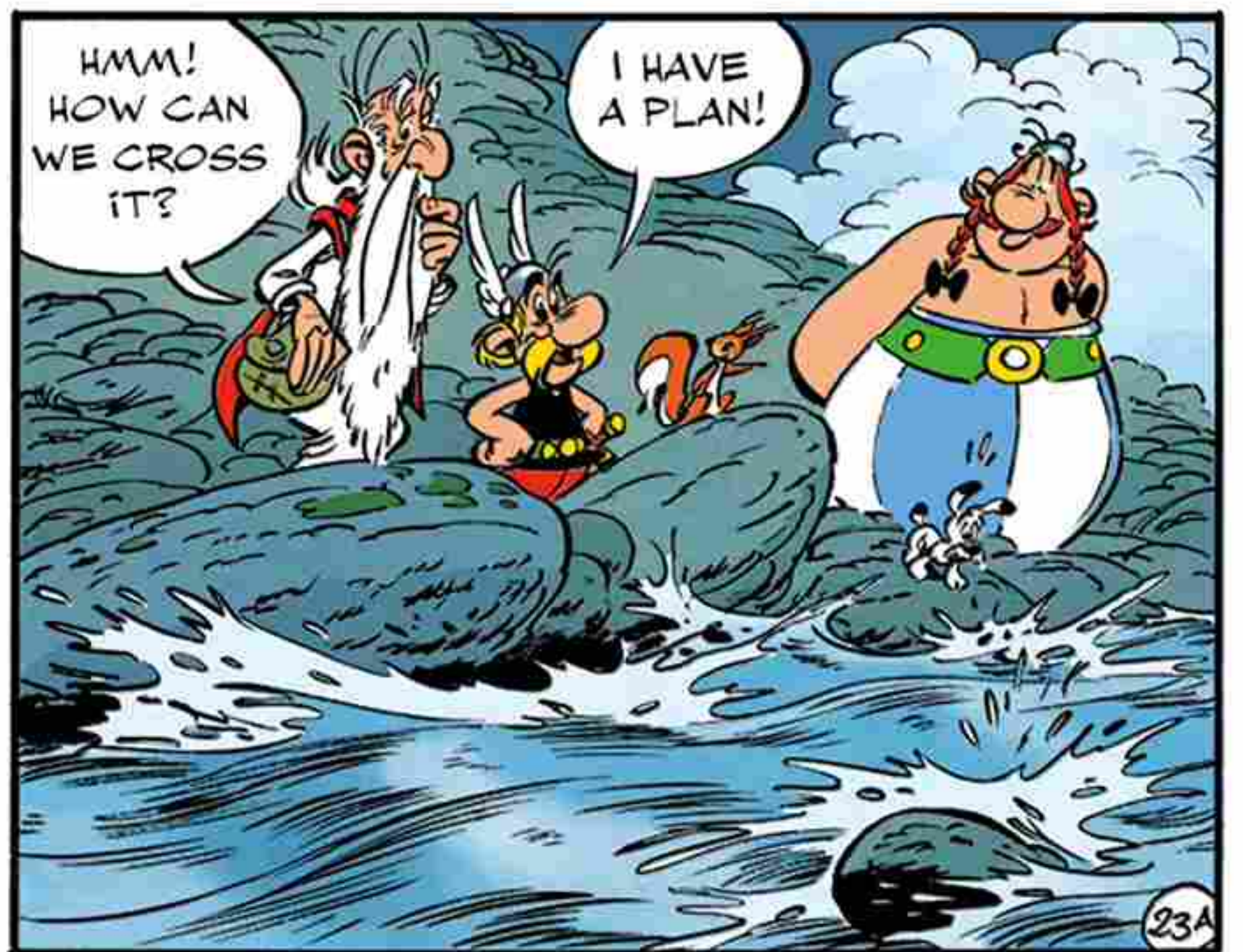
IT MUST BE THAT AFTER-OPTEROTHINGY.

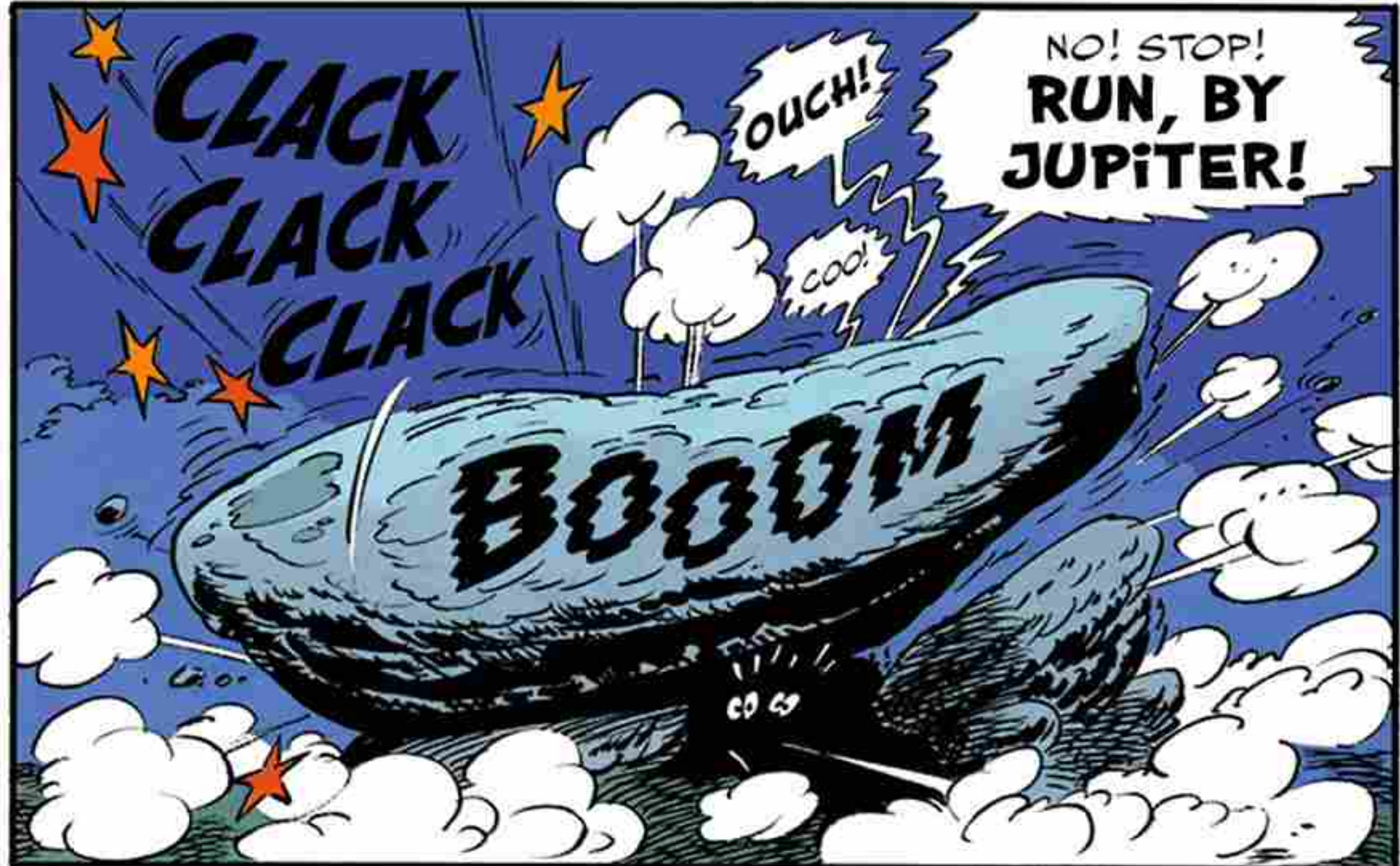
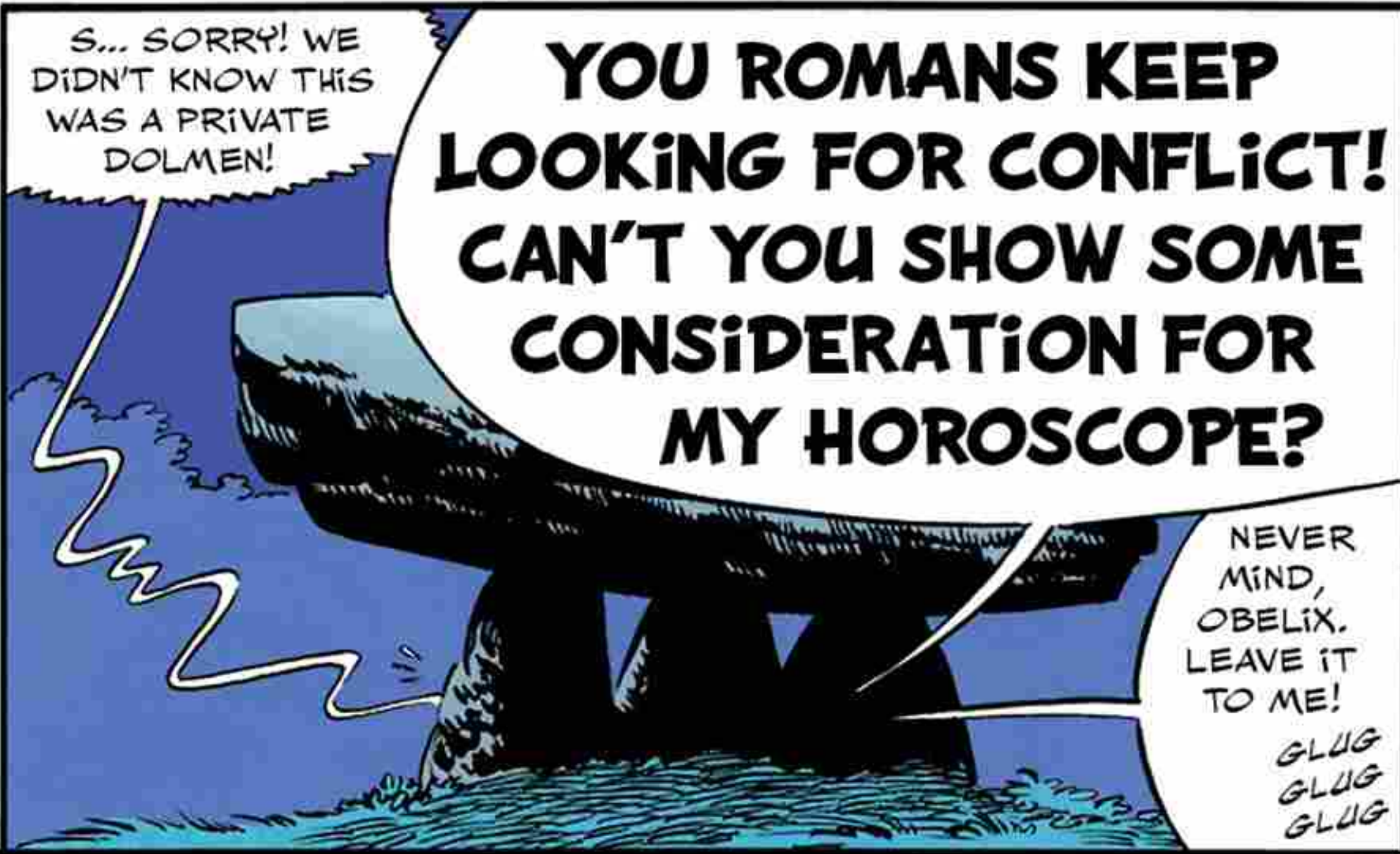
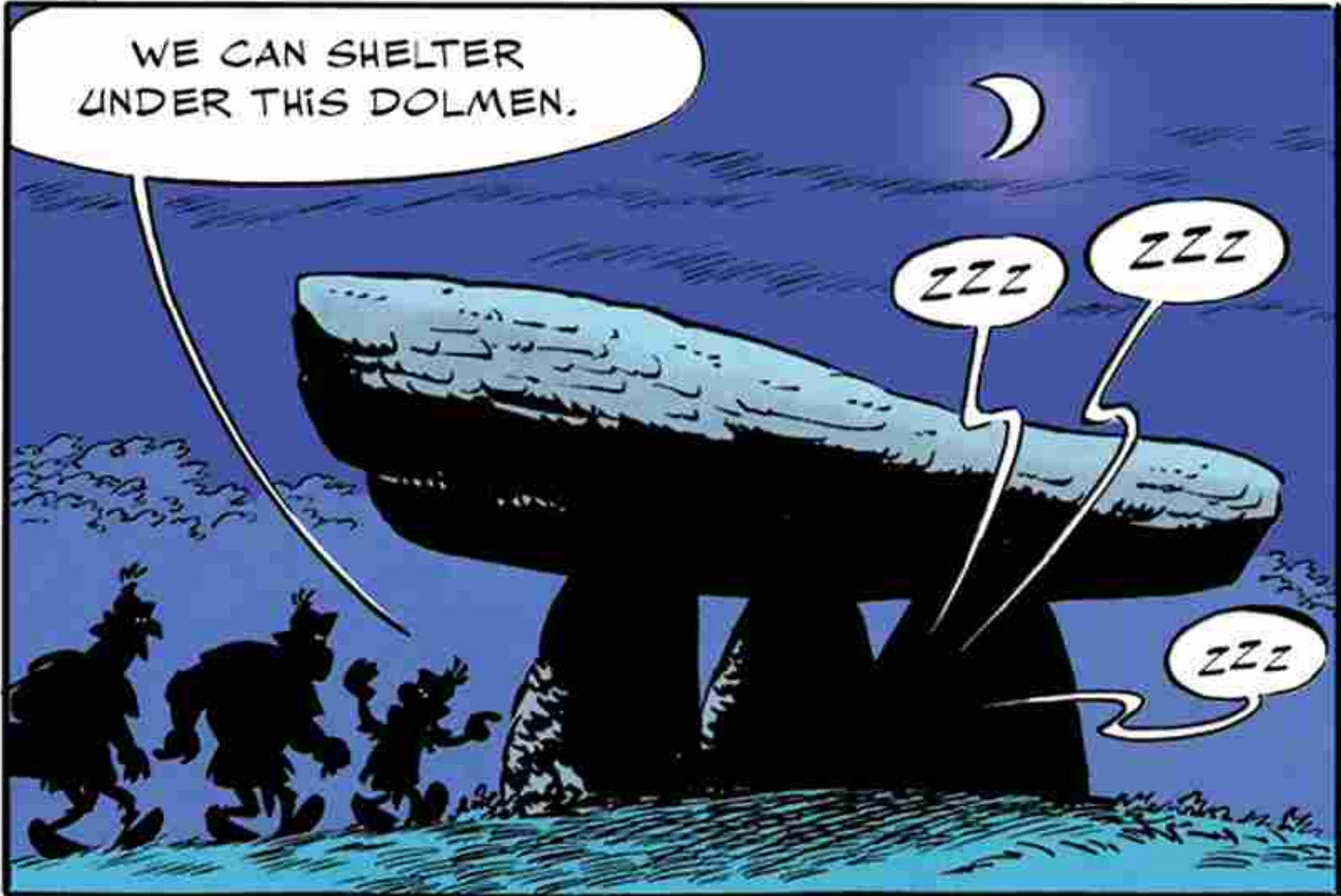
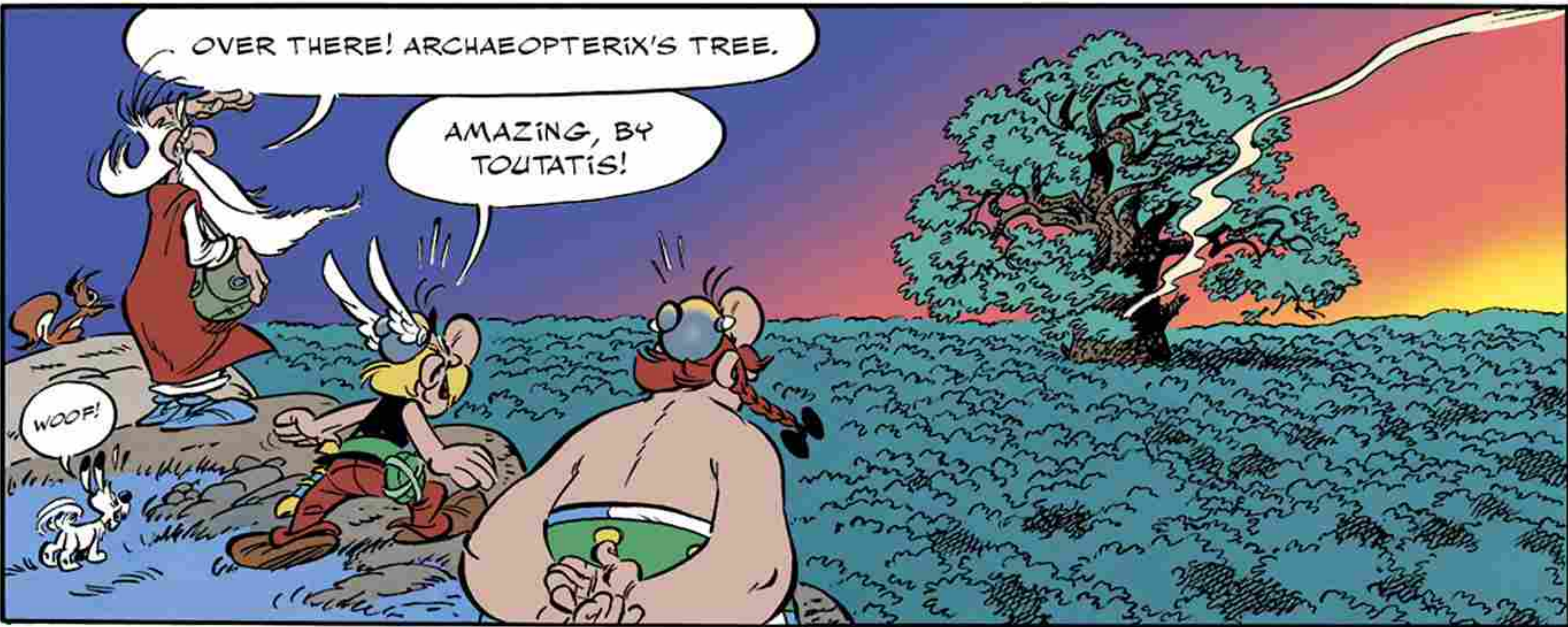


YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THE GRAND OLD MAN? HMM. THE FOREST IS VERY THICK ROUND THERE. I'LL GET YOU A GUIDE.

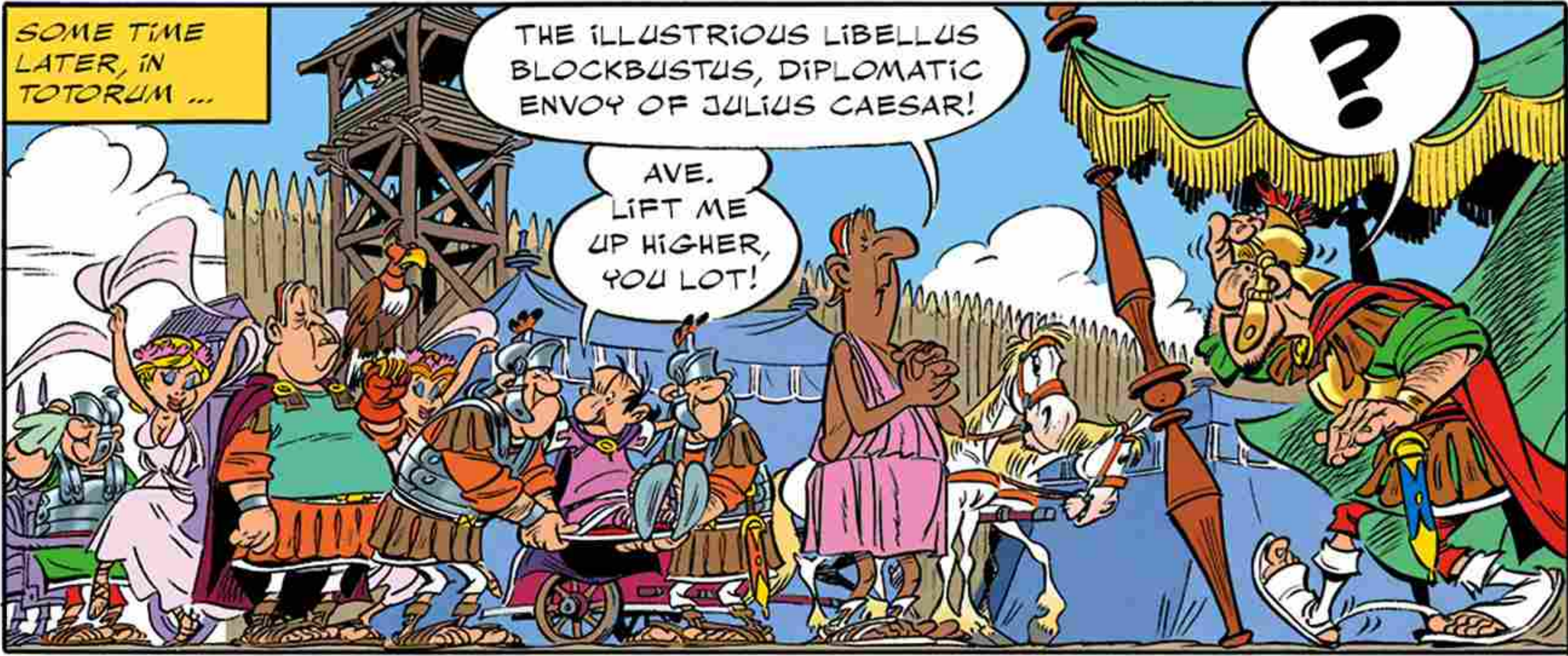




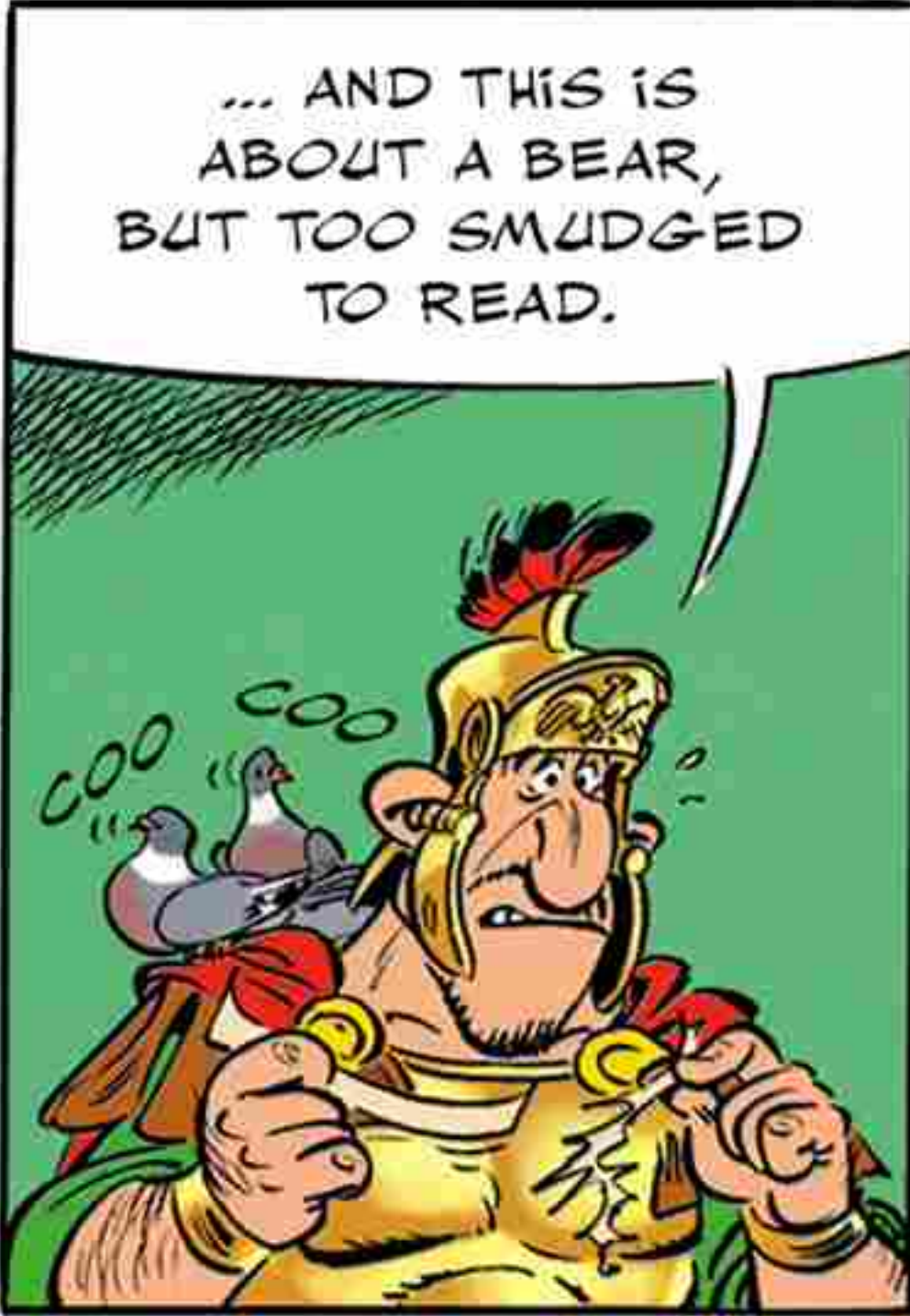




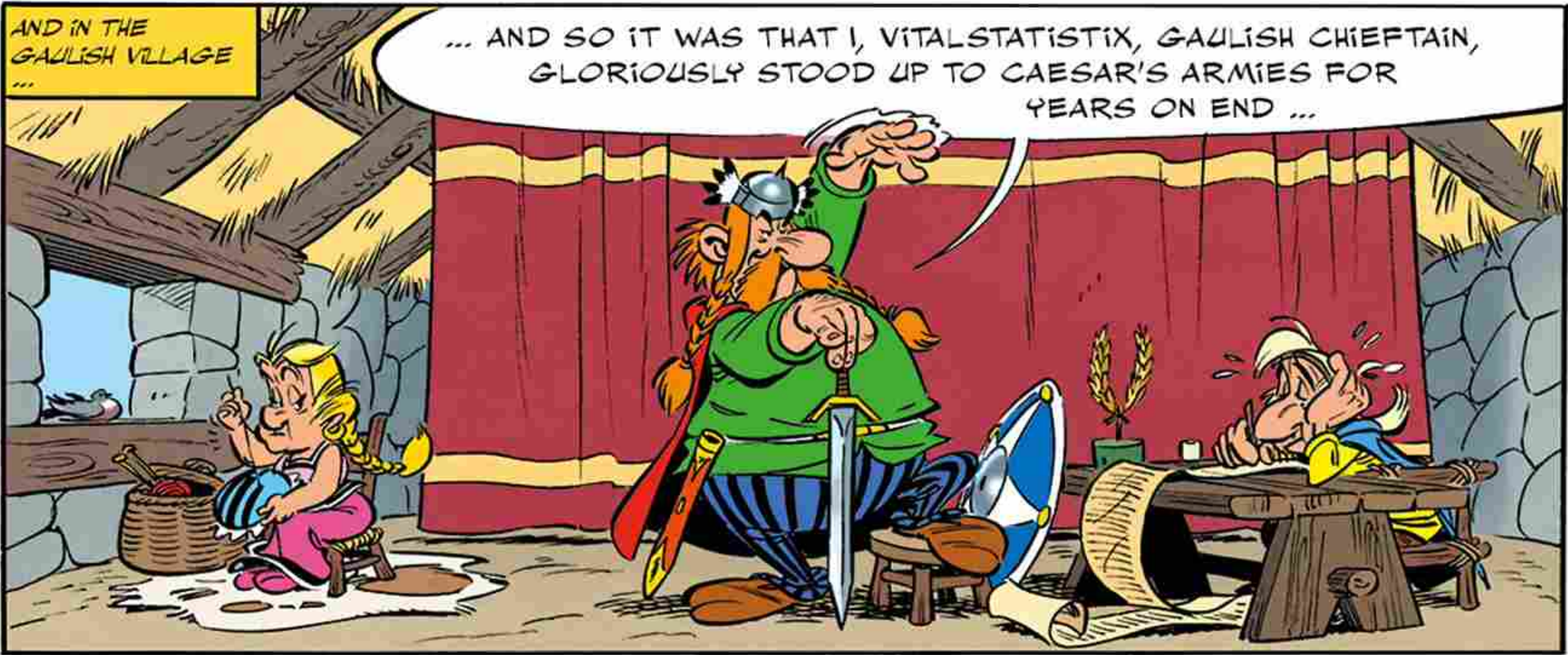
SOME TIME
LATER, IN
TOTORUM ...

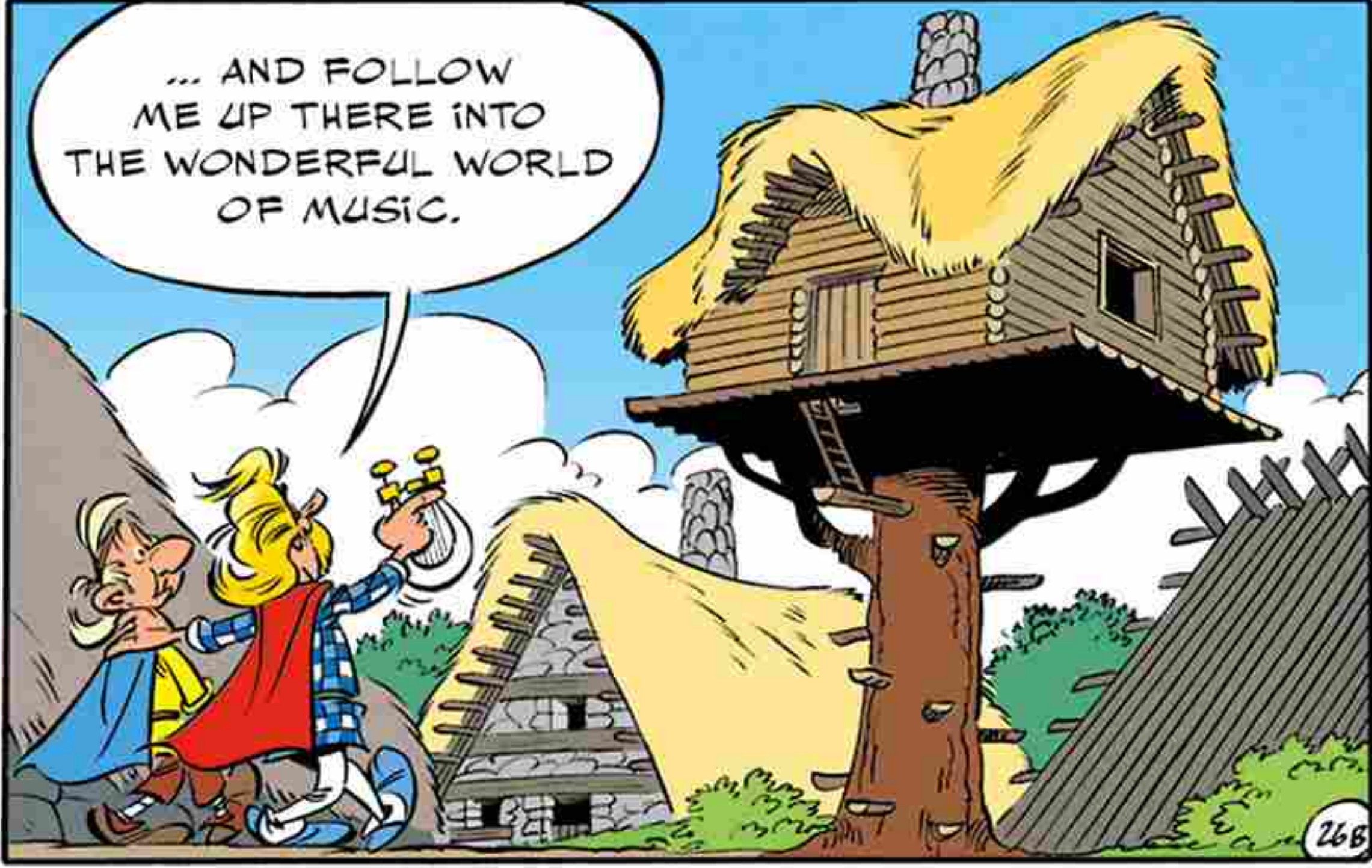
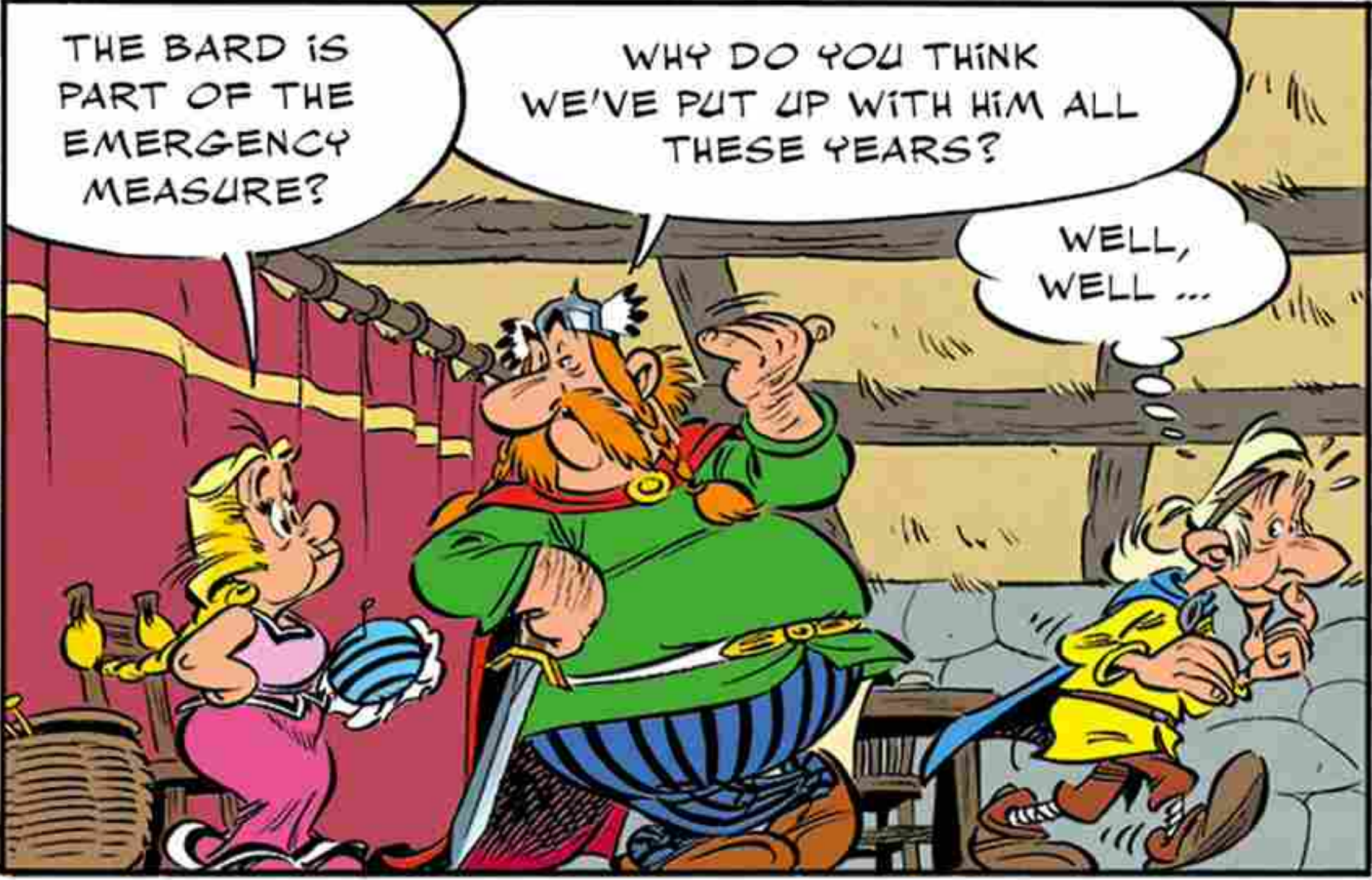
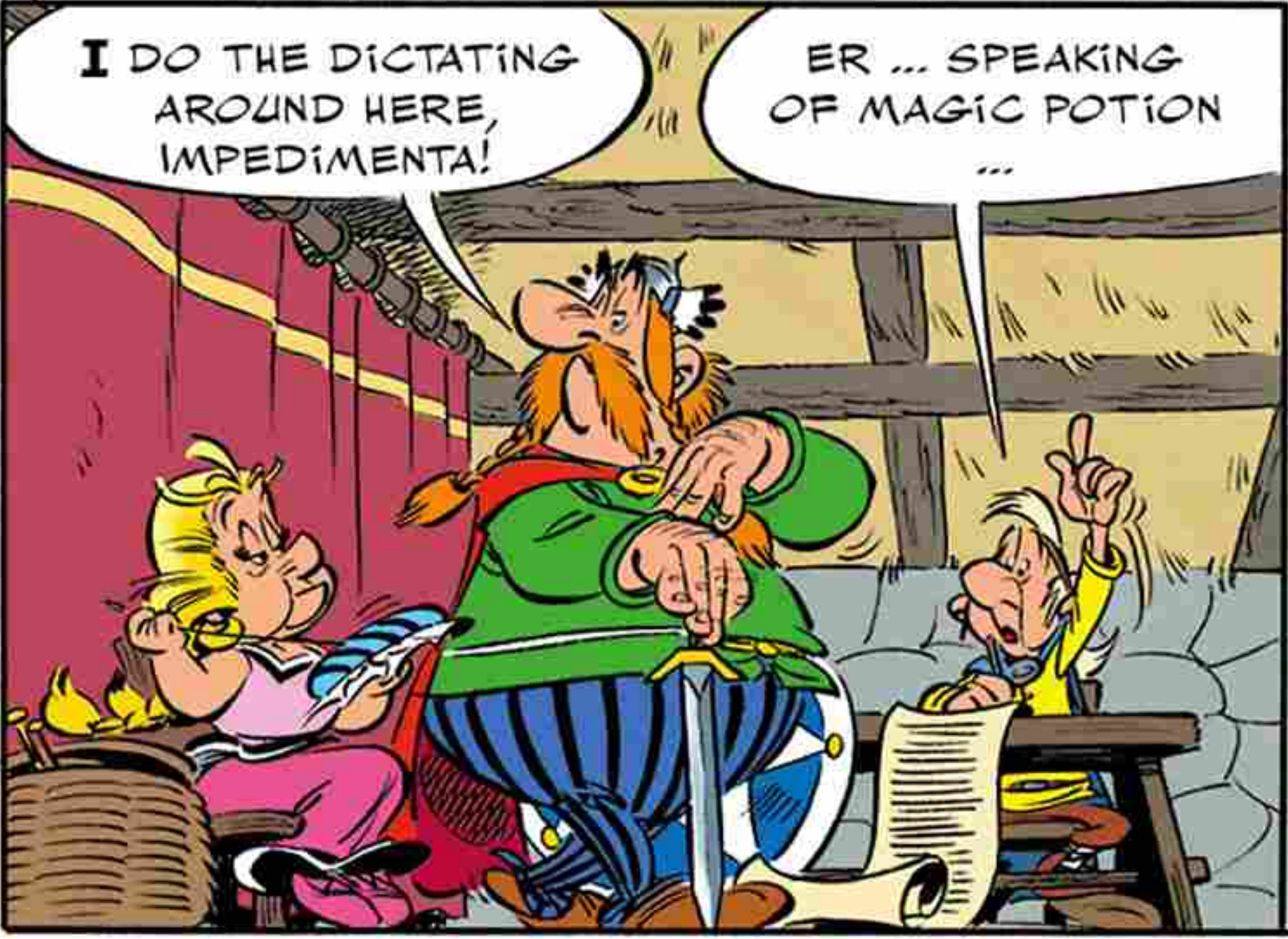


SOON
AFTER ...



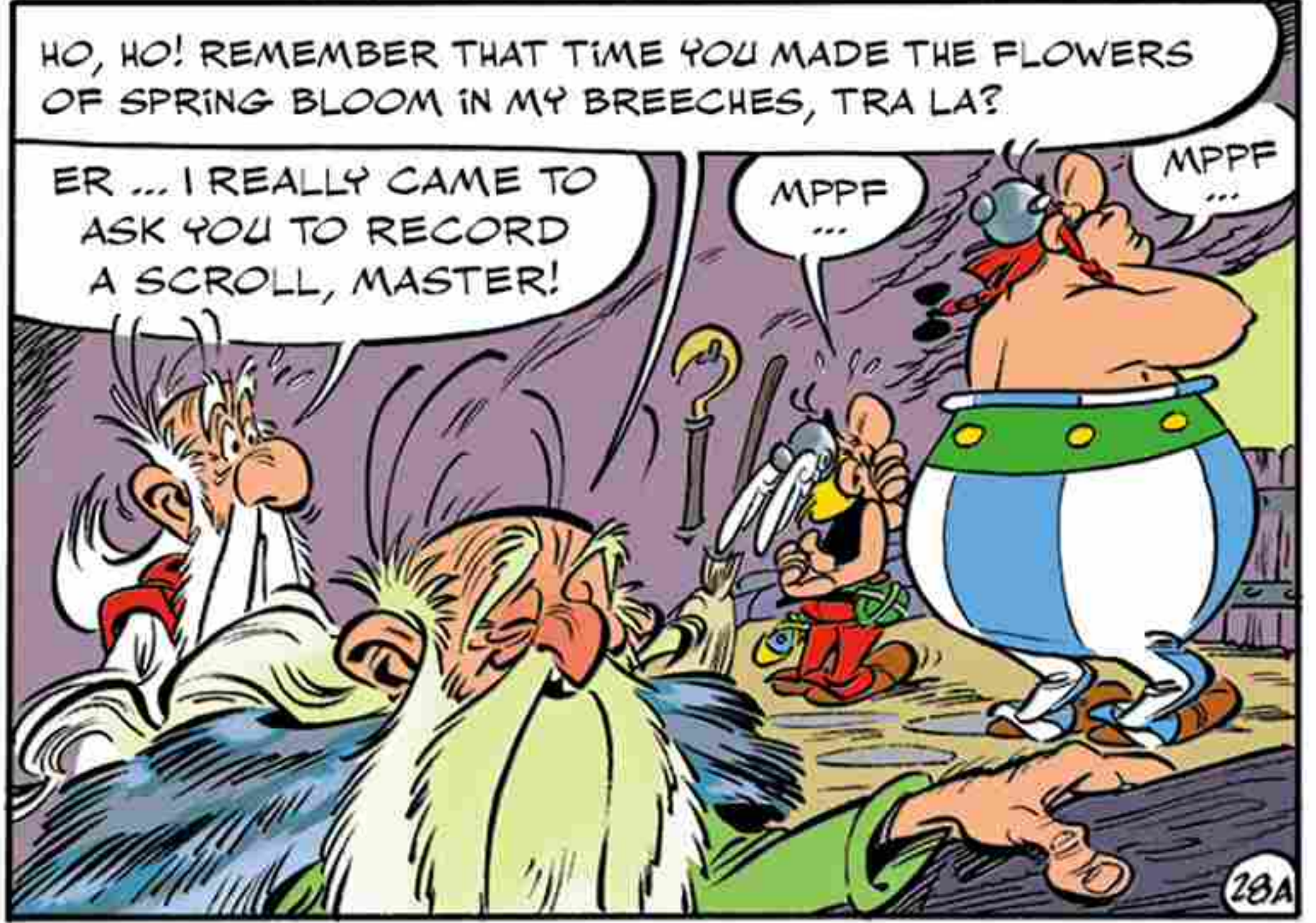
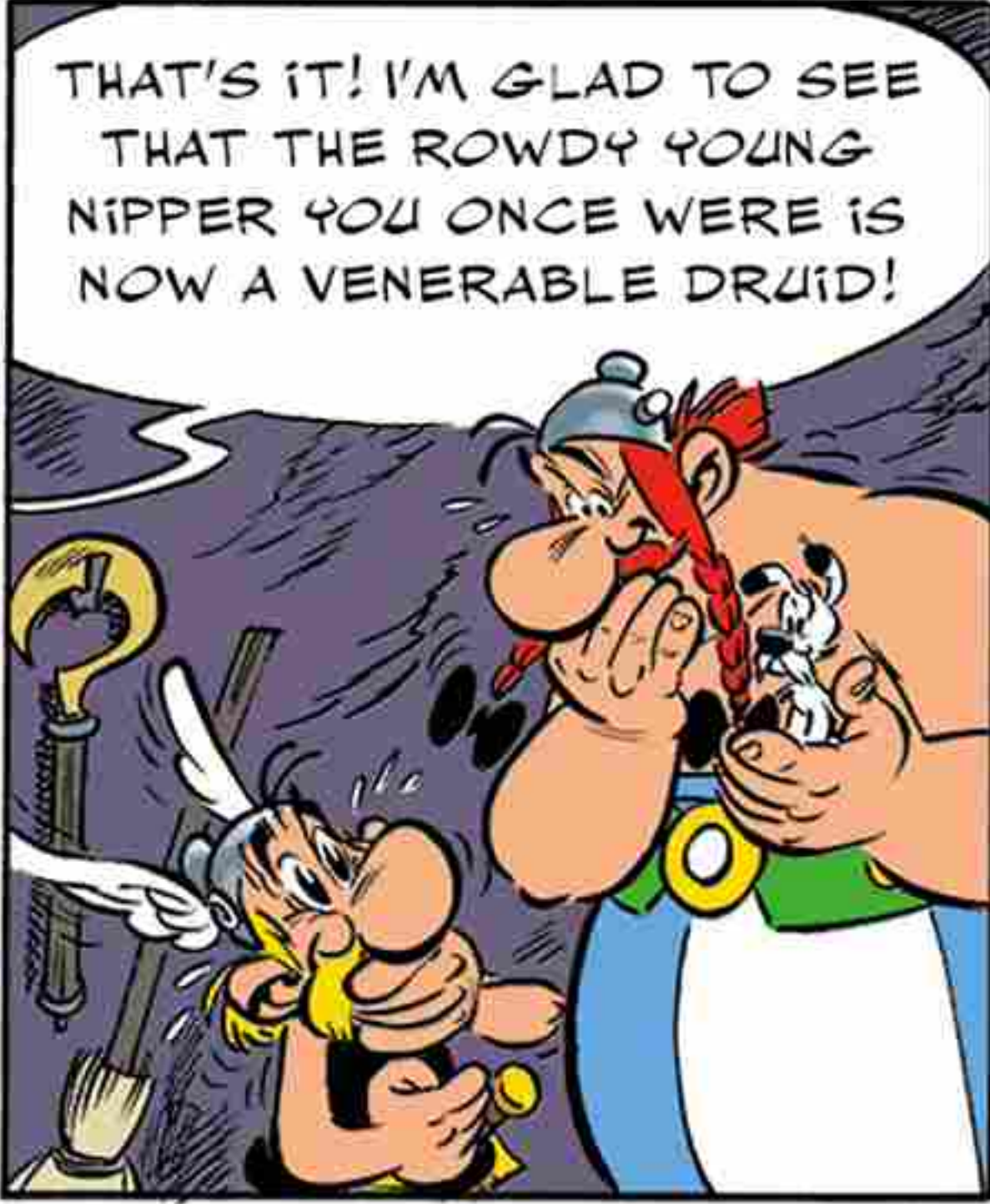
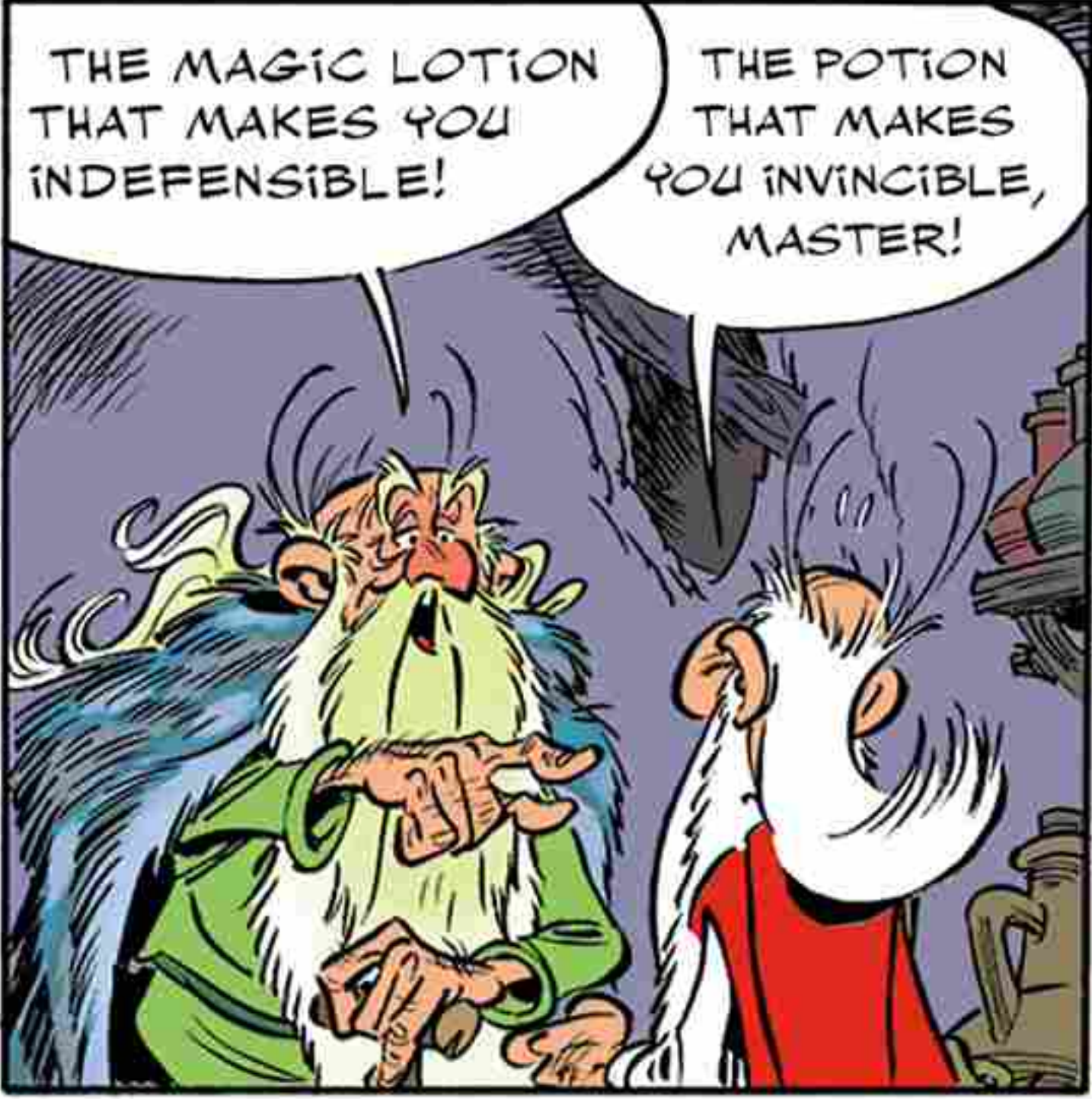
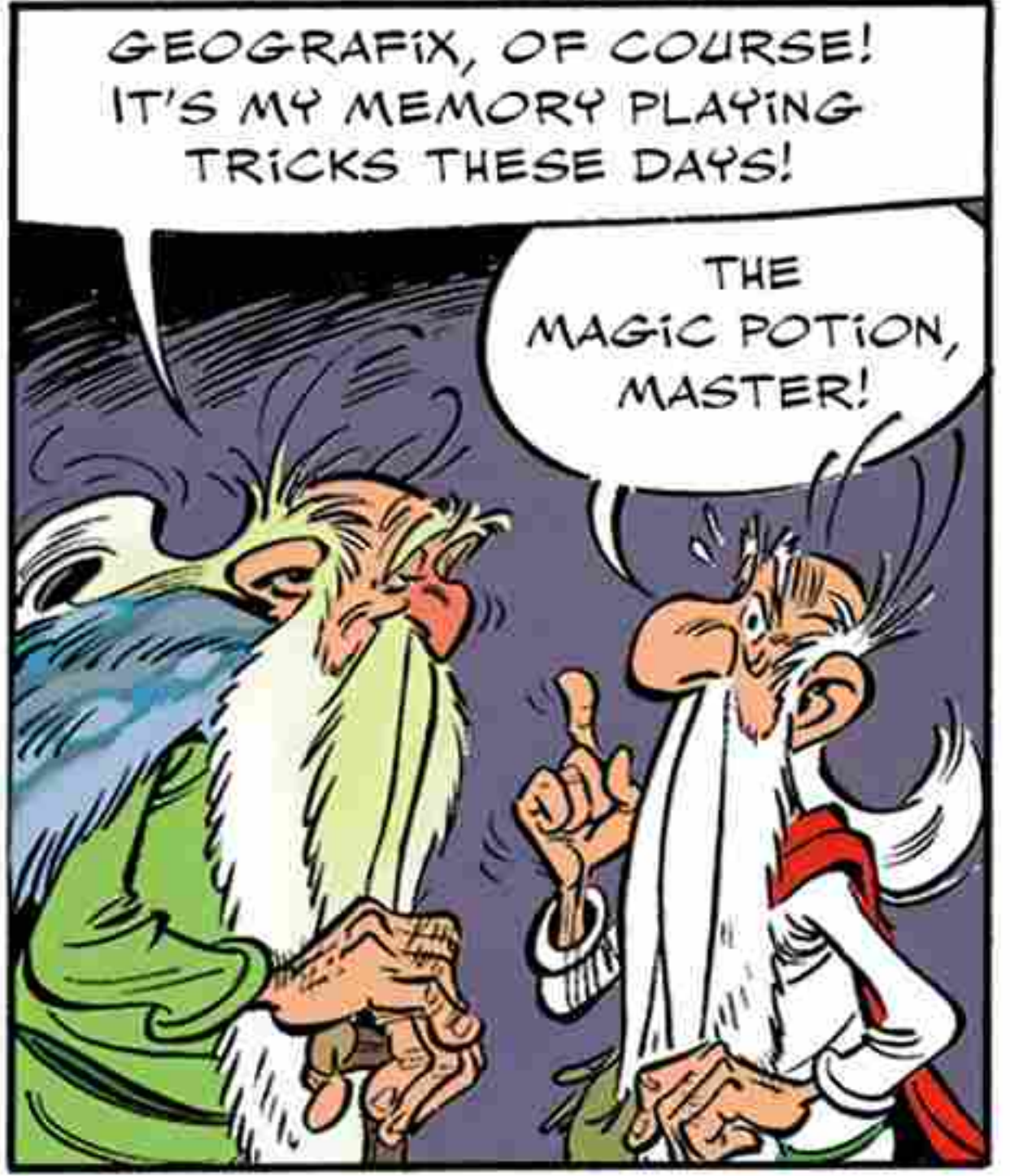
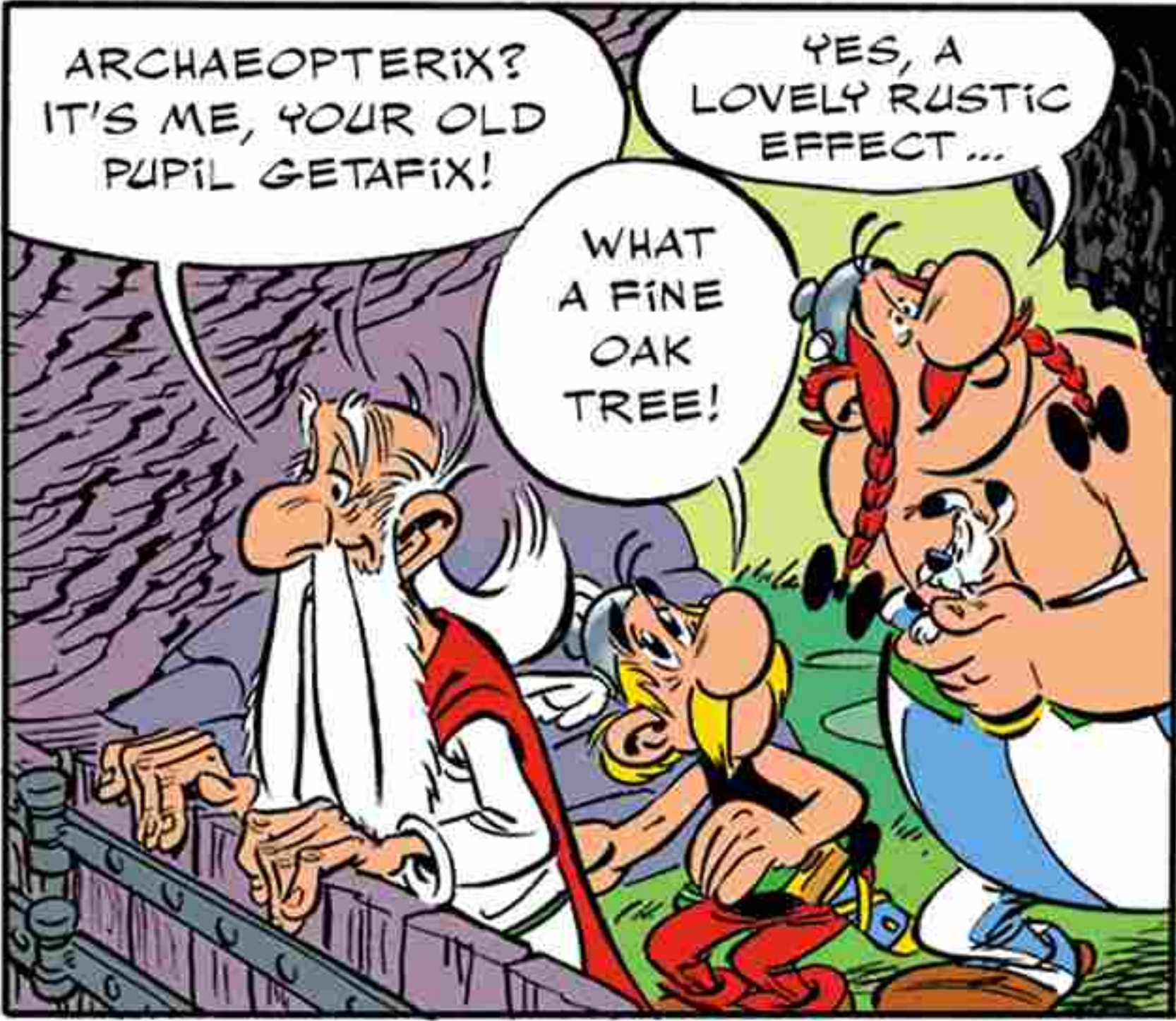
AND IN THE
GAULISH VILLAGE
...

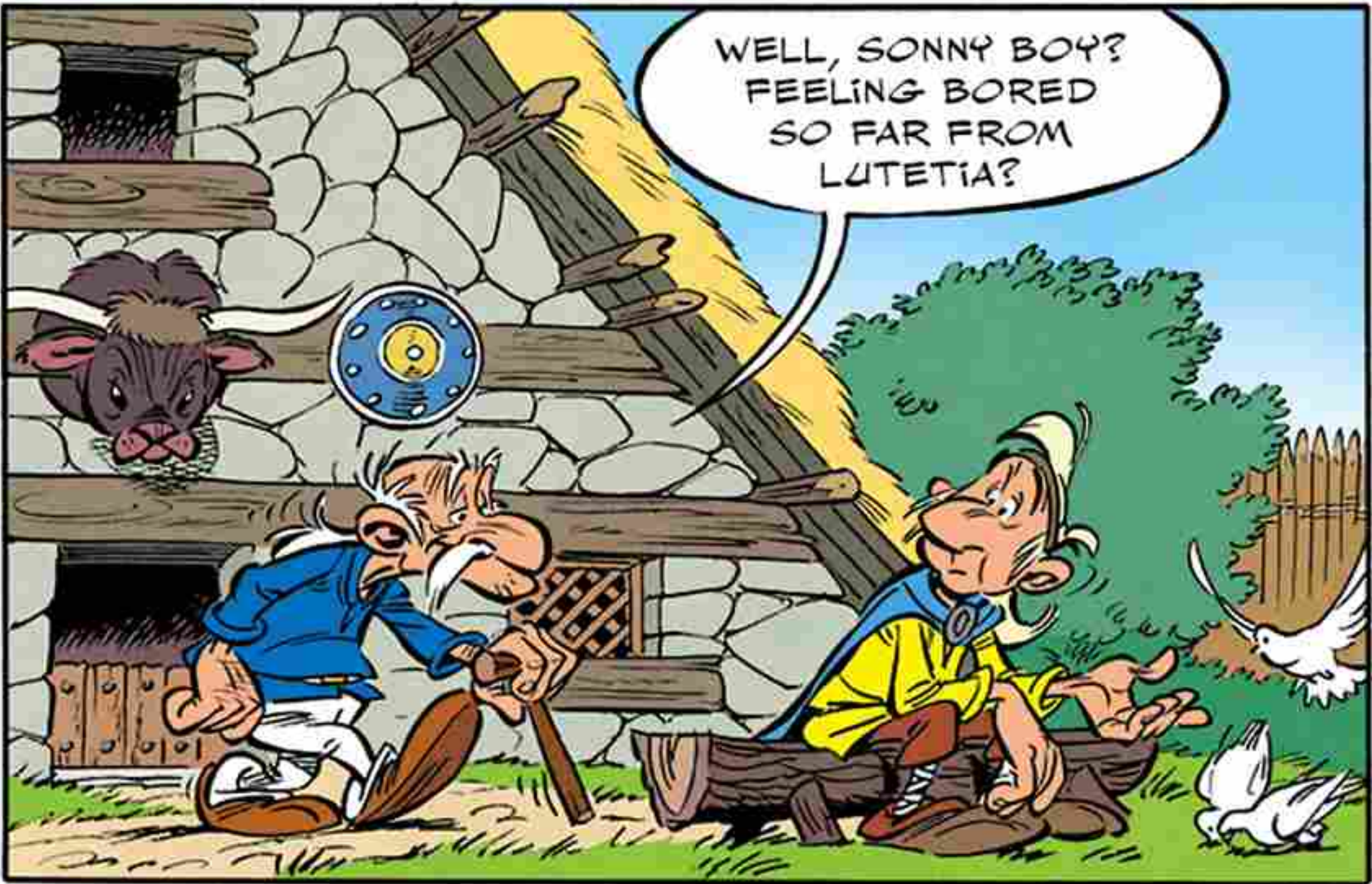
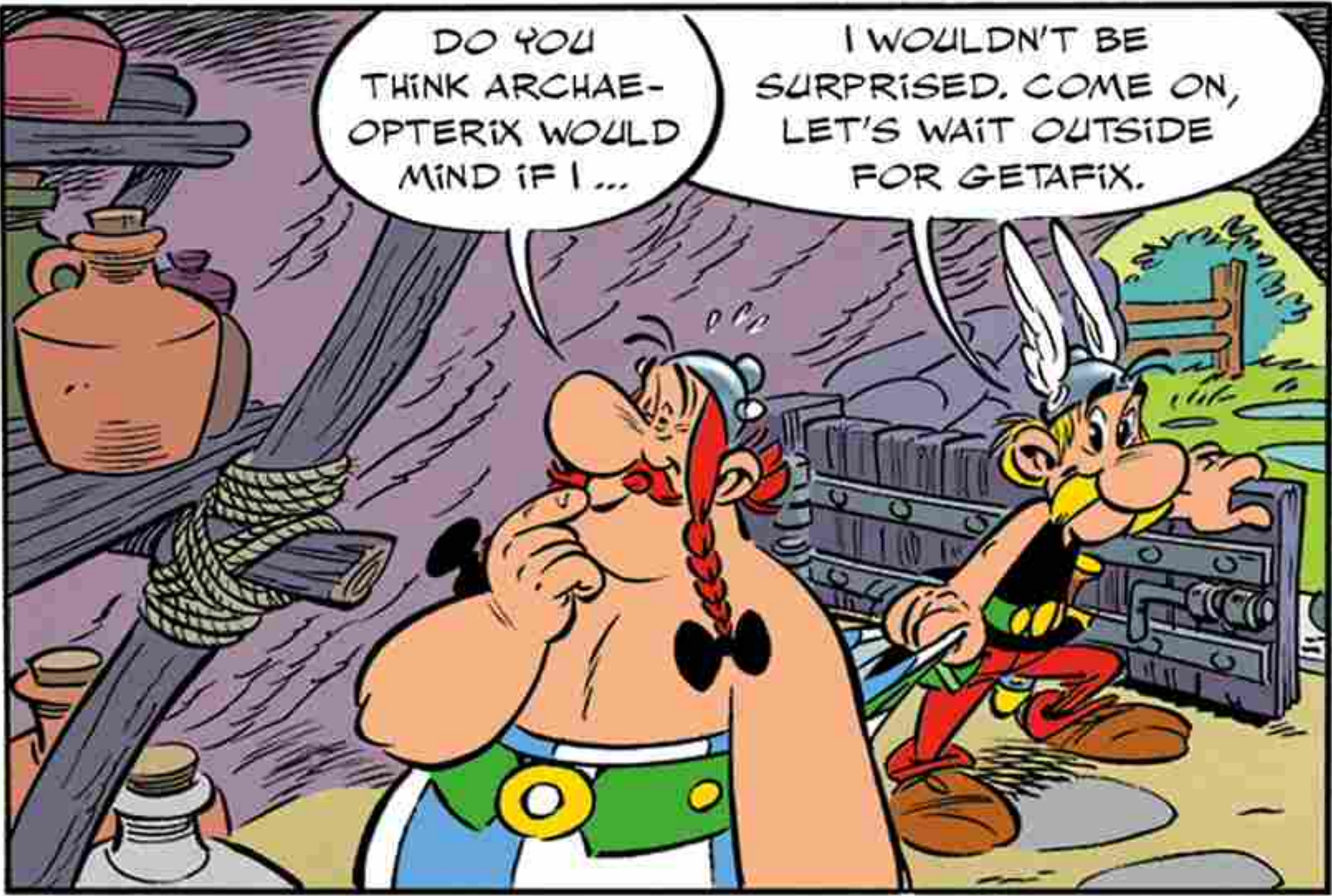
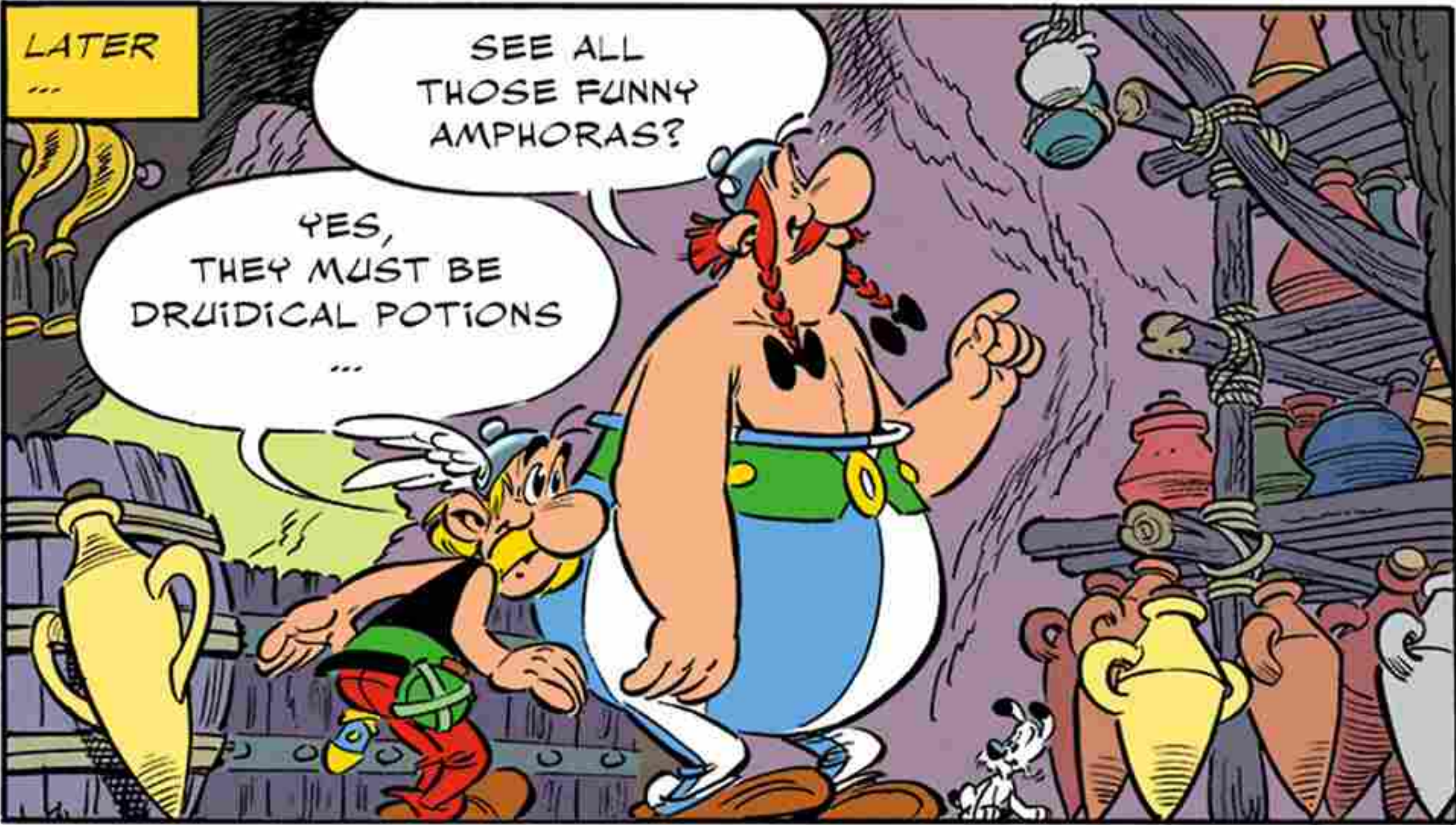


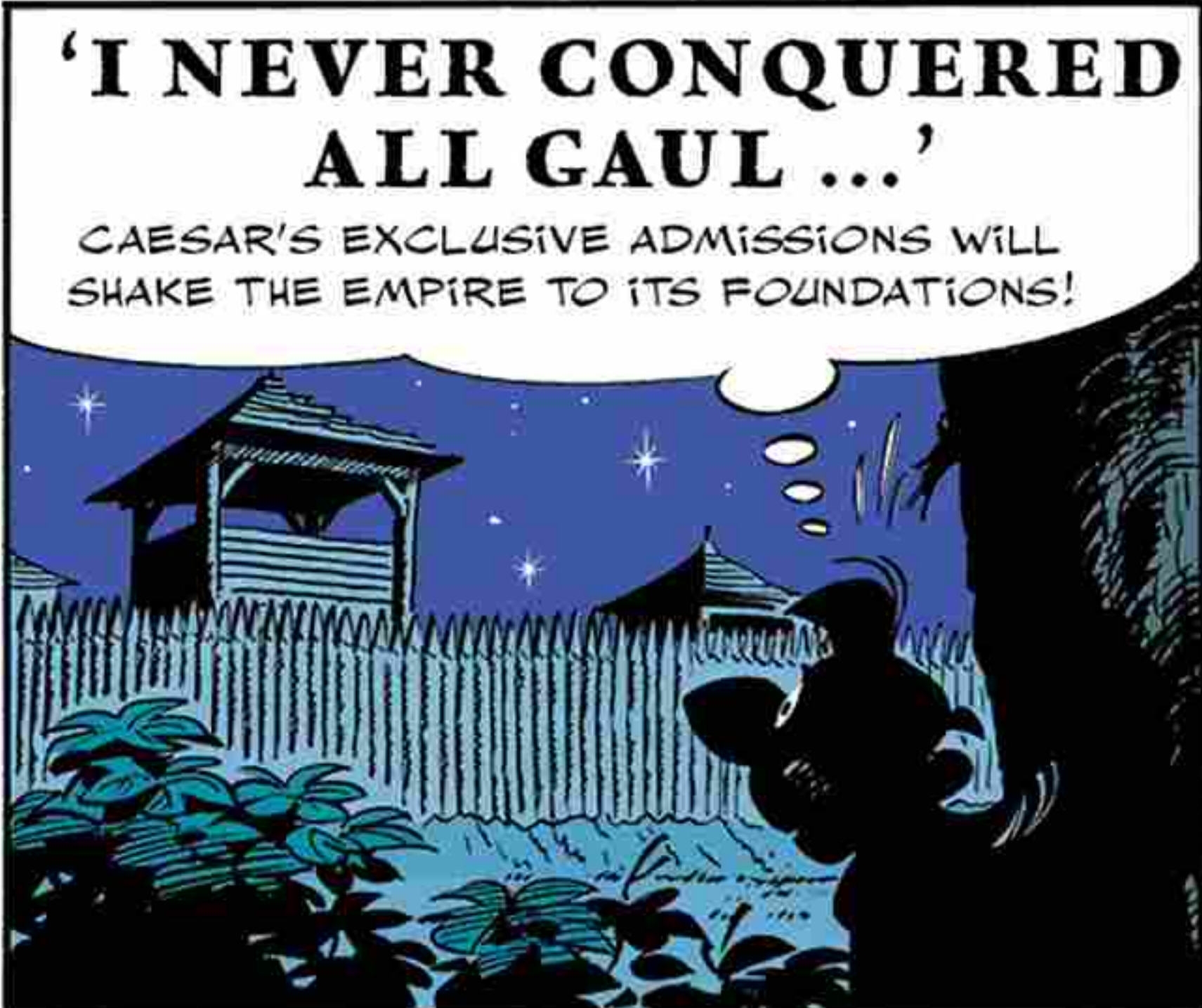
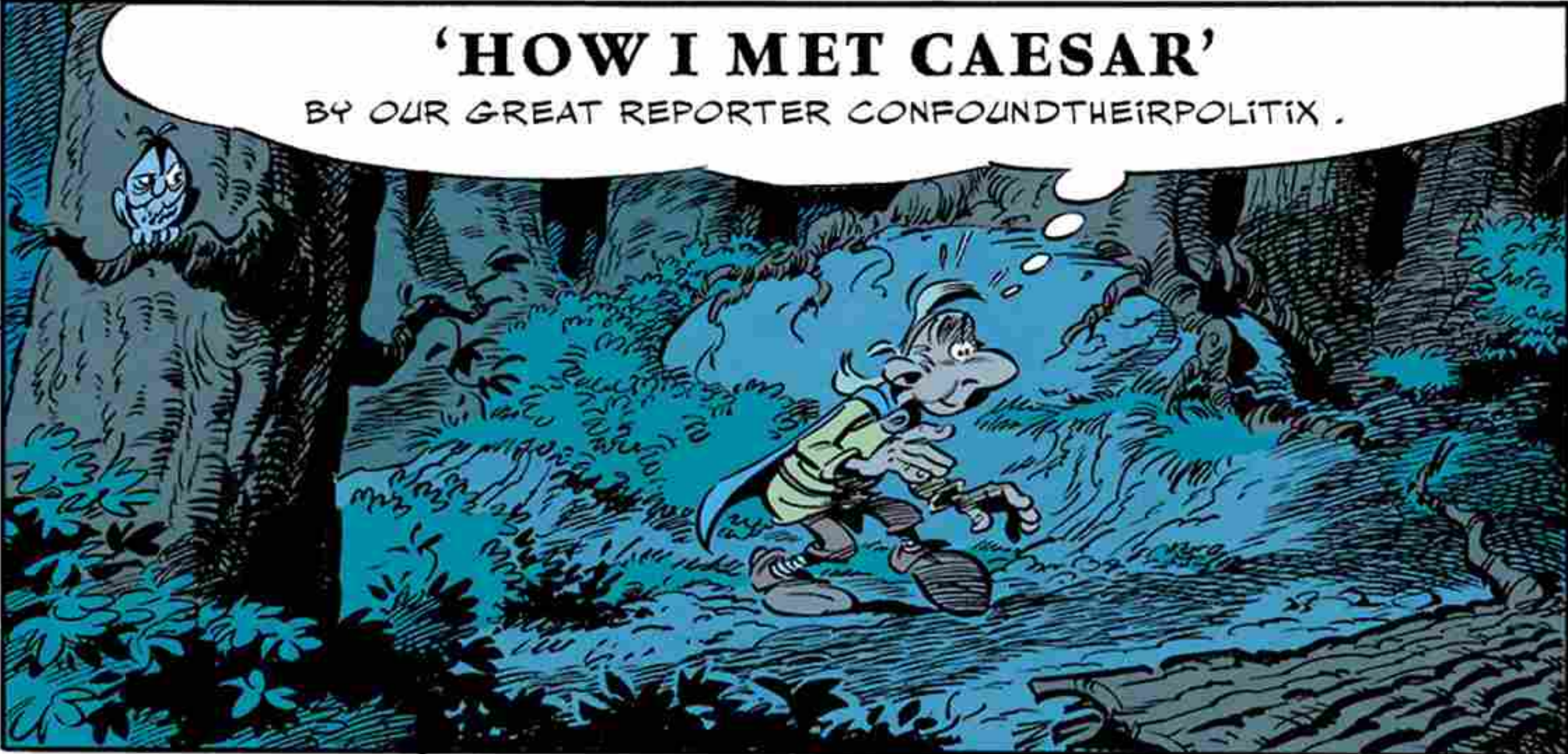
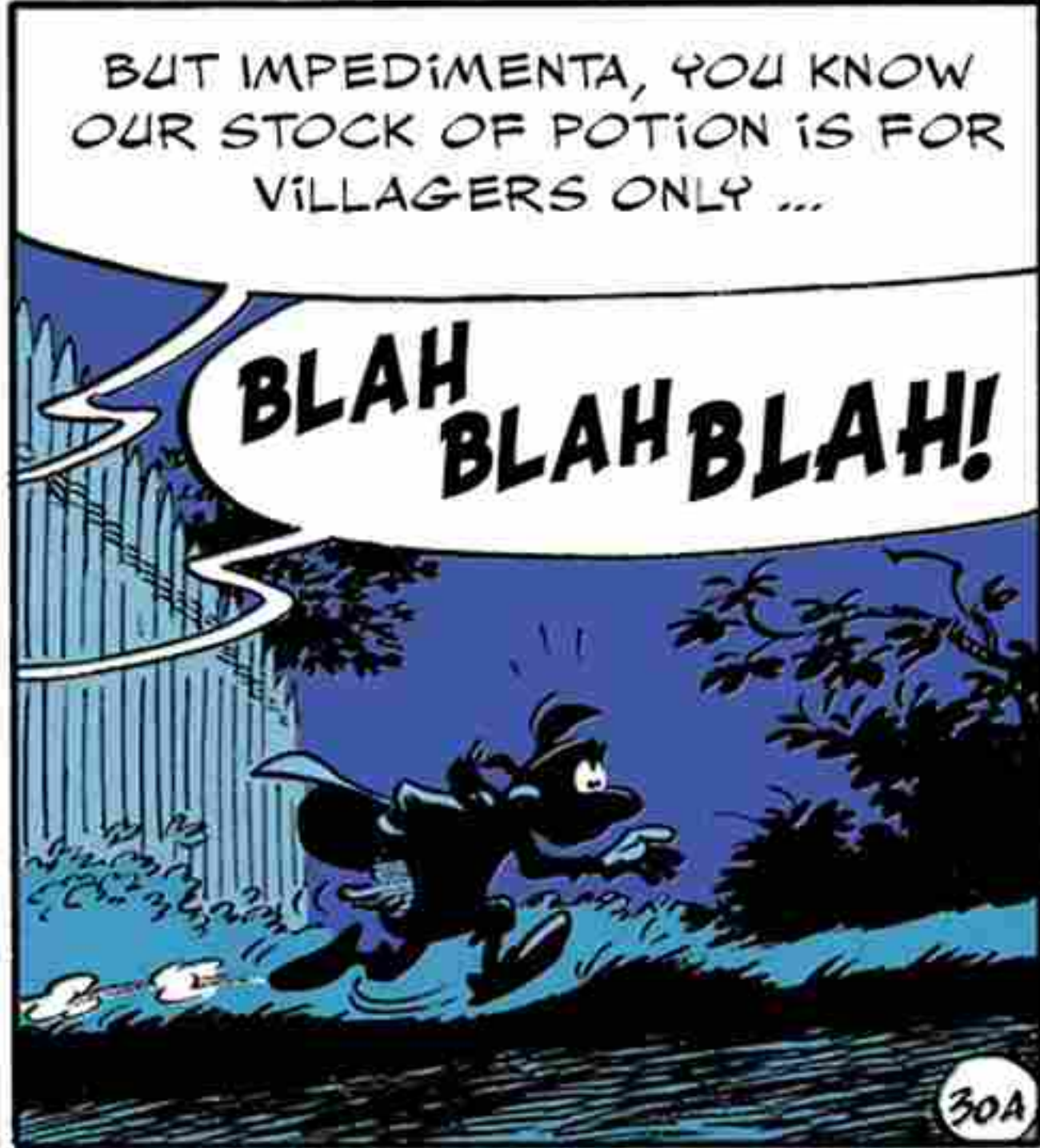
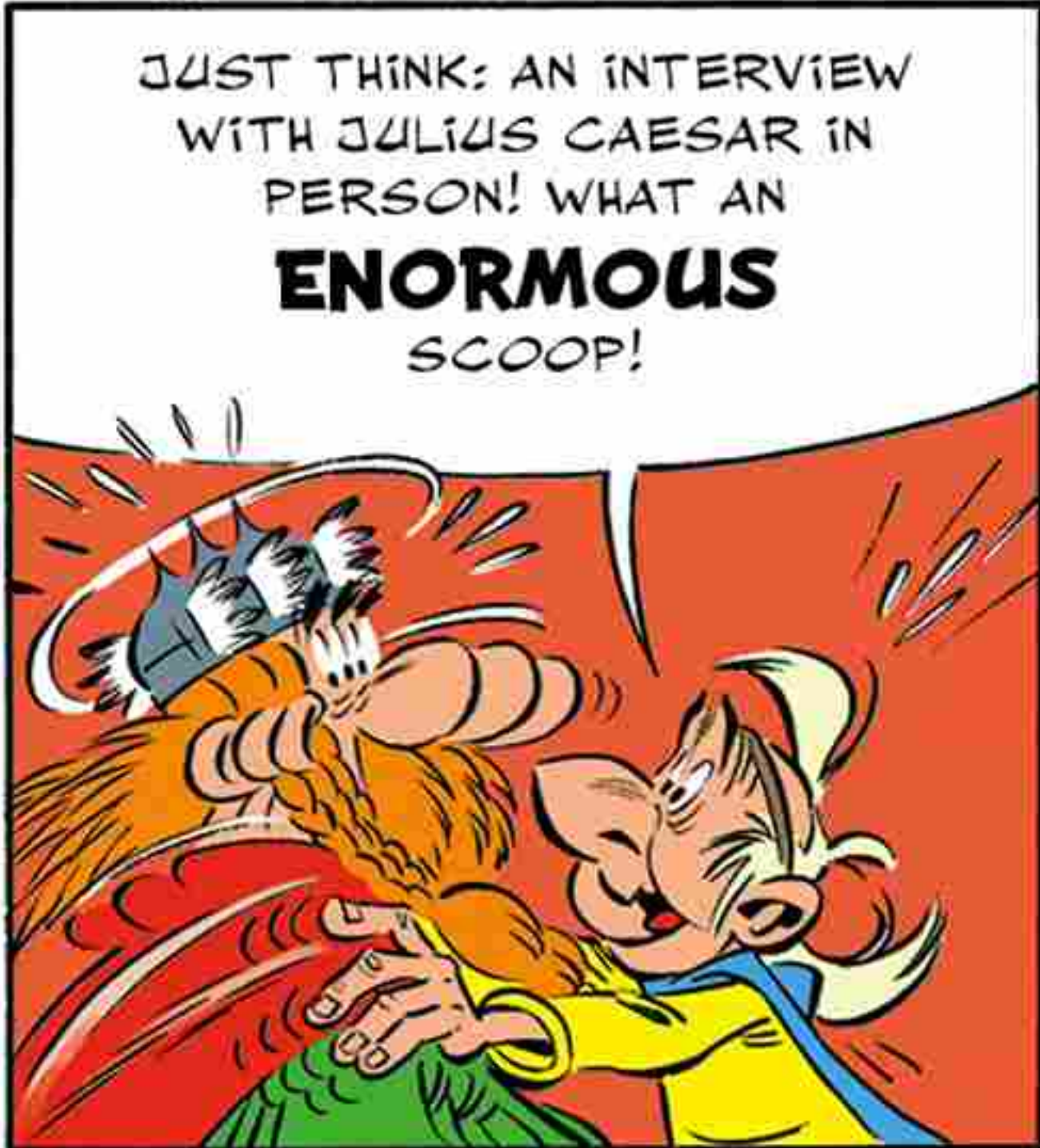


SOON
AFTERWARDS...

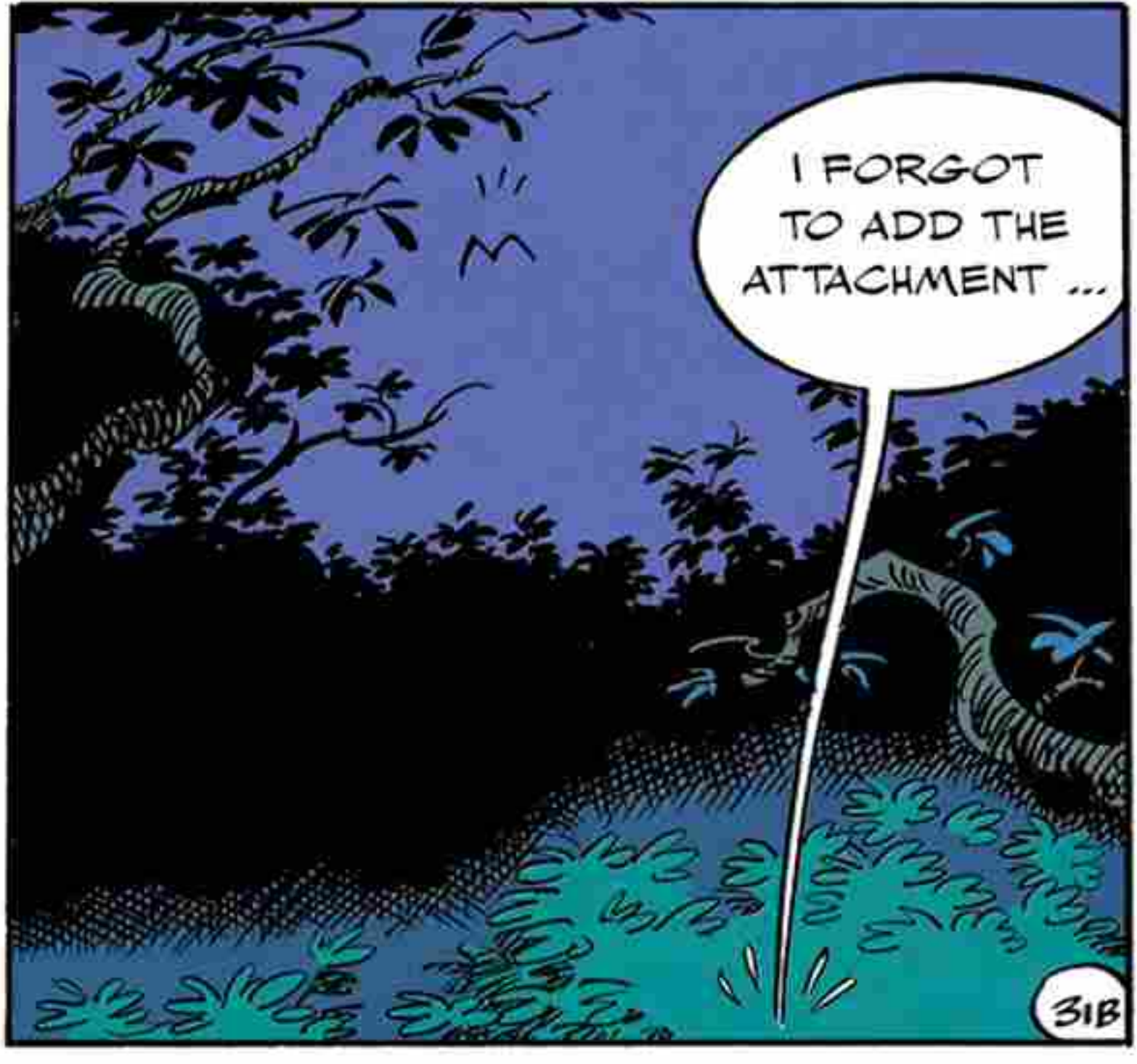
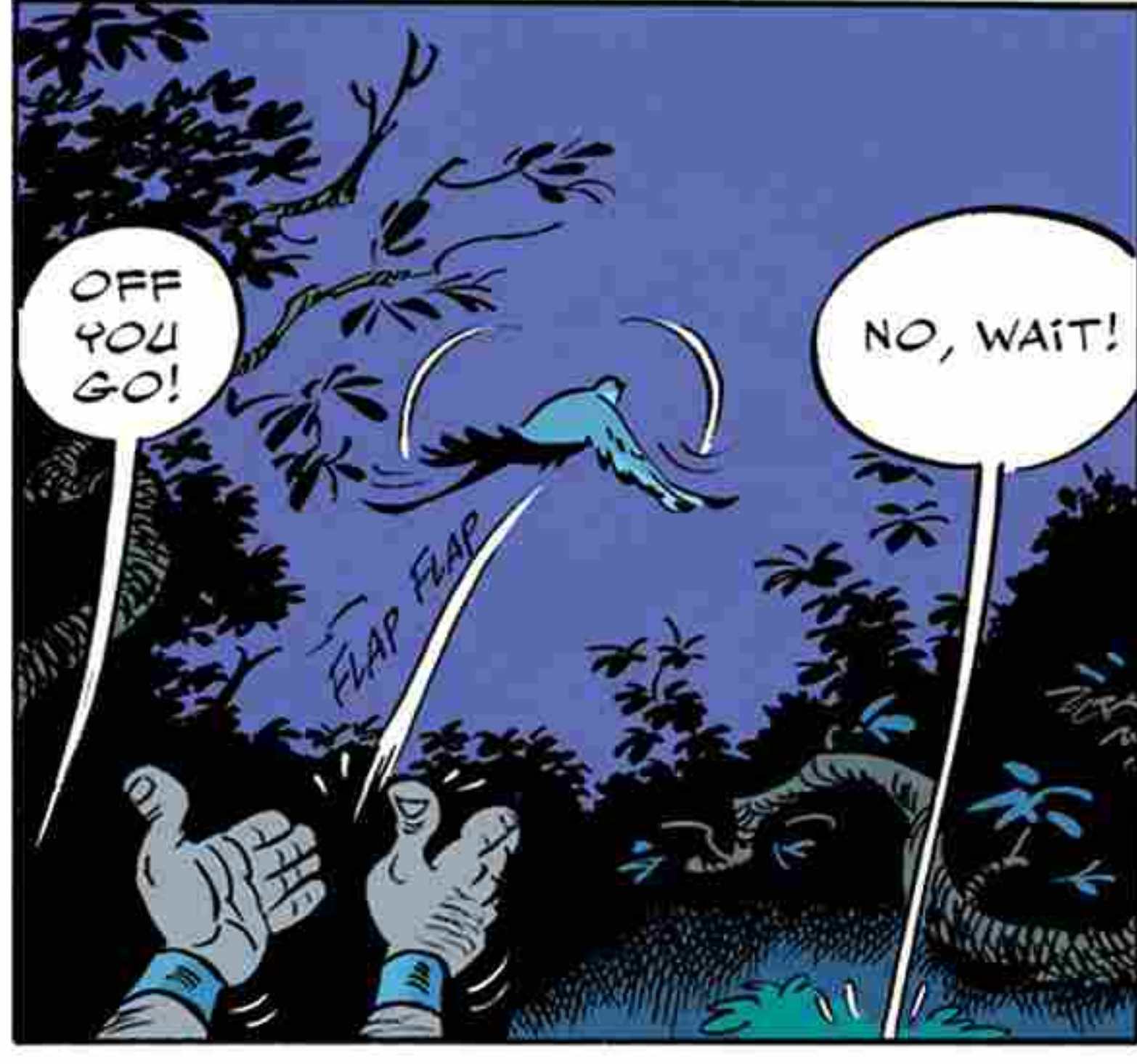
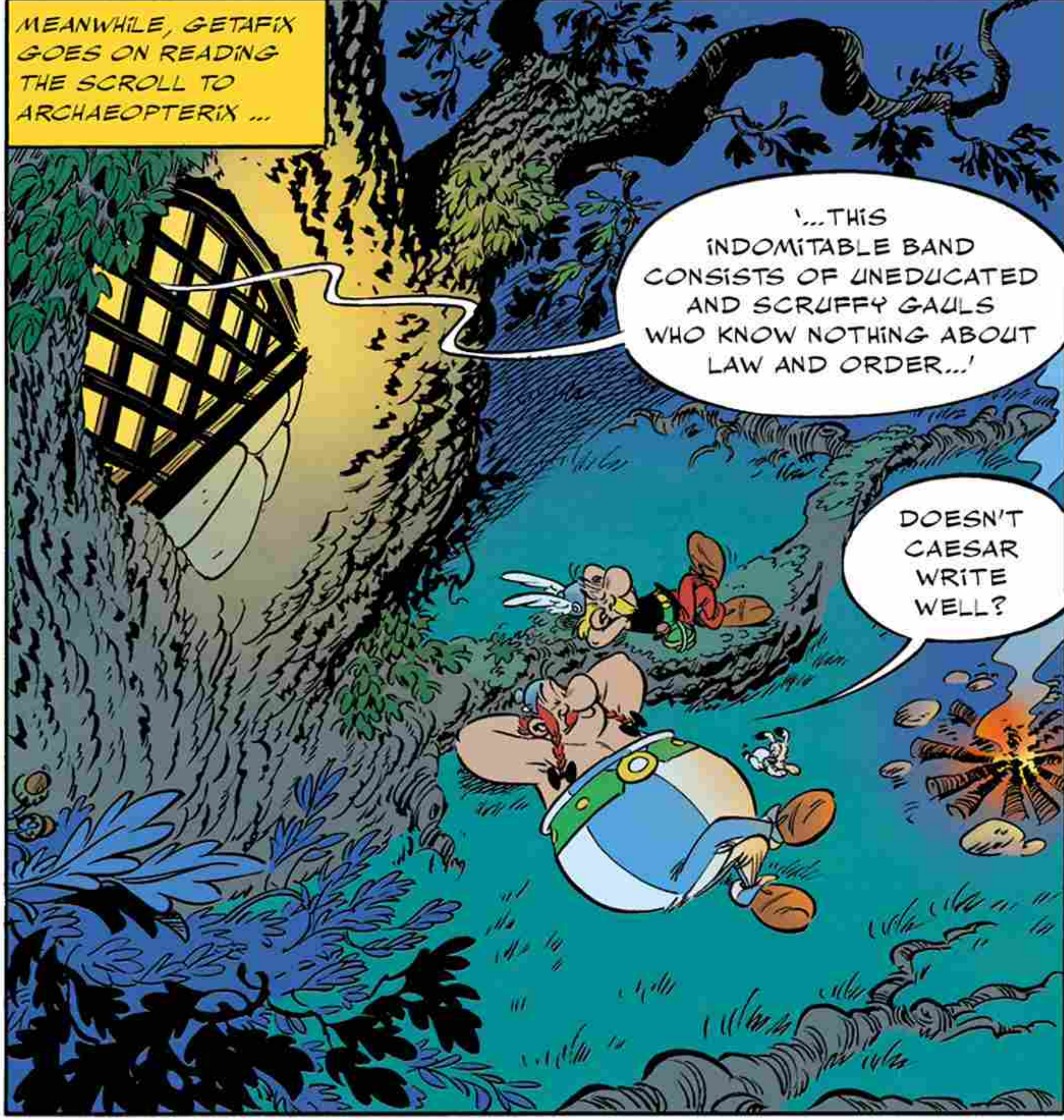


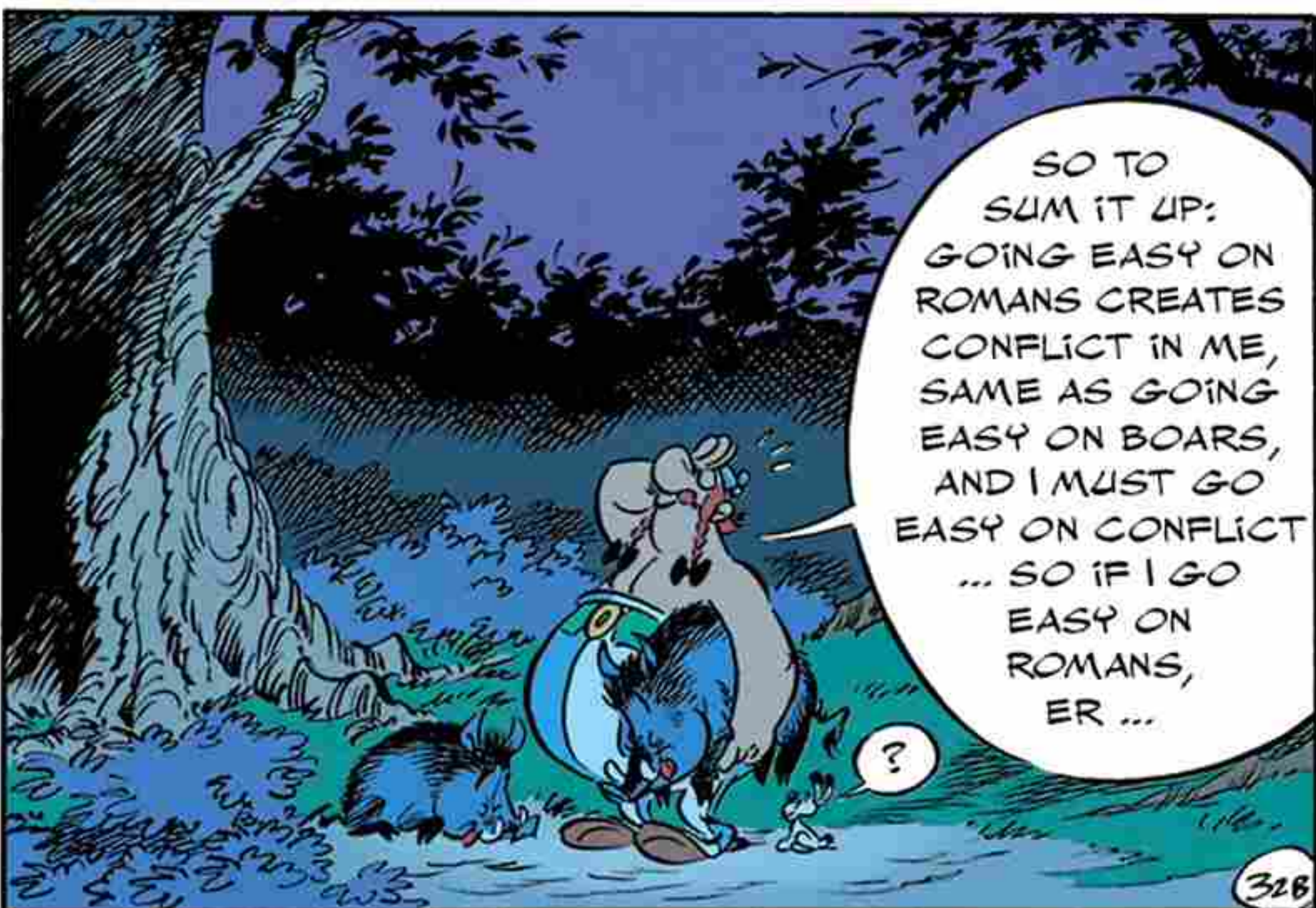
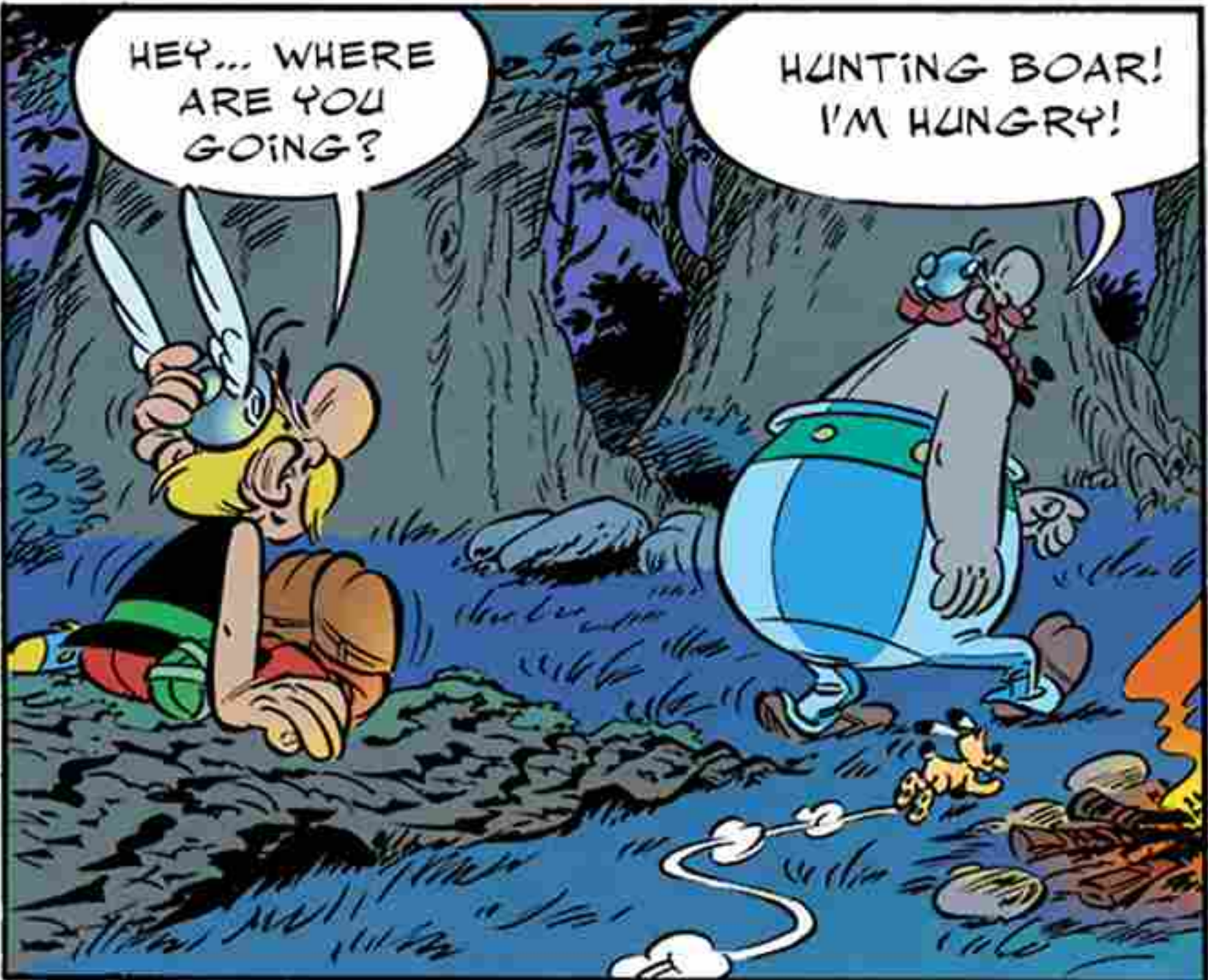
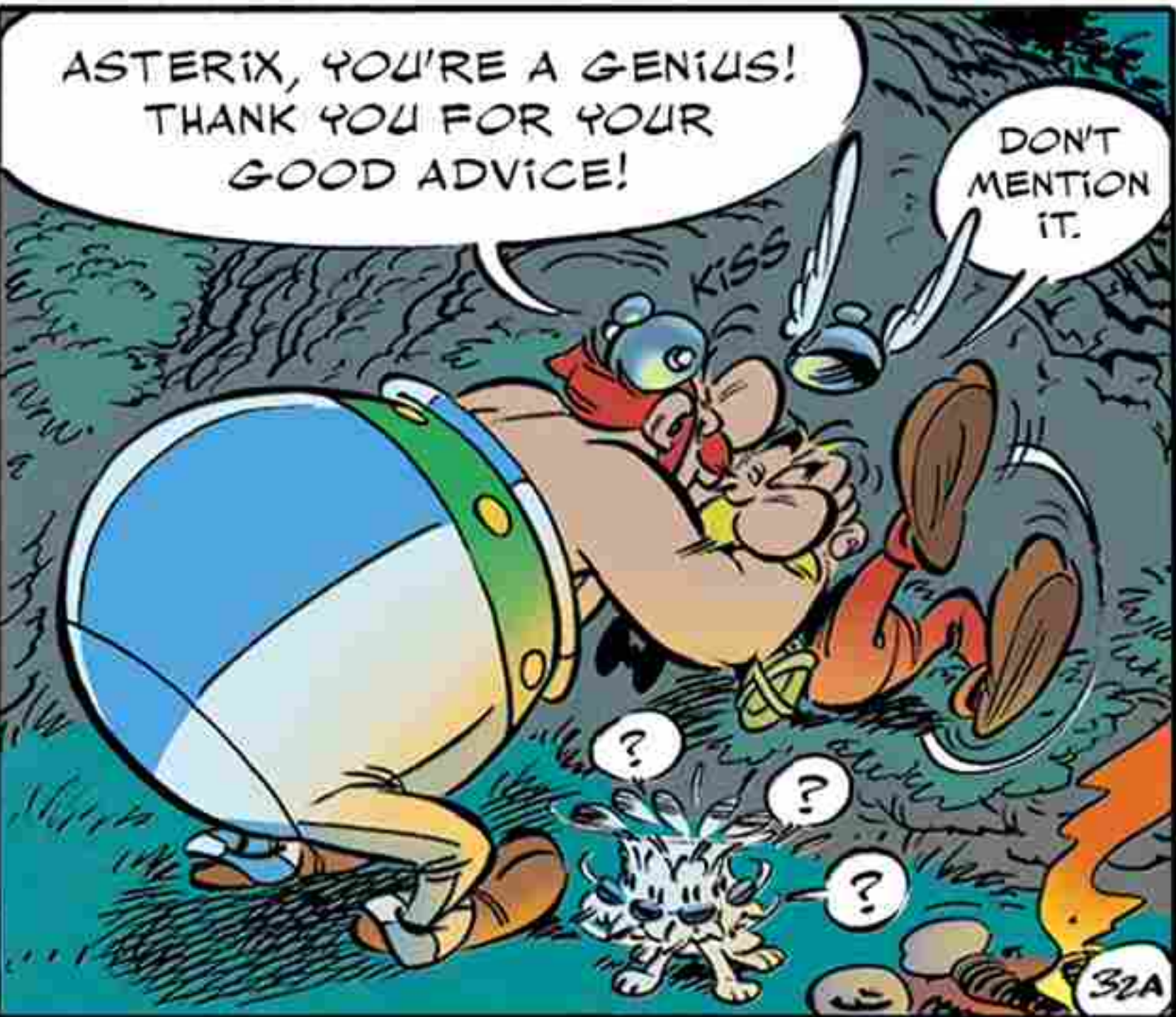
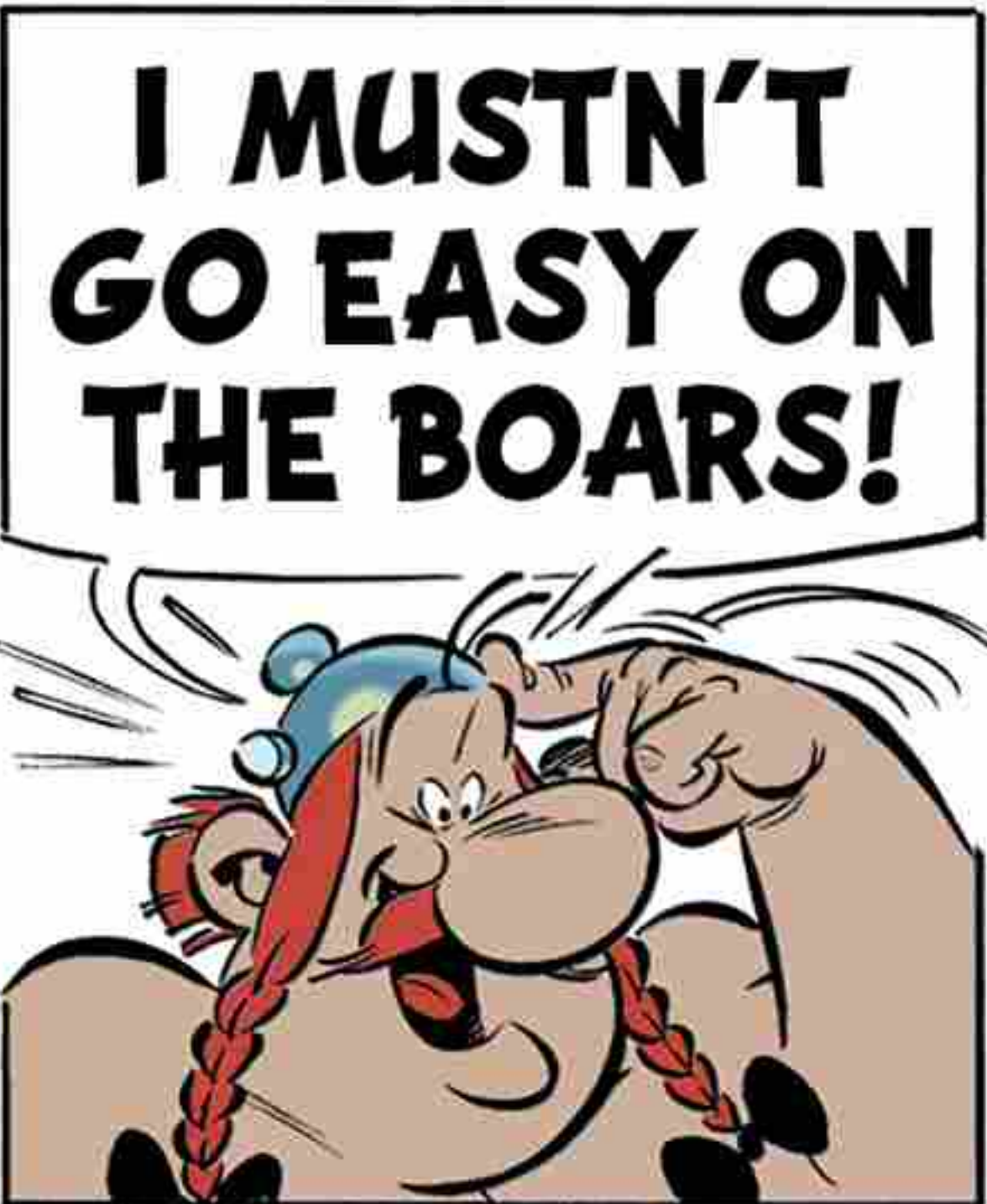
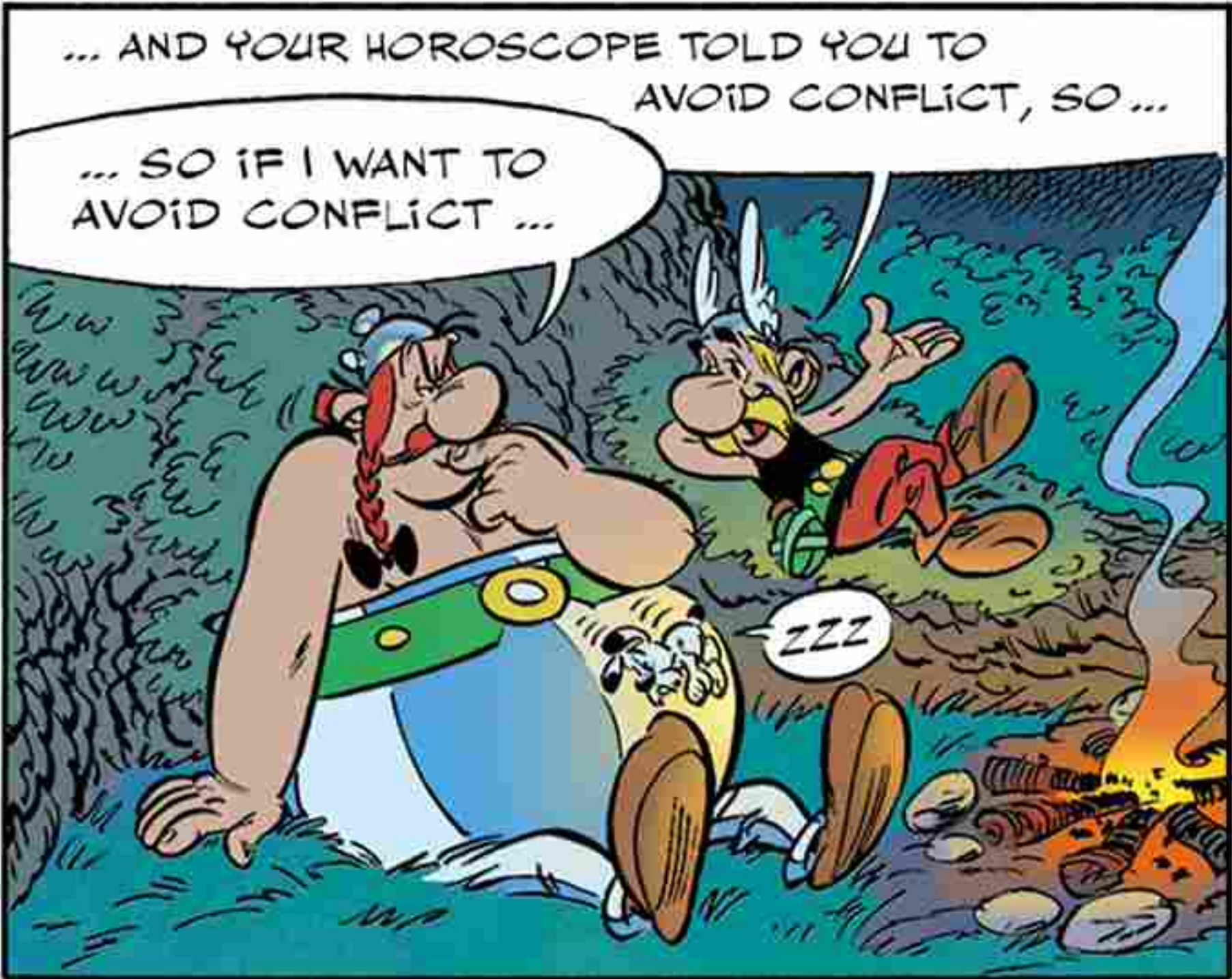
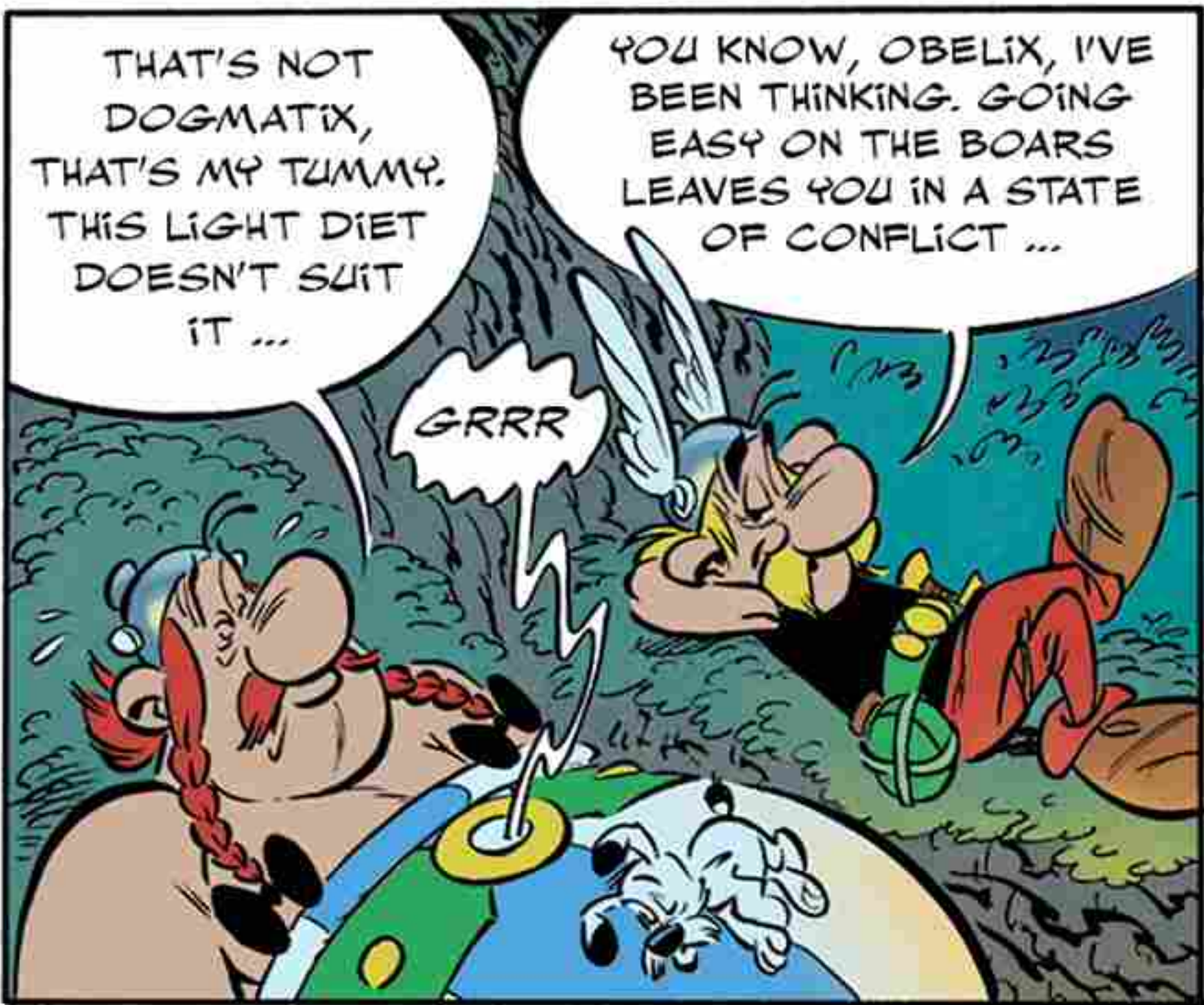
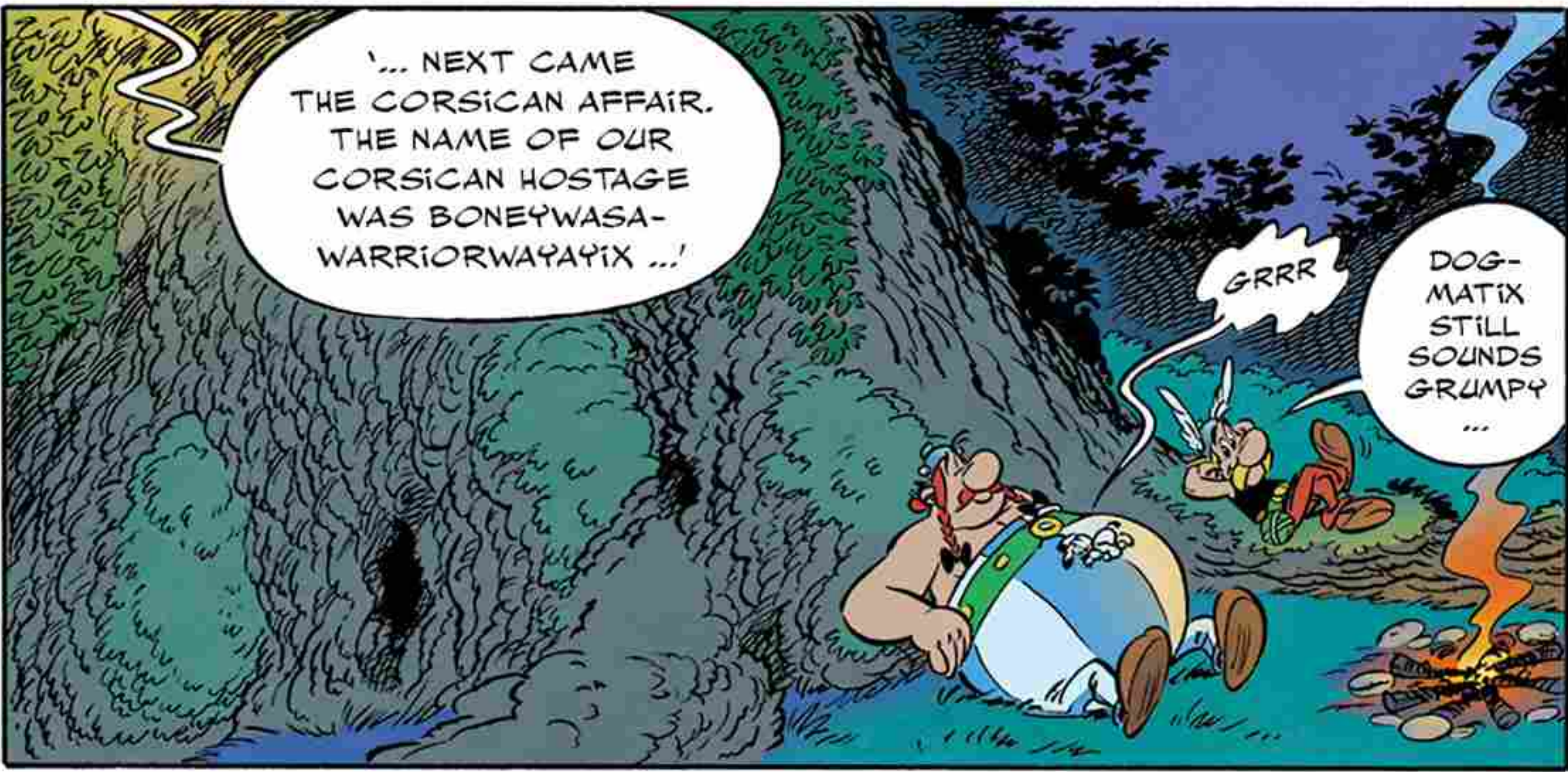


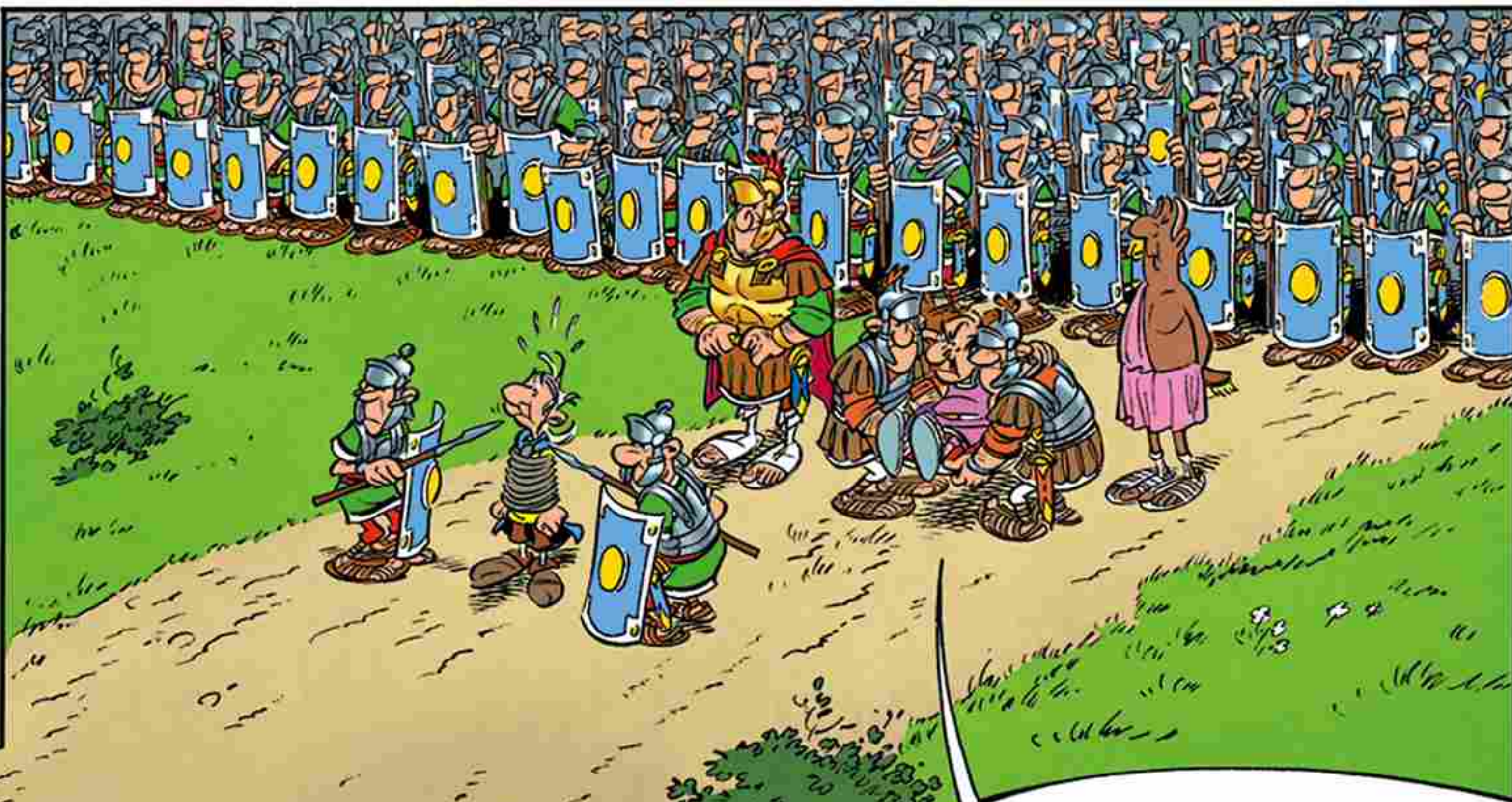
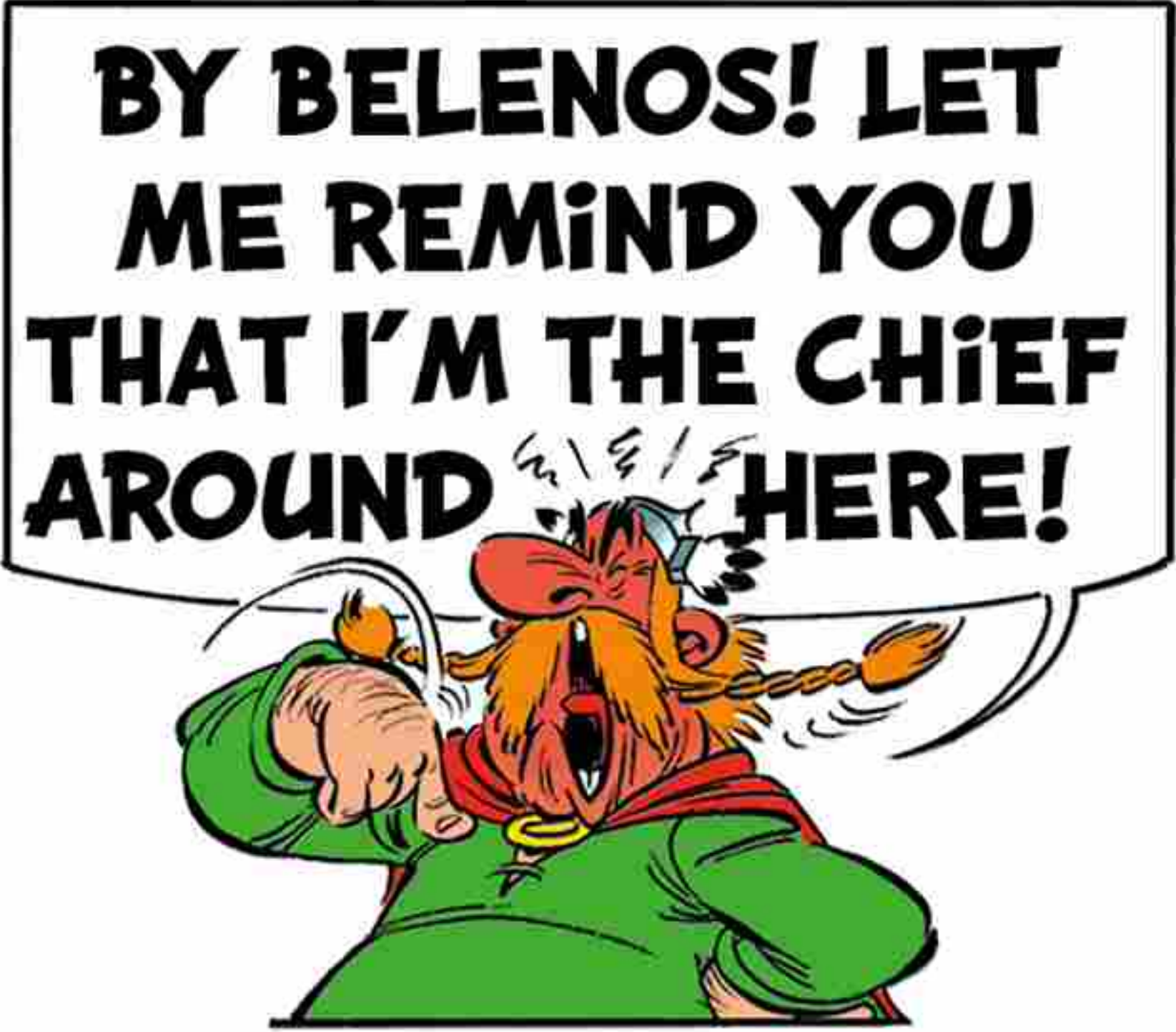


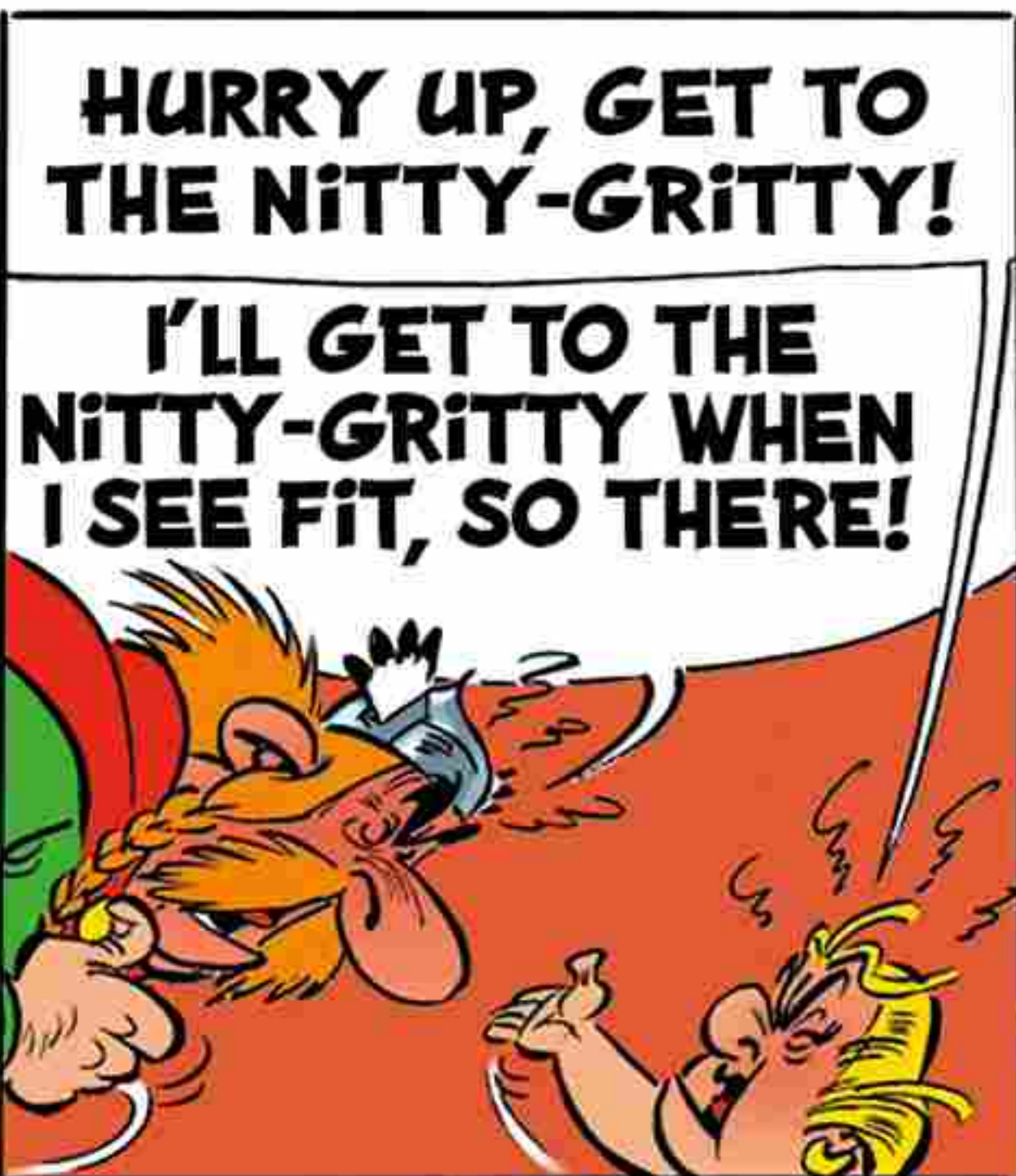
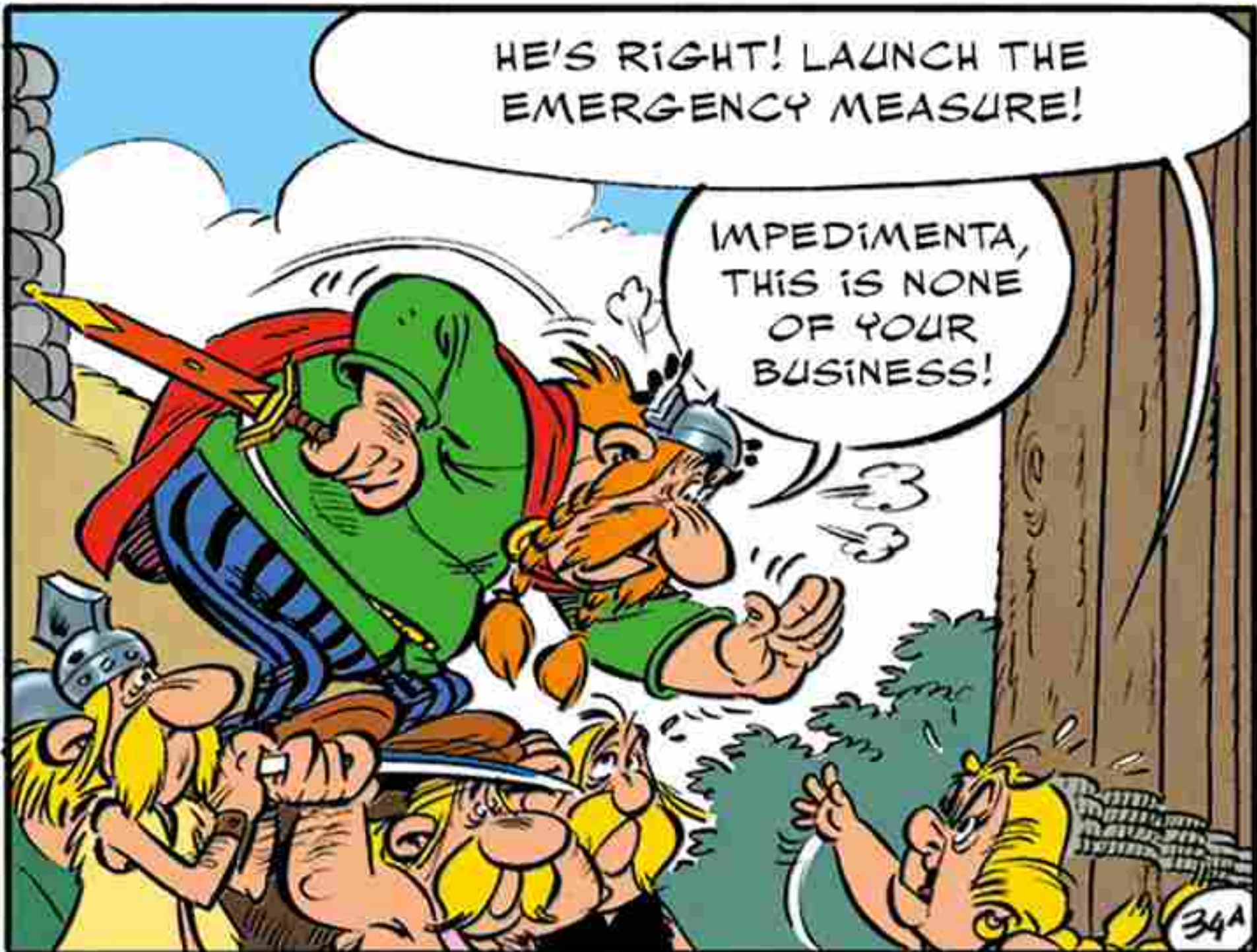
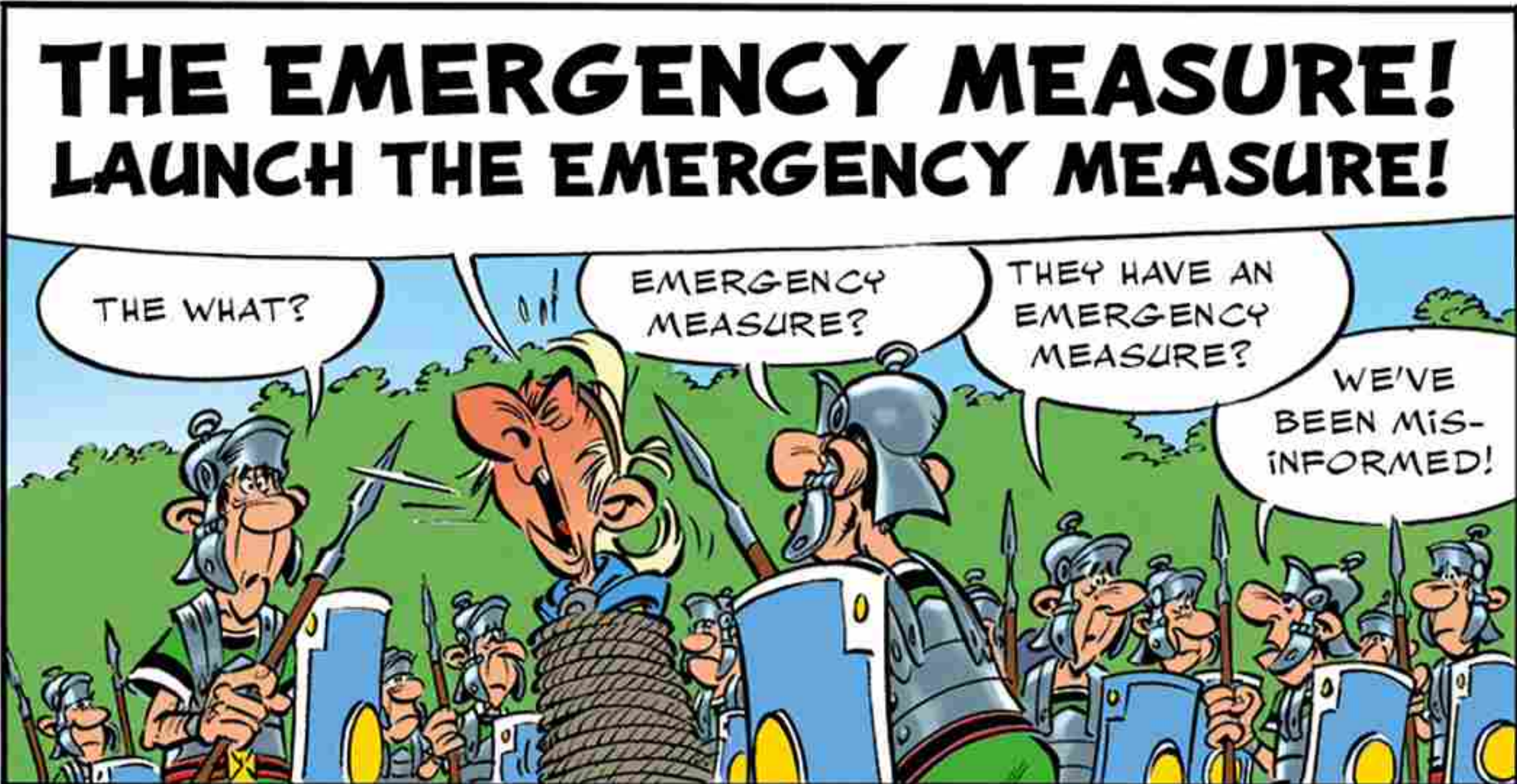
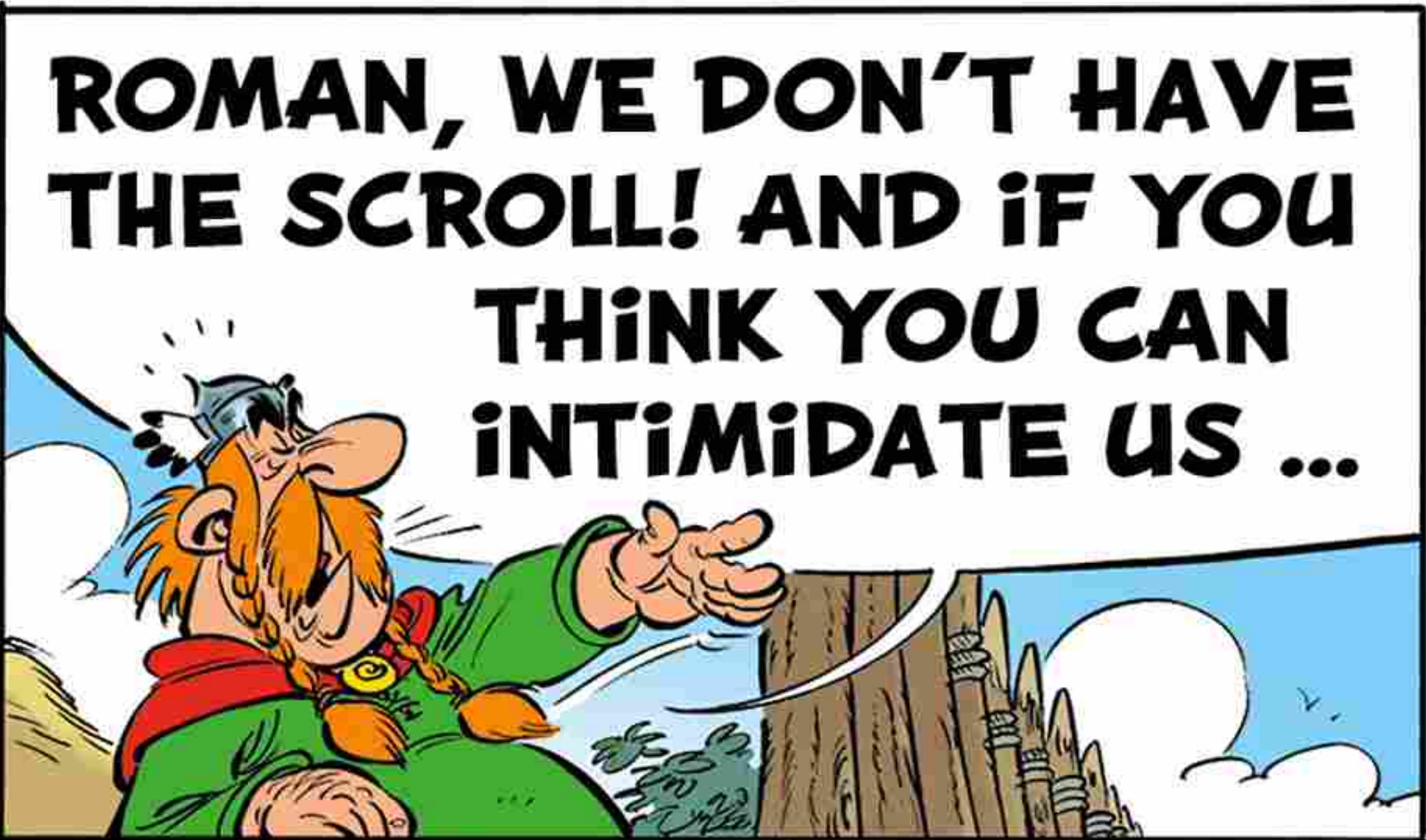
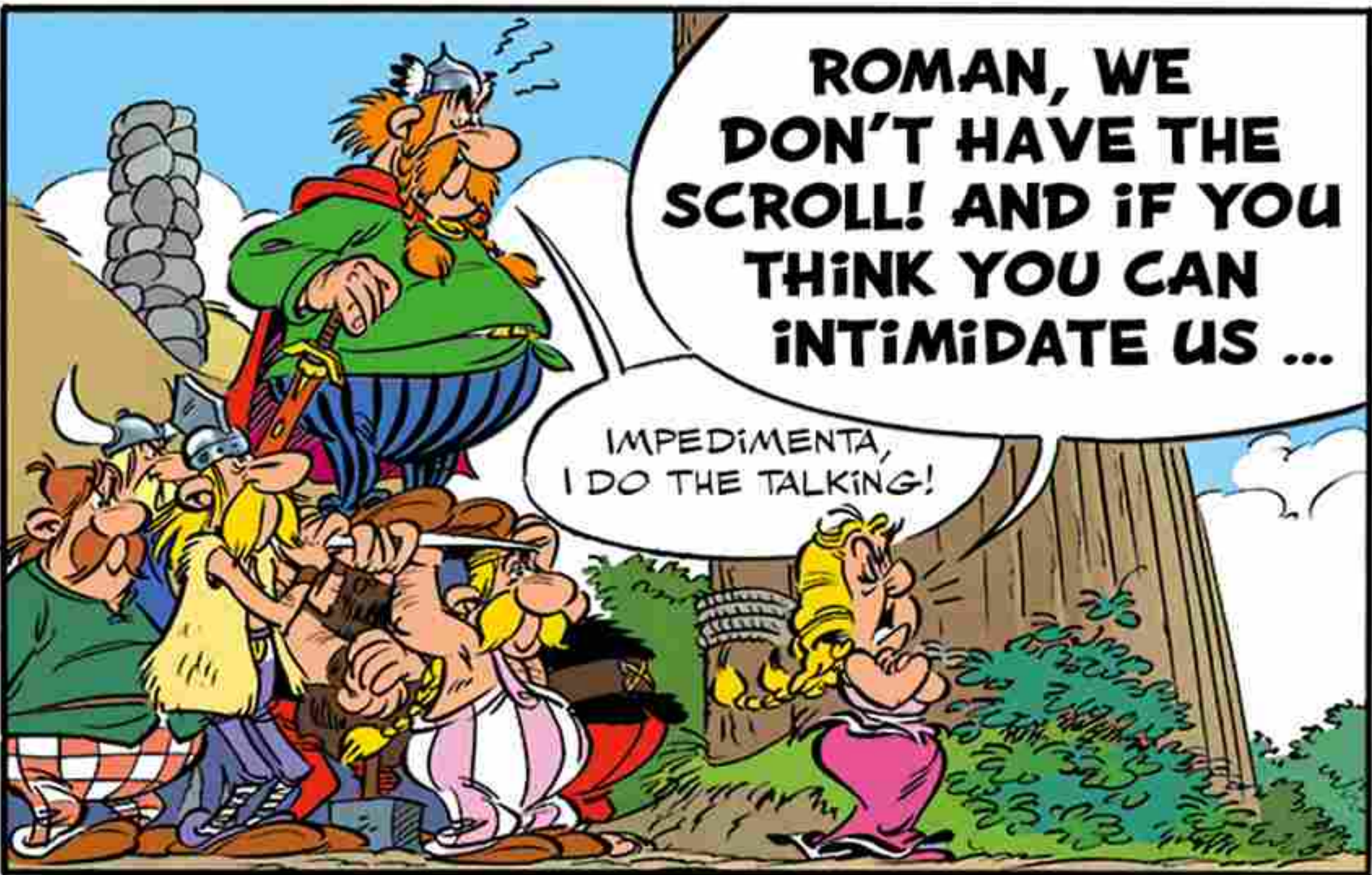


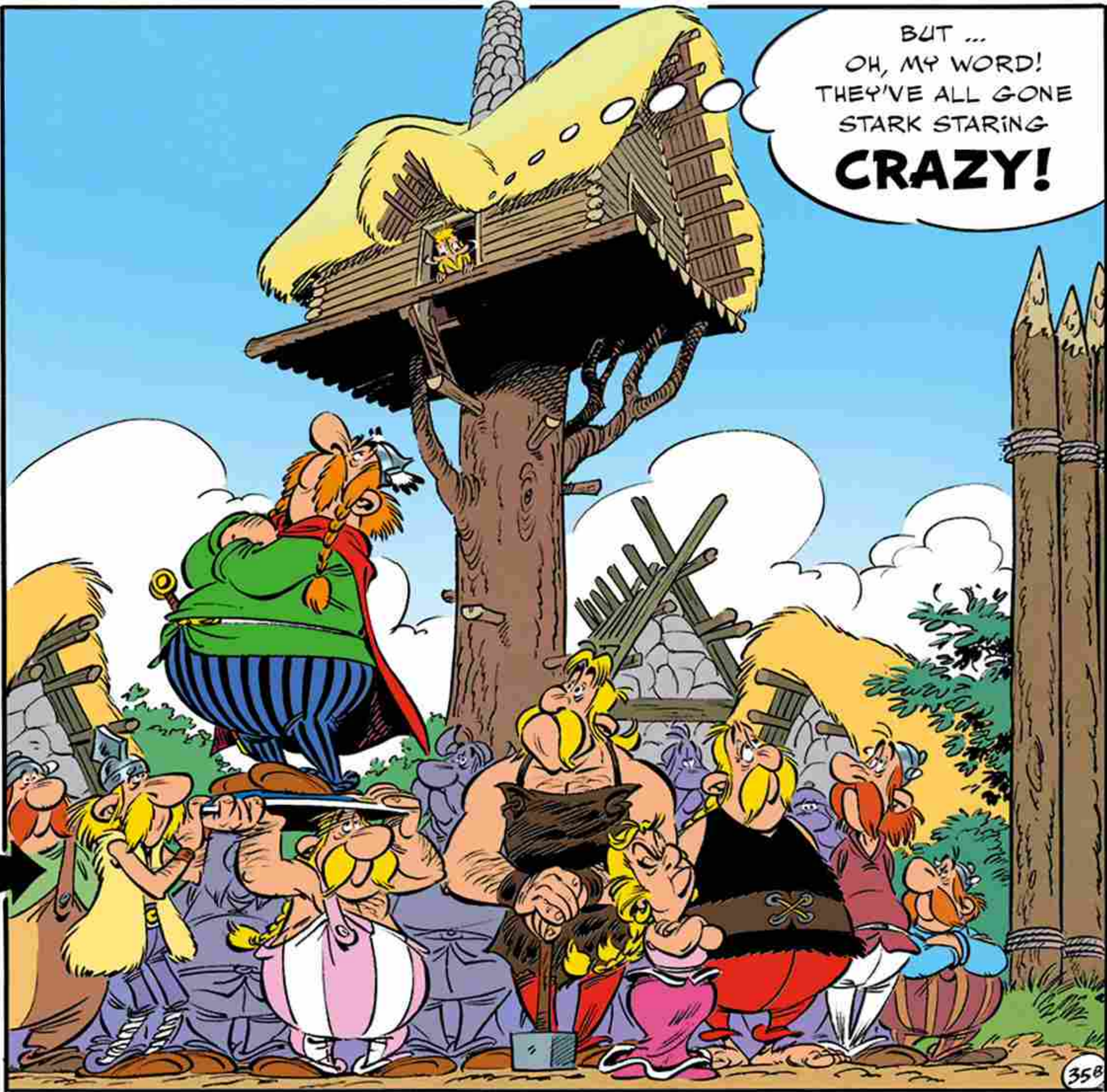
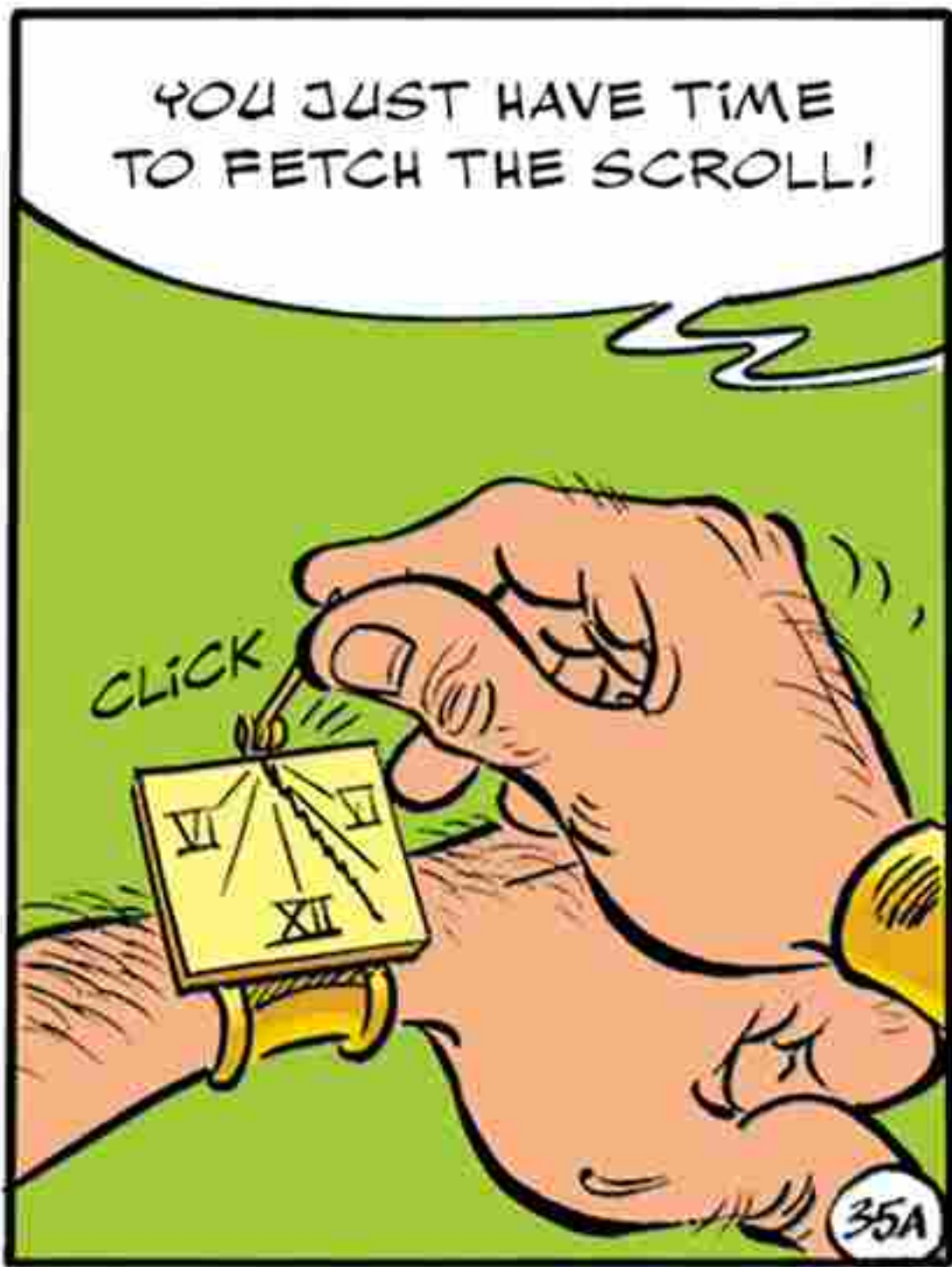
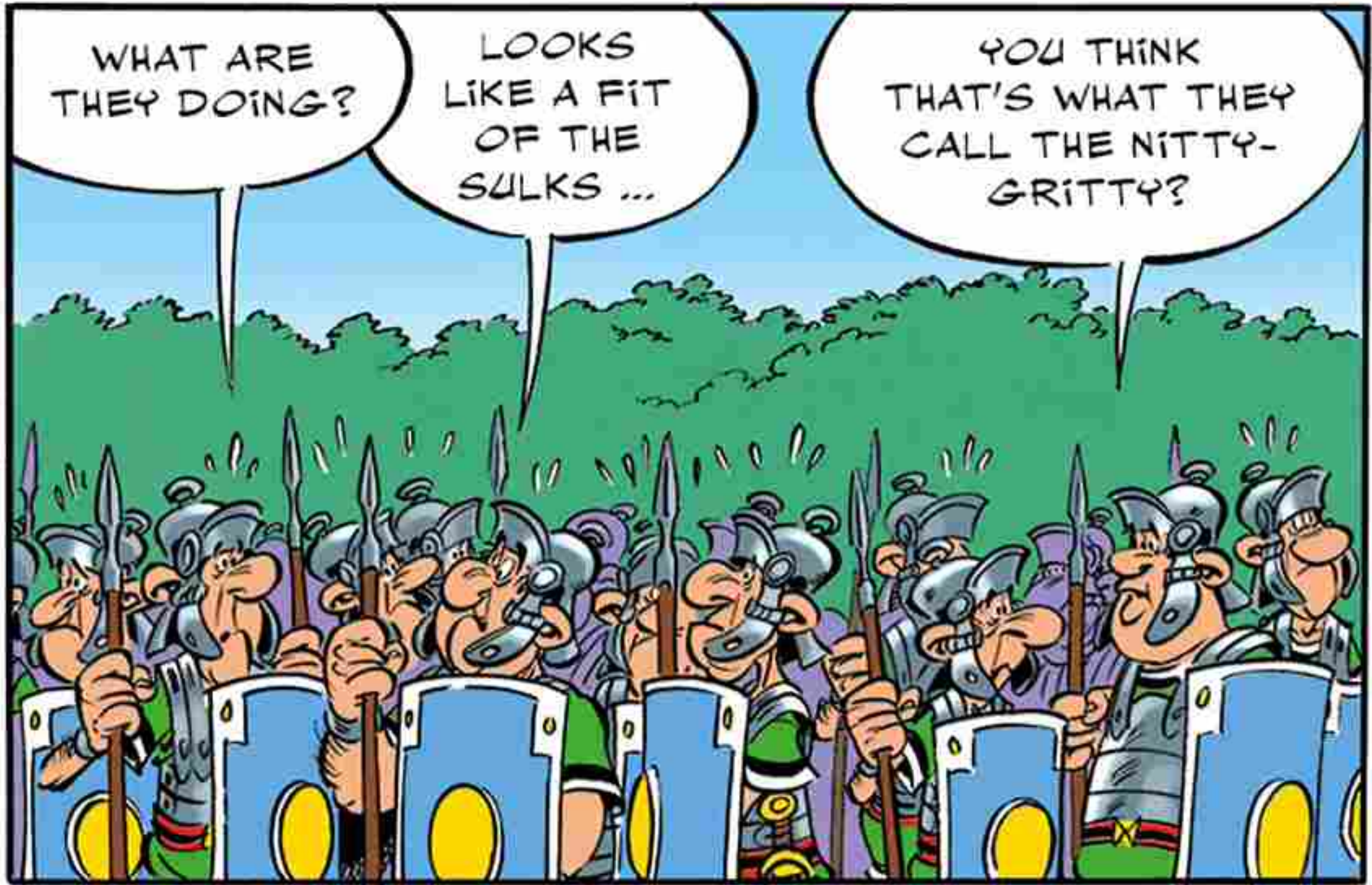
MEANWHILE, GETAFIX GOES ON READING THE SCROLL TO ARCHAEOPTERIX ...

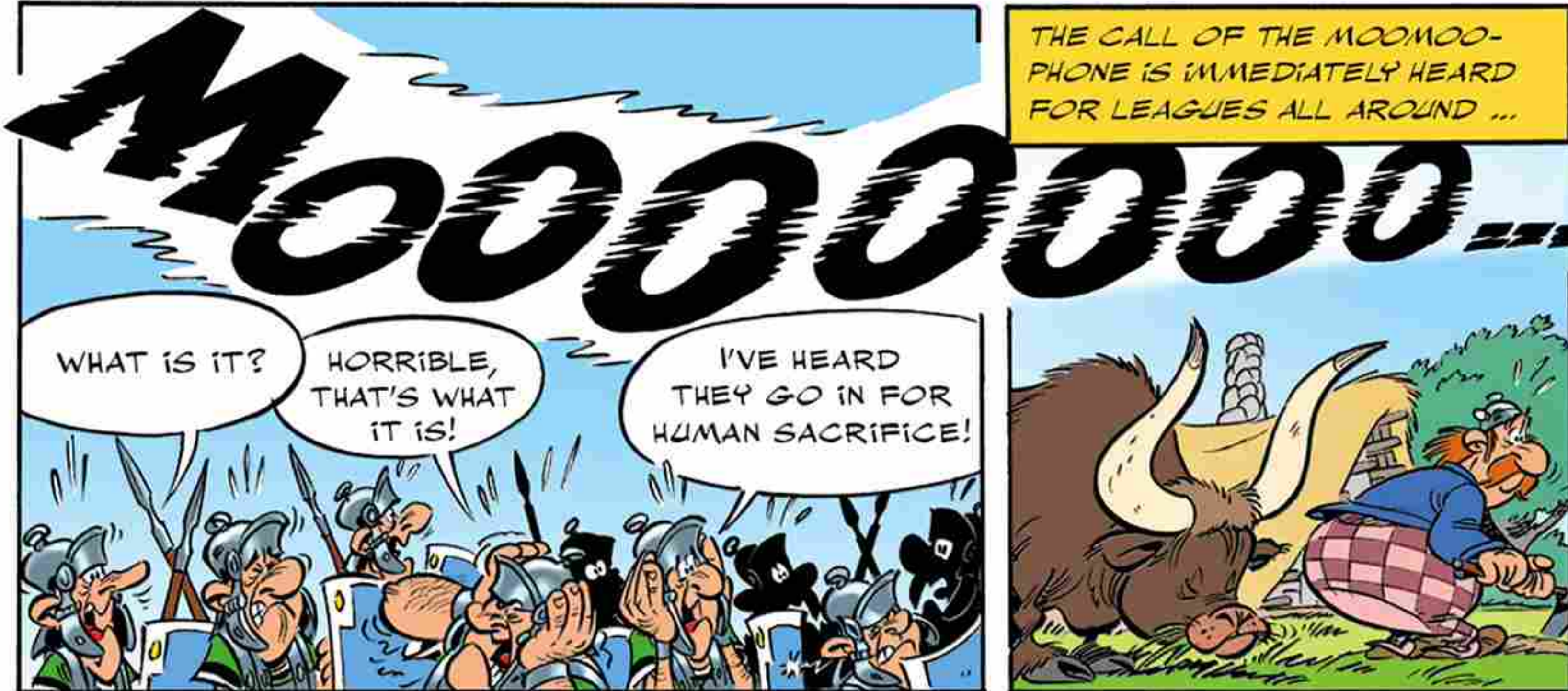






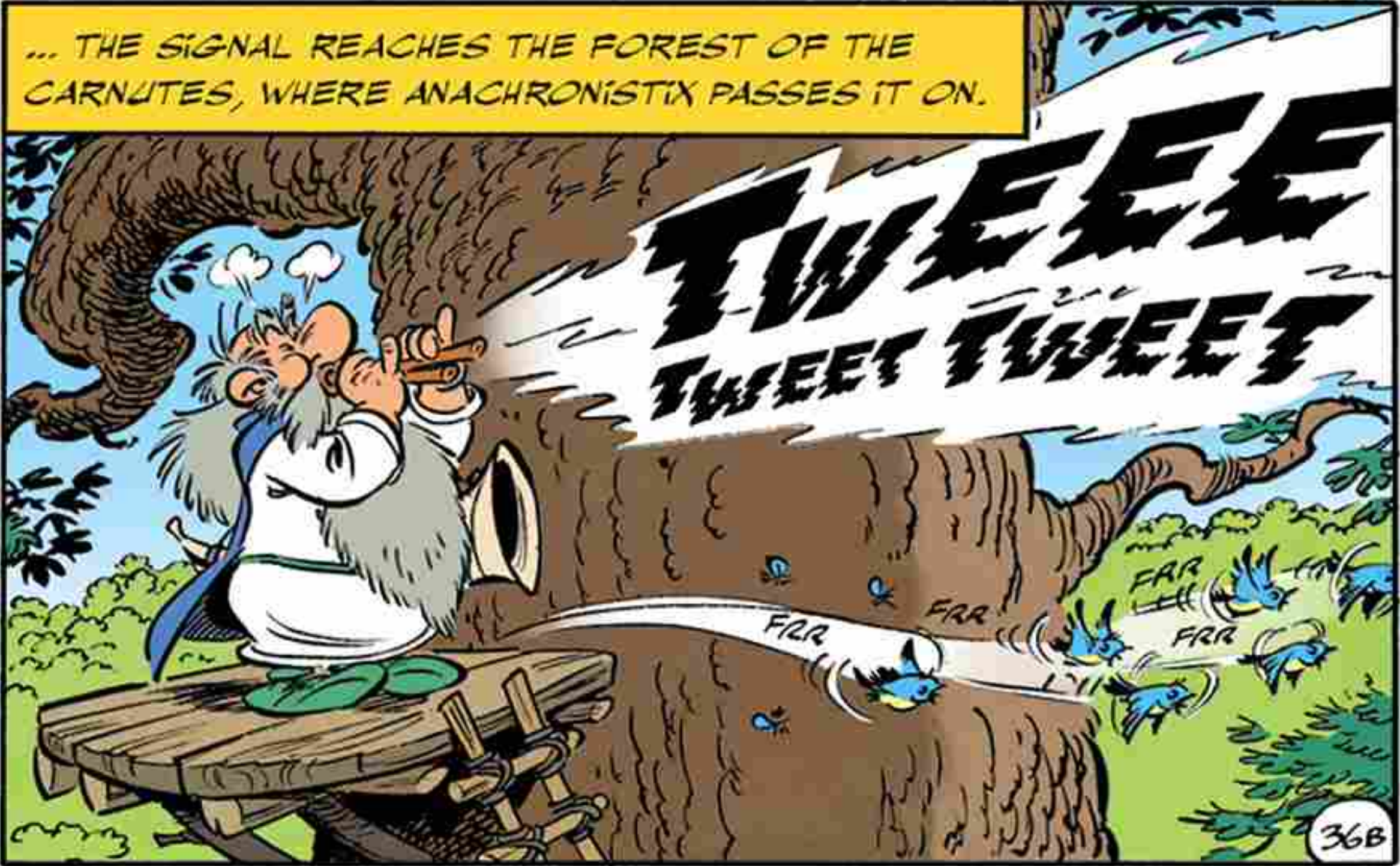
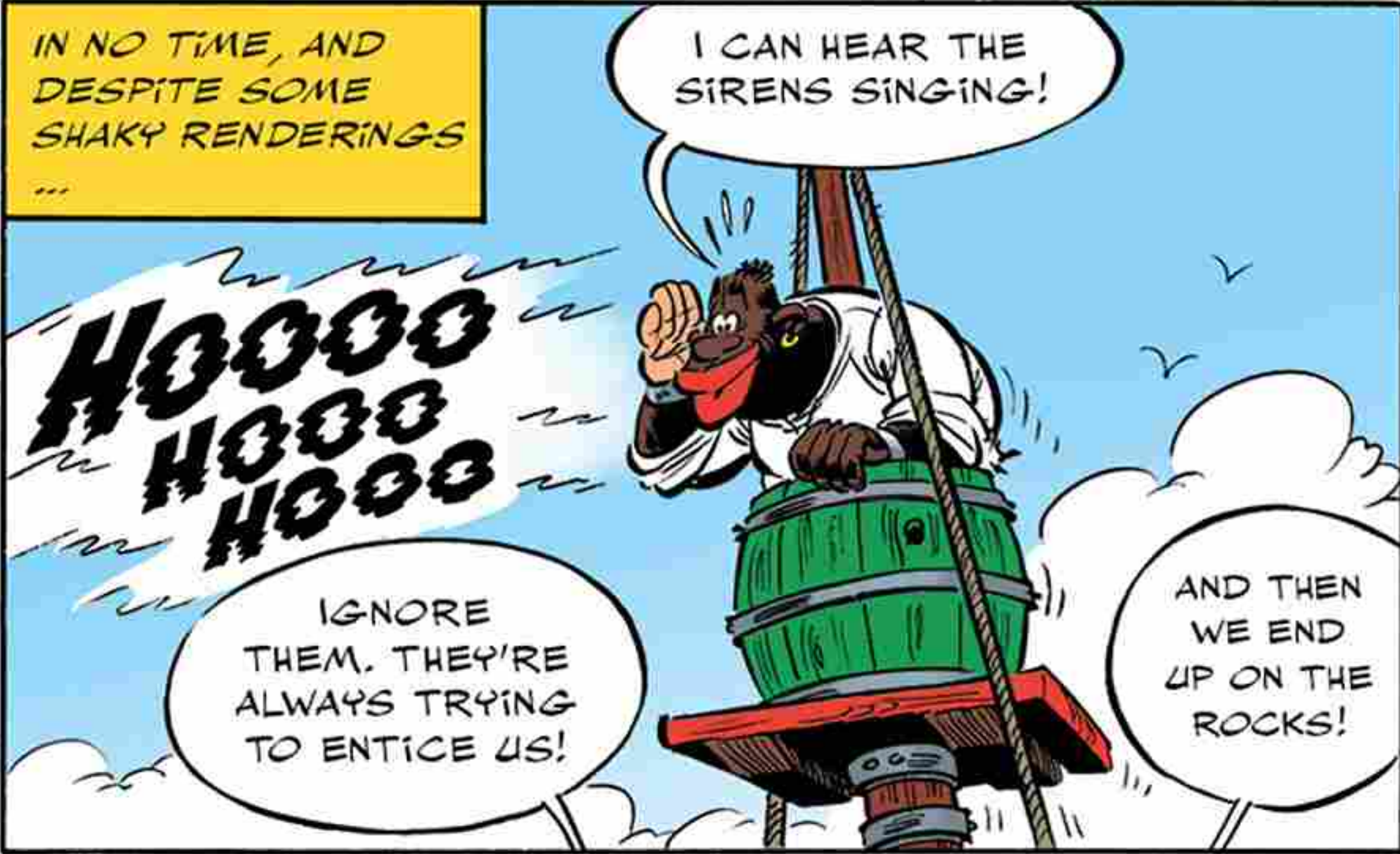
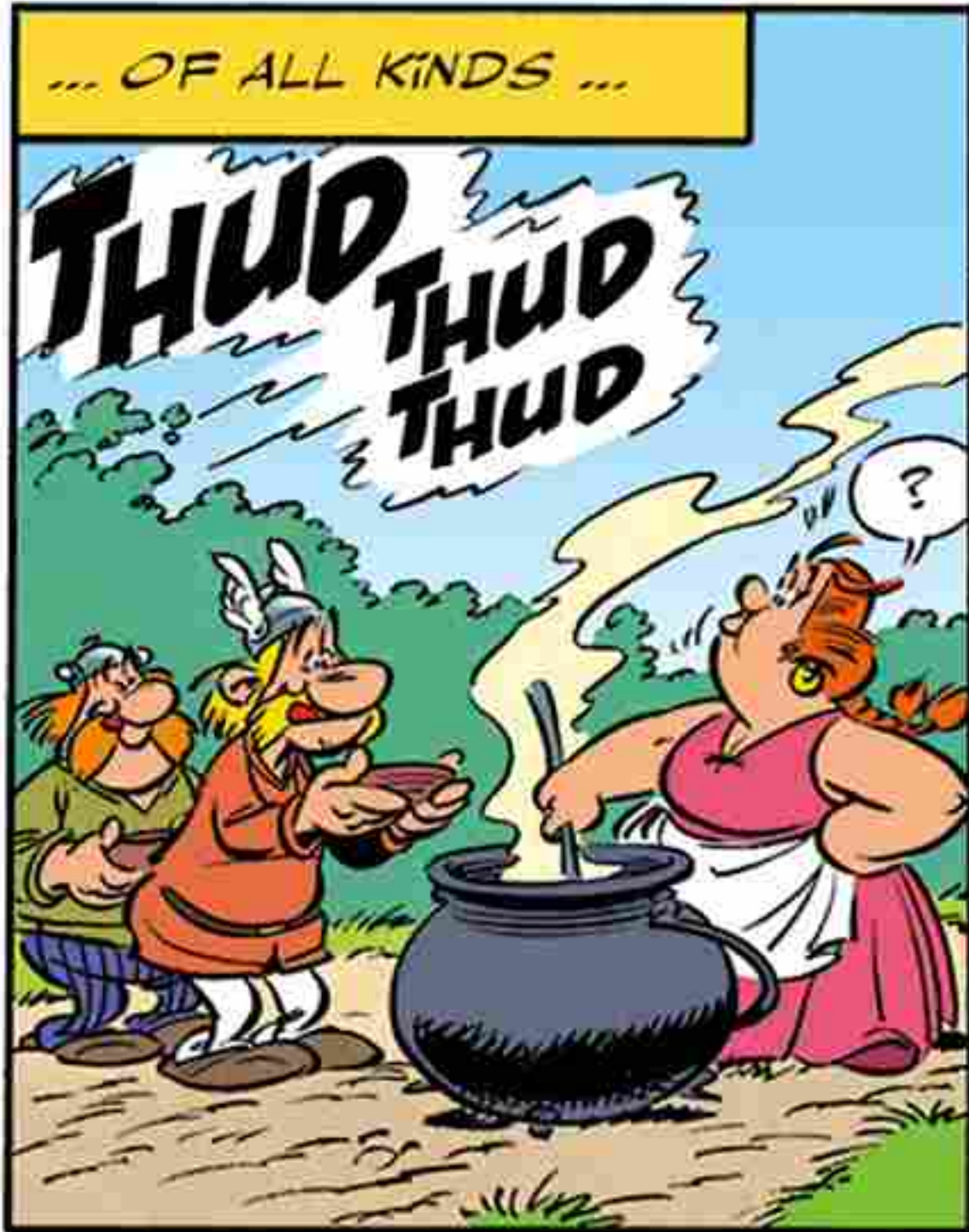
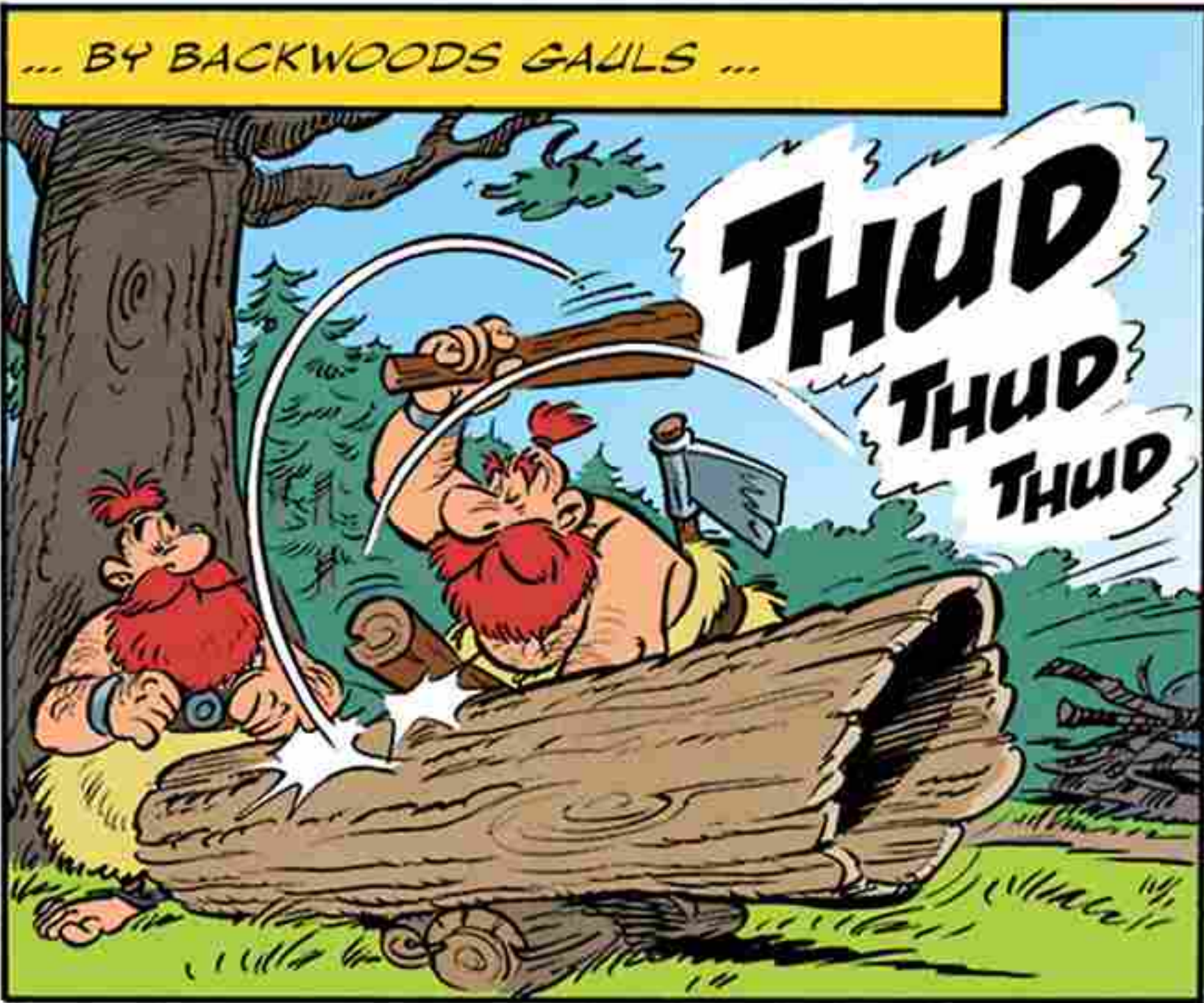


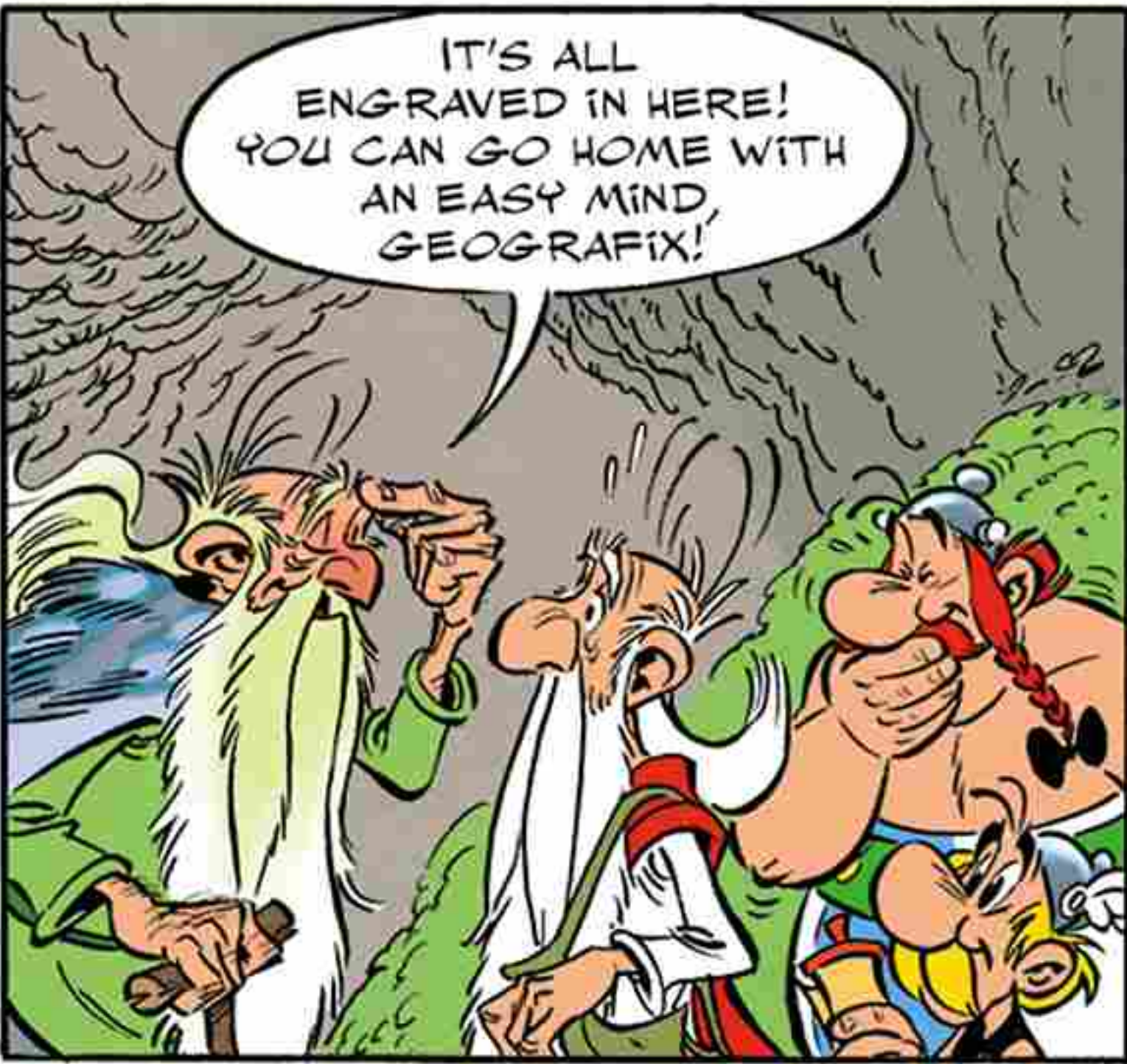




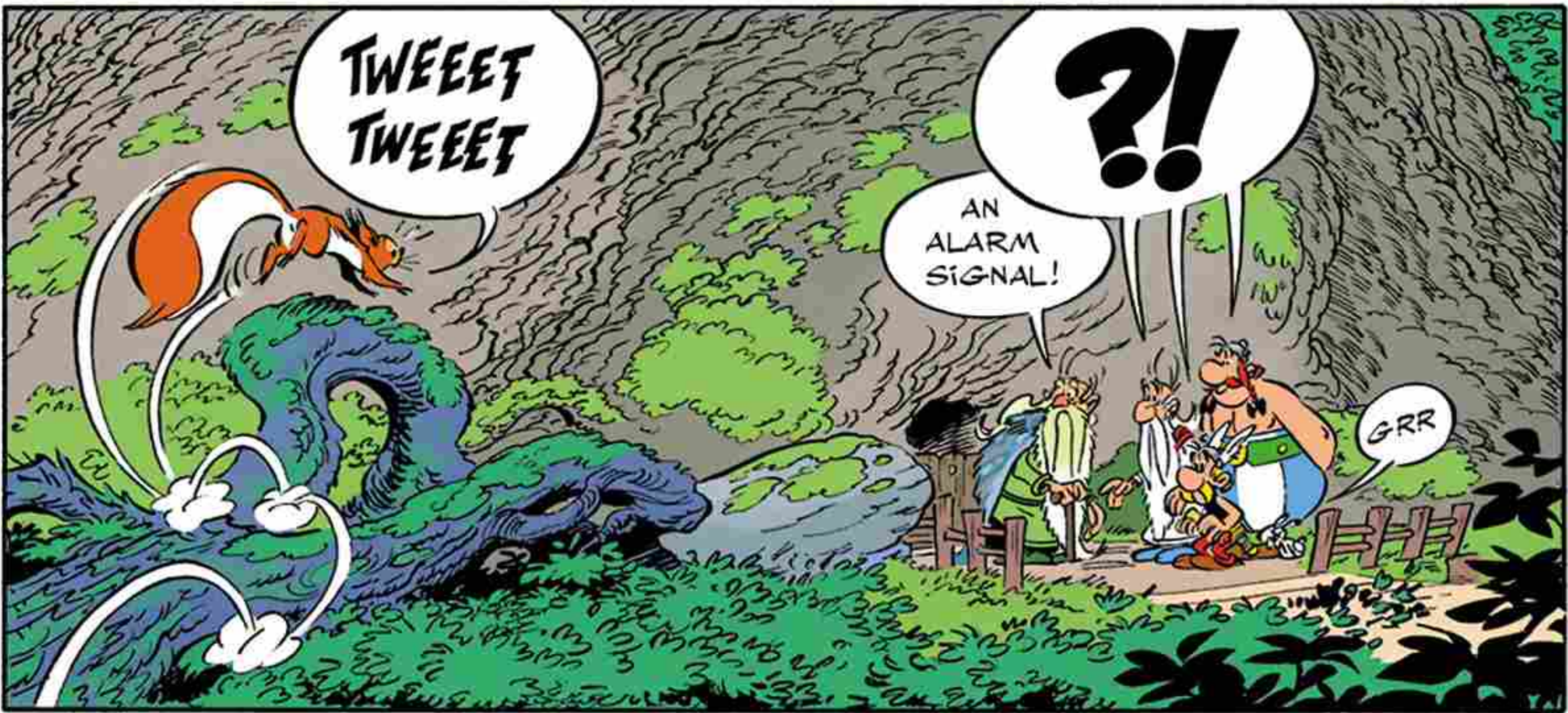
THE CALL OF THE MOOMOO-PHONE IS IMMEDIATELY HEARD FOR LEAGUES ALL AROUND ...

... AND ACCORDING TO AN AGREED CODE, IT IS SOON PASSED ON IN ALL DIRECTIONS ...





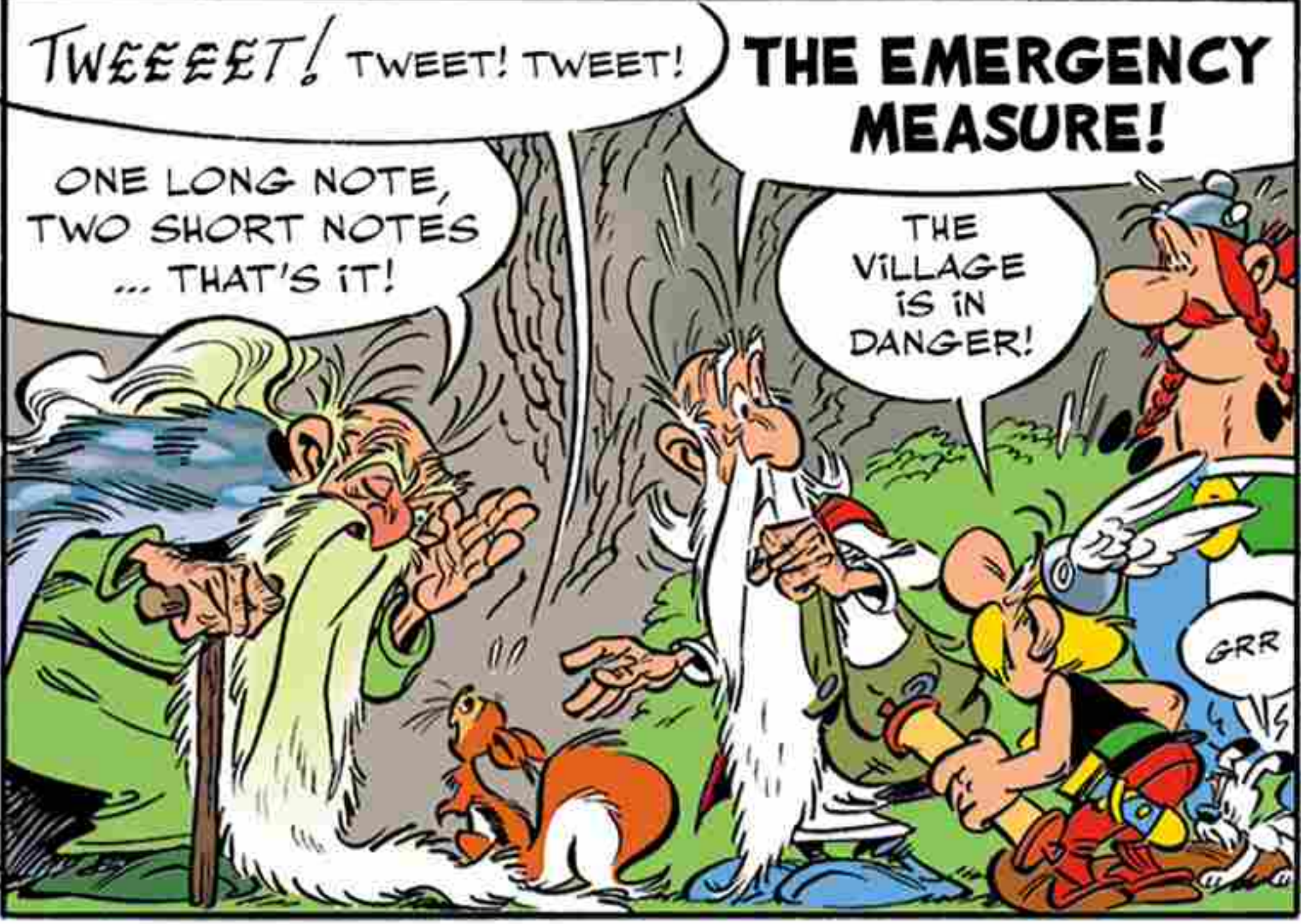
IT'S ALL ENGRAVED IN HERE! YOU CAN GO HOME WITH AN EASY MIND, GEOGRAFIX!



TWEEET TWEEET

?!
AN ALARM SIGNAL!

GRR



TWEEET! TWEET! TWEET!

THE EMERGENCY MEASURE!

ONE LONG NOTE, TWO SHORT NOTES ... THAT'S IT!

THE VILLAGE IS IN DANGER!

GRR



QUICK, THE MAGIC POTION!

I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOT ENOUGH LEFT FOR US TO COVER SUCH A DISTANCE FAST ENOUGH!



O ARCHAEOPTERIX, DO YOU THINK THAT AMONG YOUR POTIONS ... ?

GOOD IDEA, ASTRONOMIX! FOLLOW ME INTO THE TREE.

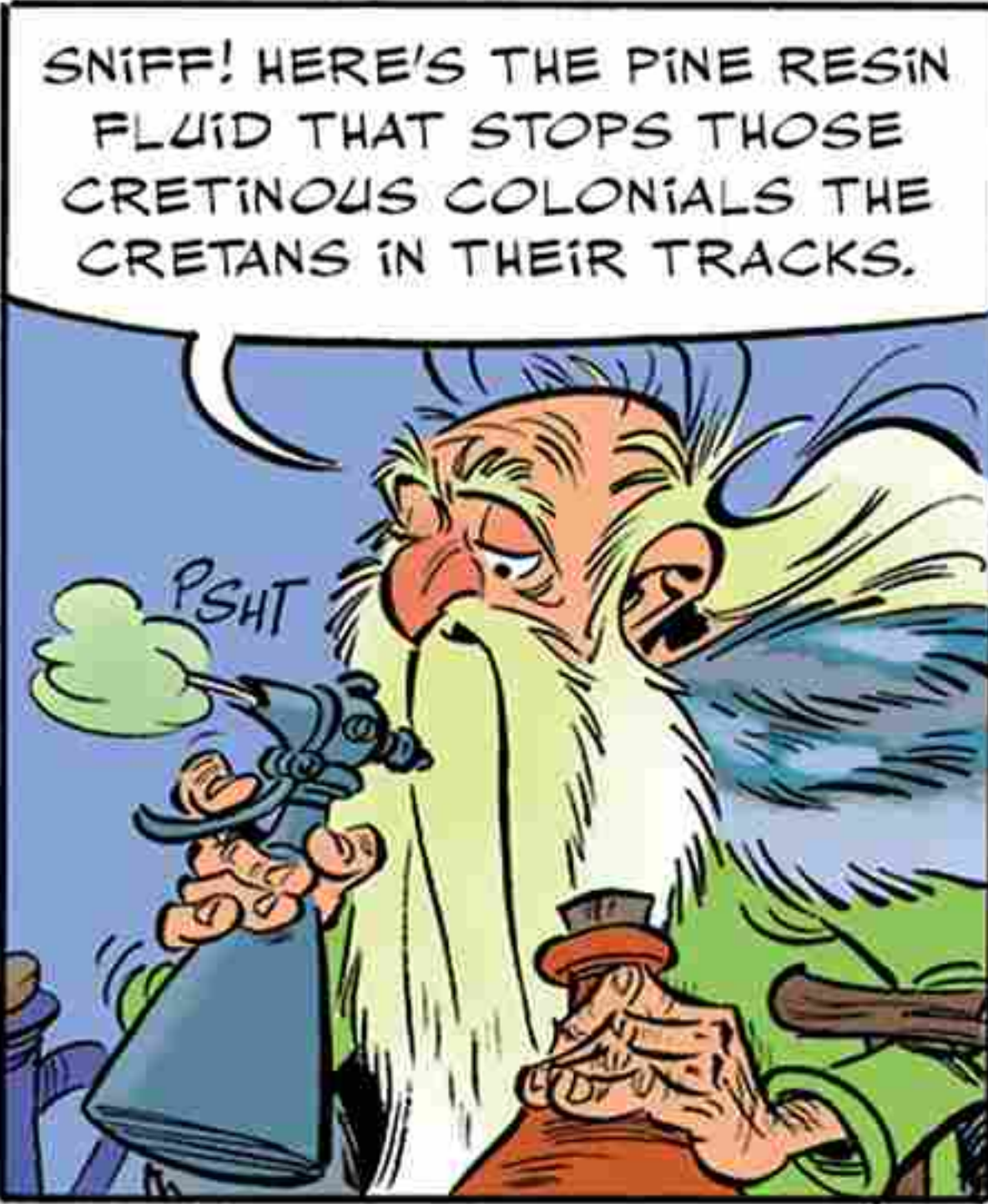
37A



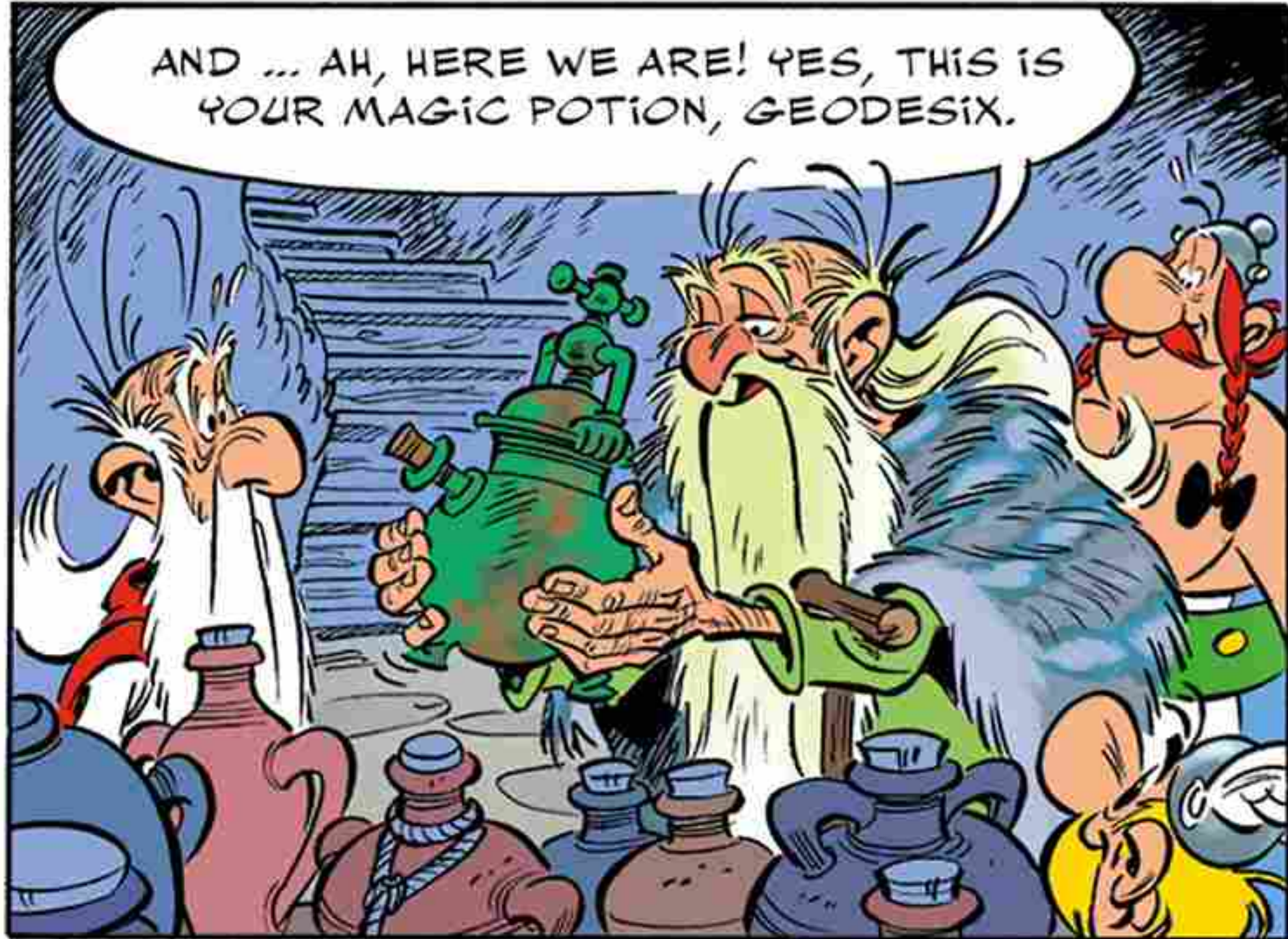
THIS IS WHERE I KEEP THE PROTOTYPES OF ALL THE DRUIDS' POTIONS. I GUARD THEM JEALOUSLY.



NOW, WE MUST FIND THE RIGHT ONE. THIS IS TO STOP HAIR GROWING ... HERE'S THE UNGUENT MADE OF OSTROGOTH SALIVA ...



SNIFF! HERE'S THE PINE RESIN FLUID THAT STOPS THOSE CRETINOUS COLONIALS THE CRETANS IN THEIR TRACKS.



AND ... AH, HERE WE ARE! YES, THIS IS YOUR MAGIC POTION, GEODESIX.



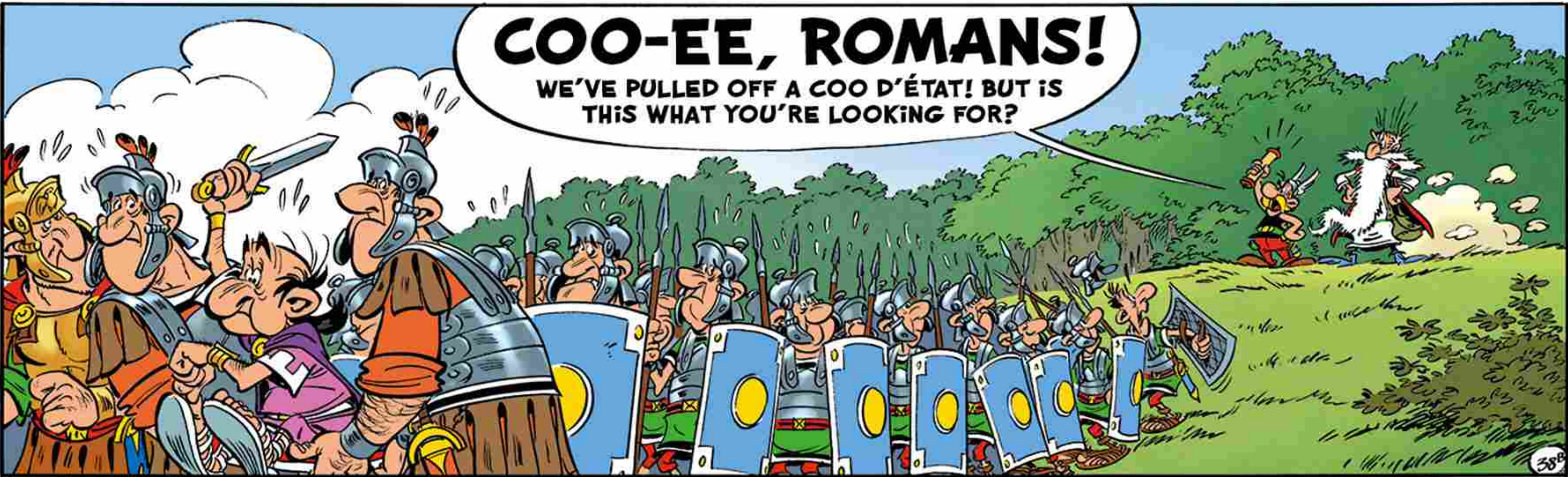
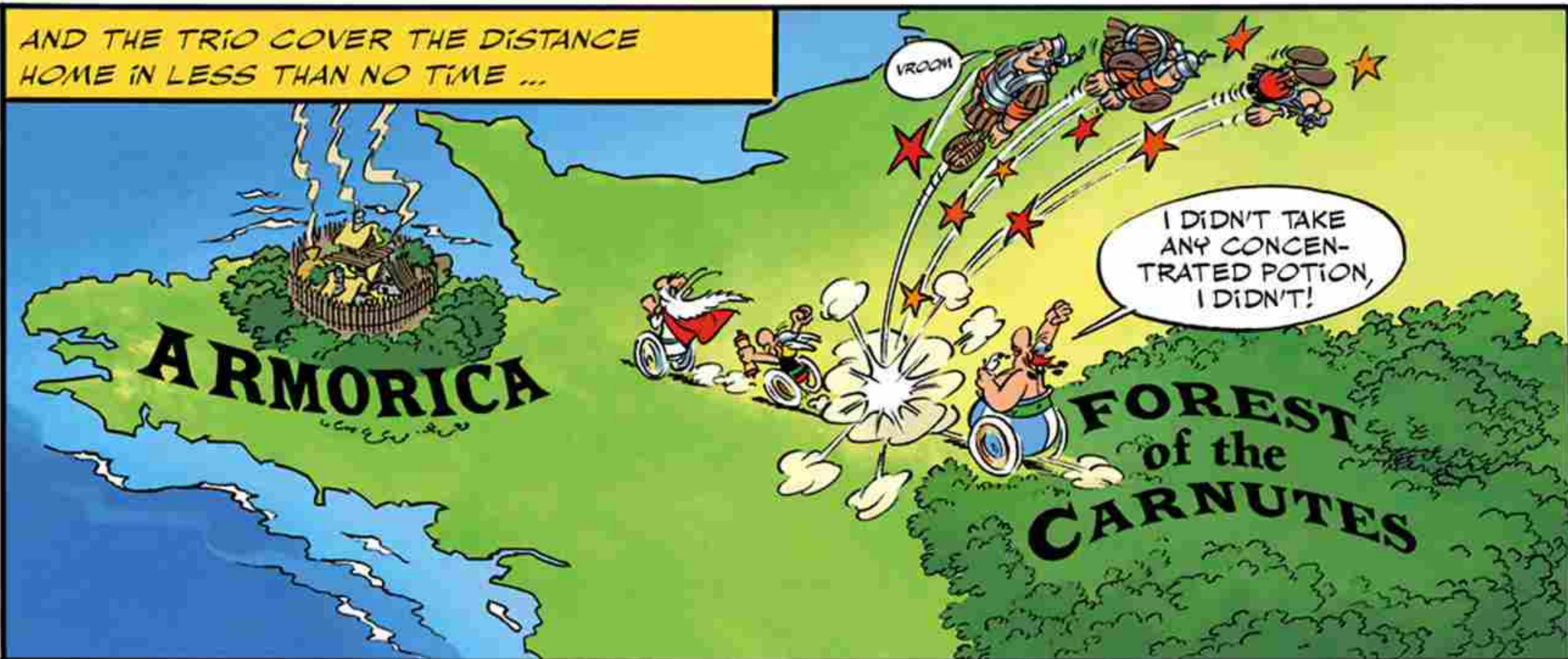
AFTER INFUSING FOR SO MANY YEARS, ITS EFFECT SHOULD BE DEVASTATING.

CAN I HAVE A TASTE?

37B



AND THE TRIO COVER THE DISTANCE HOME IN LESS THAN NO TIME ...



THE SCROLL! GIVE ME THE SCROLL, YOU IGNORANT BARBARIAN!

YOU'RE WELCOME, BUT FREE THE HOSTAGE FIRST!

SET THE NEWSMONGER FREE!

HERE YOU ARE. AND KNOW, ROMAN, THAT THE GAULS HAVE NO USE FOR A BIT OF PAPYRUS!

TEEHEE! LITTLE DO YOU KNOW! YOU'LL SOON SEE!

VITALSTATISTIX! WHAT'S ALL THIS COMMOTION WITH THE ROMANS? WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THE SIGNAL? AFTER ALL, YOU'RE THE CHIEF!

SO THERE!

RIGHT, HERE GOES! 'THE KEG IS UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS UNDER MY SEAT!' PASS IT ON!

AT ONCE THE FAMOUS GAULISH ORAL TRADITION COMES INTO PLAY ...

THE KEG! WHERE? UNDER THE FLOOR ... UNDER HIS SEAT ... THE WHAT?

YOU'RE HIDING THE POTION UNDER THE FLOOR NOW?

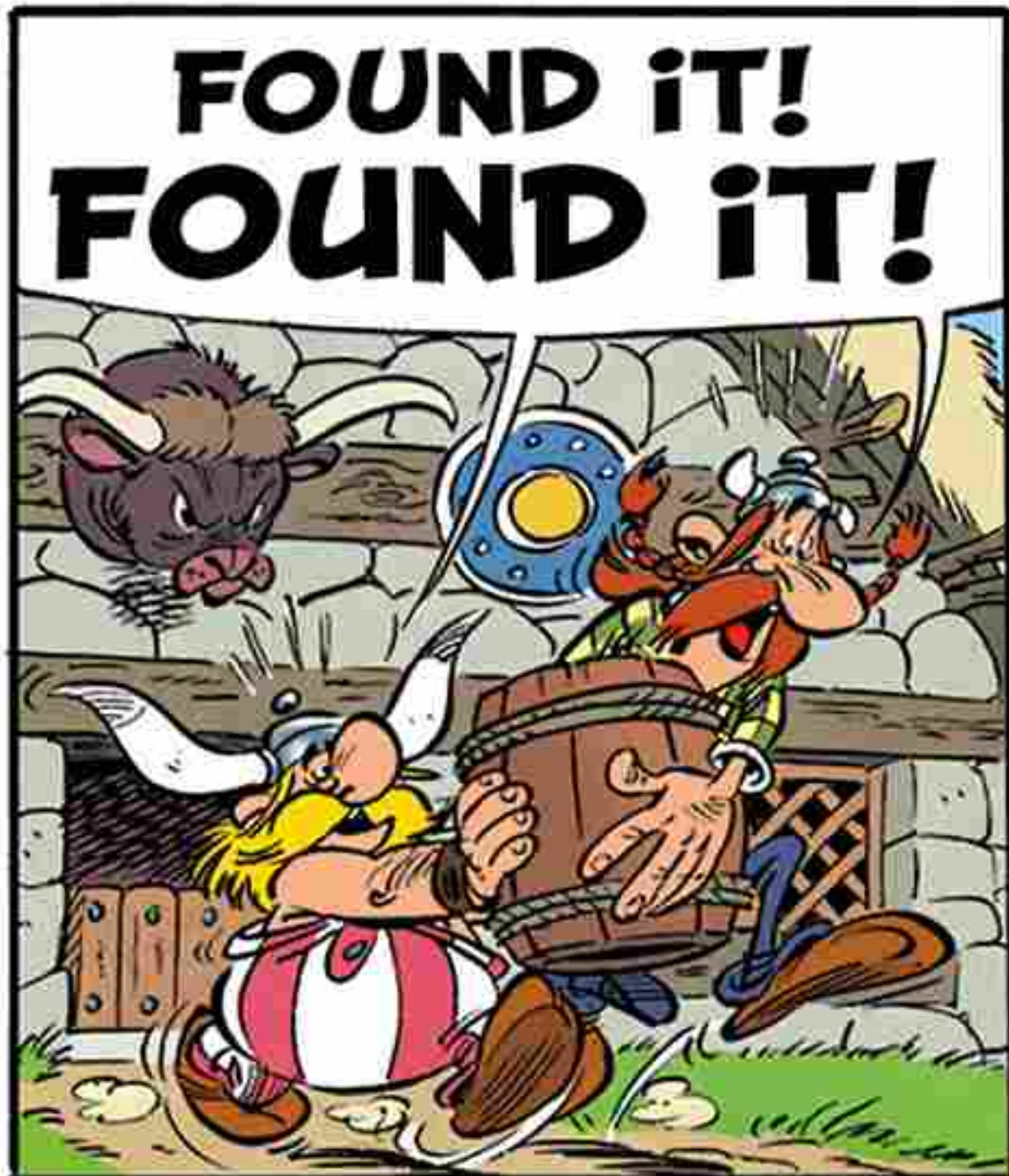
BLAH BLAH BLAH!

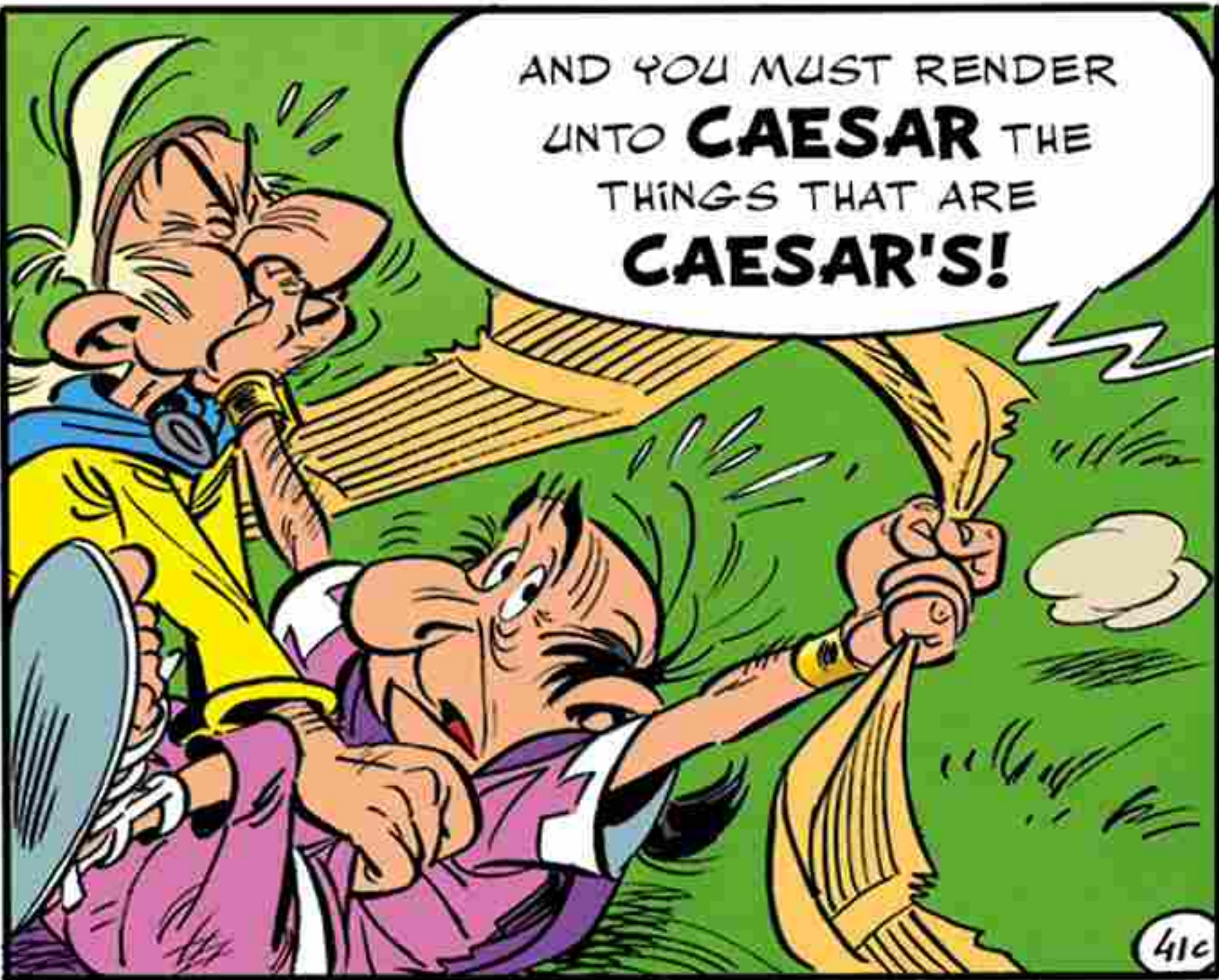
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT A KEG UNDER HIS SEAT!

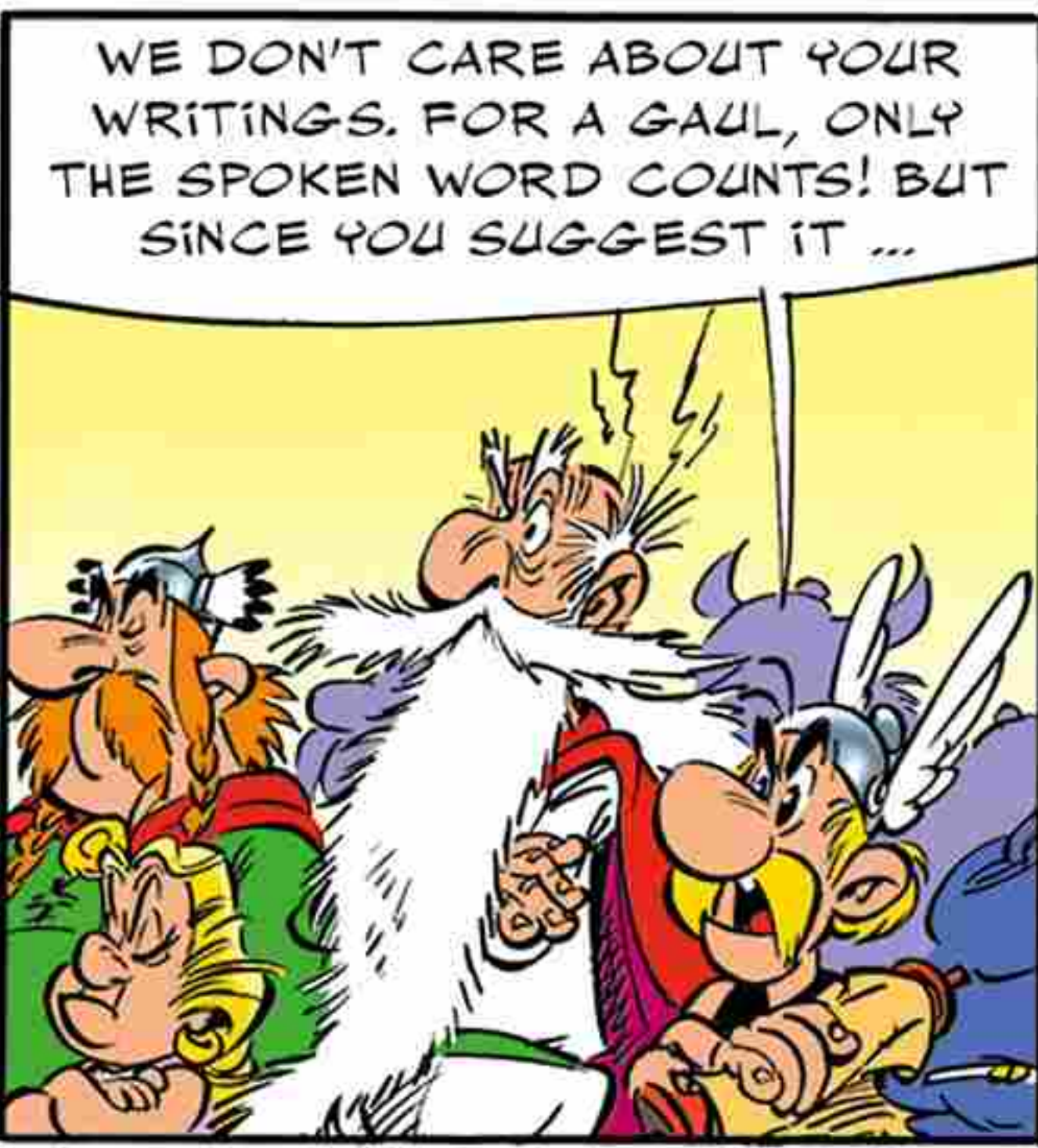
BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE IN THE DRIVING SEAT?

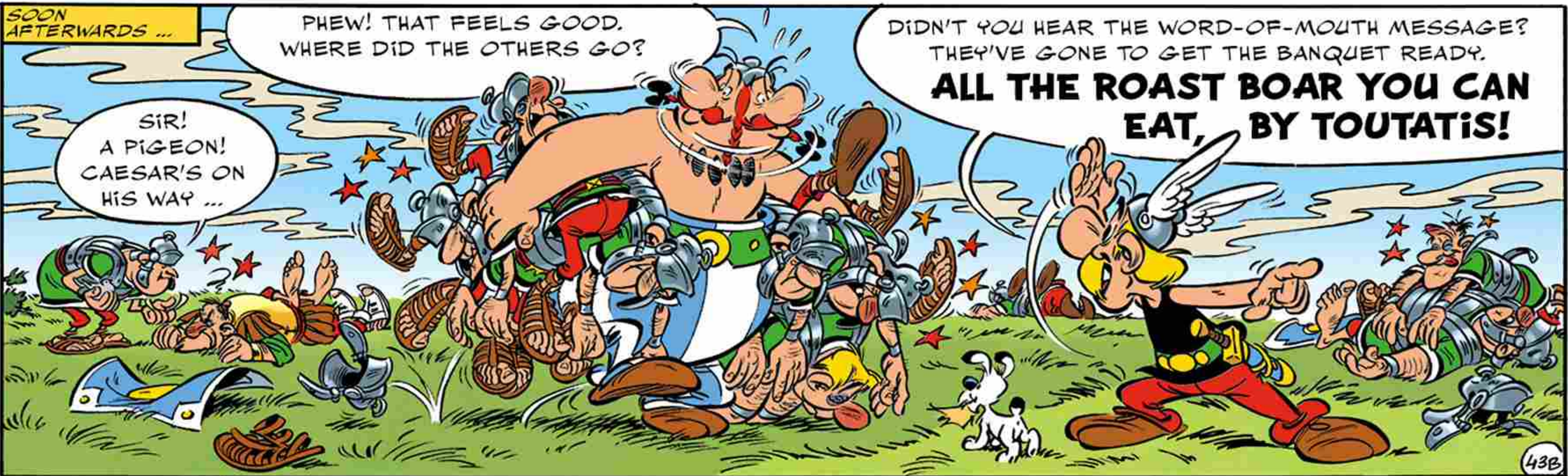
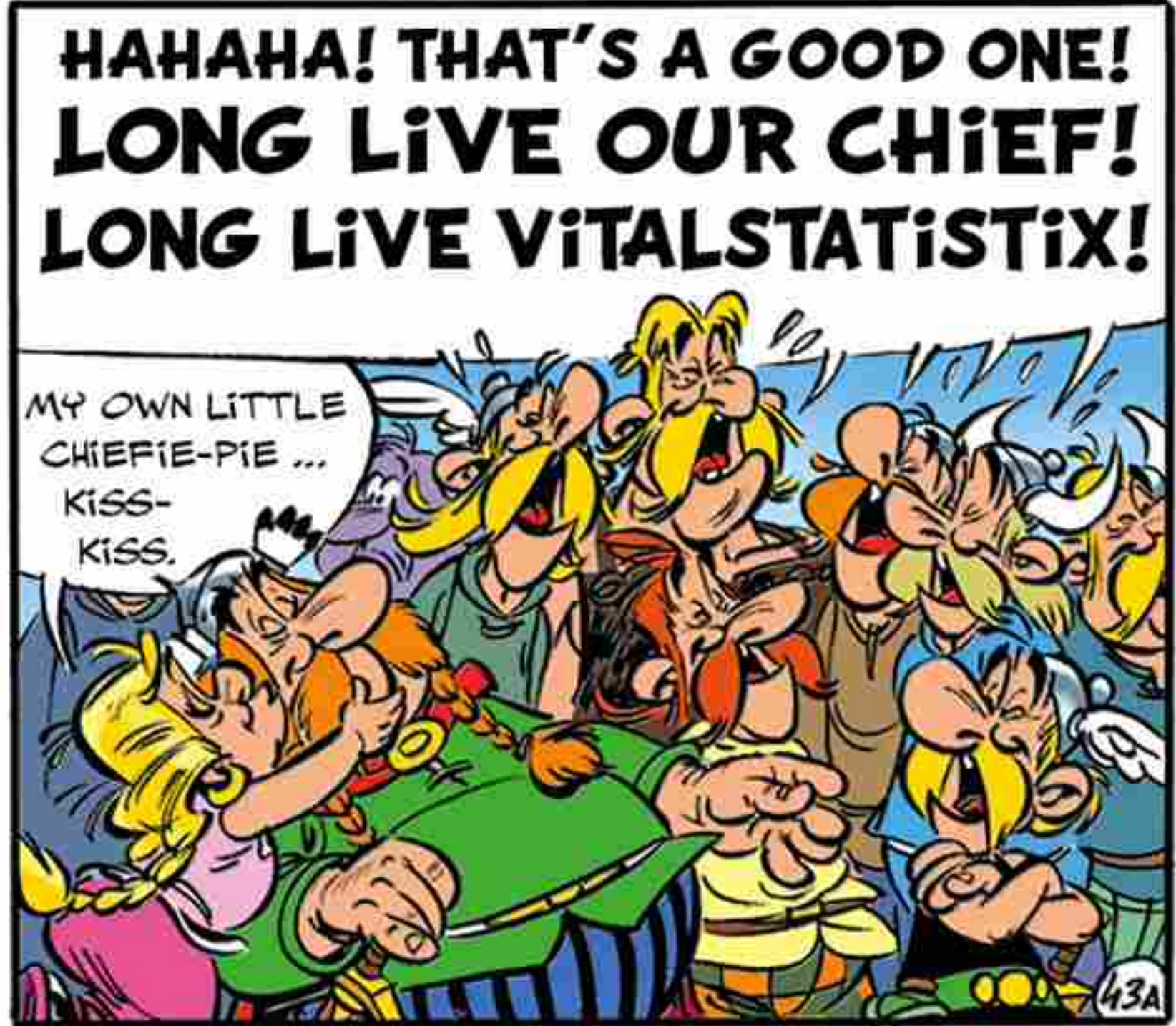
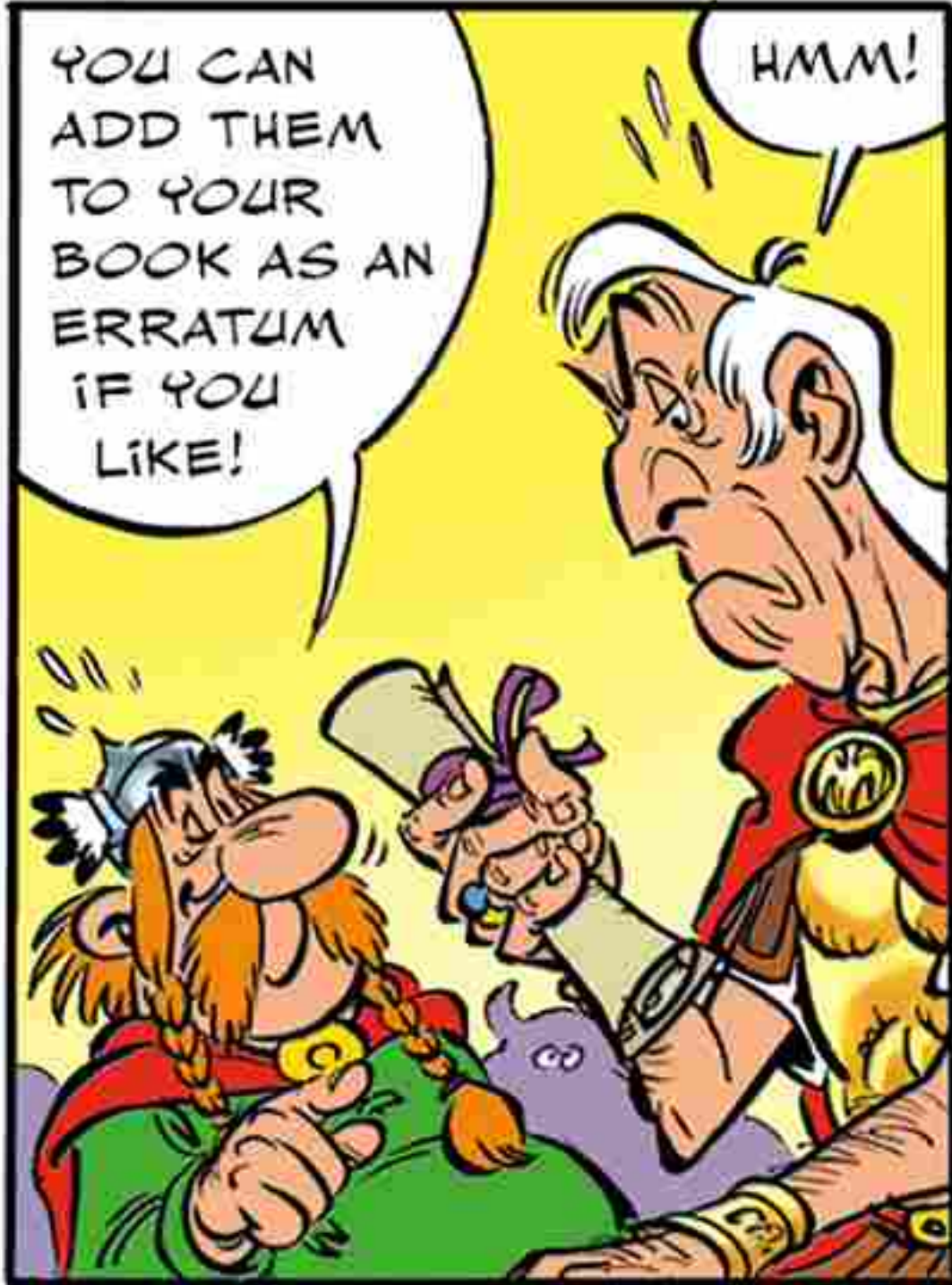
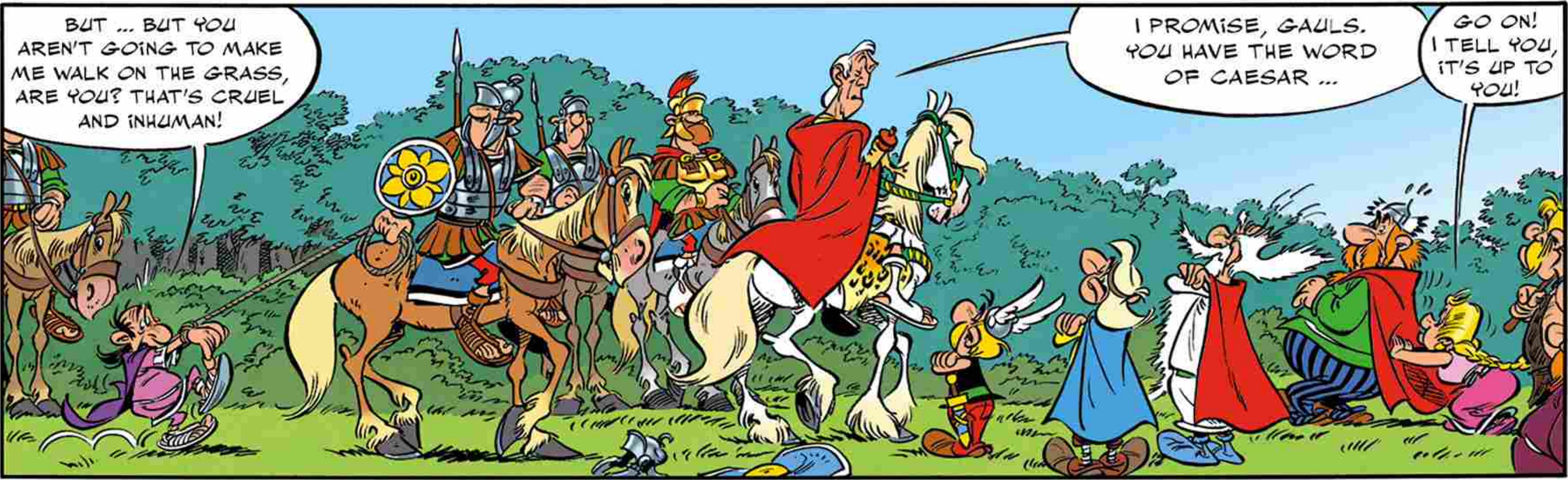
IF YOU ASK ME IT'S A CODE.

SHALL I GO CLOSER AND TRY TO FIND OUT MORE, CENTURION?











Post-Scriptum

WAS ALL MEMORY OF THAT CHAPTER ABOUT CAESAR'S ARMORICAN DEFEATS LOST AS TIME WENT BY? WE'RE NOT SO SURE!



IT IS SAID THAT ITS CONTENTS WERE PASSED ON FROM DRUID TO DRUID BY WORD OF MOUTH, IN THE GOOD OLD WAY ...



... AND THAT IN SPITE OF CERTAIN DISTORTIONS ...

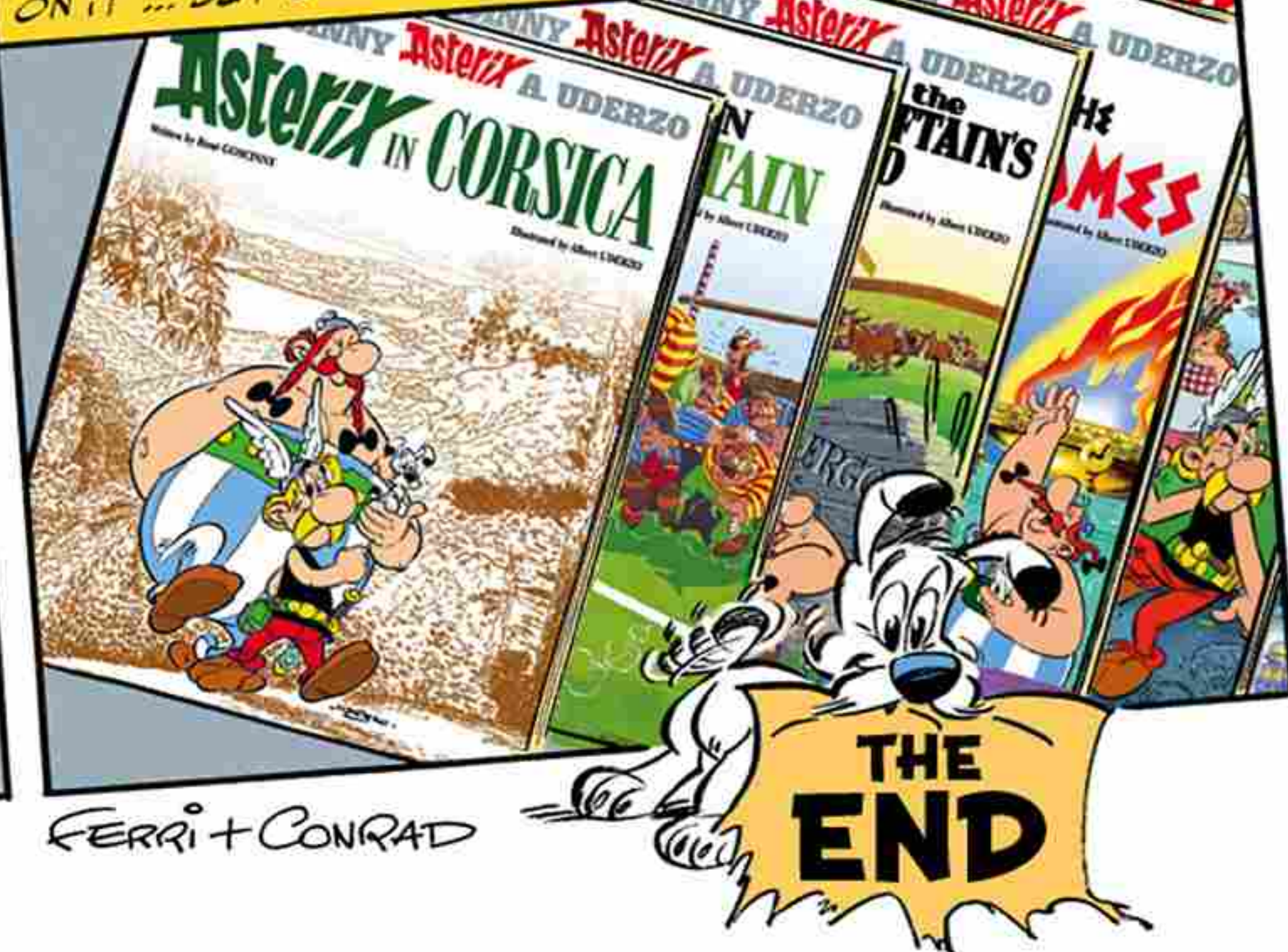
WAS THE DRUID'S NAME GEOGRAFIX OR GEODESIX?



... IT REACHED THE EARS OF TWO ENTHUSIASTIC MODERN SCRIBES WHO WROTE IT ALL DOWN IN DETAIL ...



... AND THEN BASED A SERIES OF ENTERTAINING STORIES ON IT ... BUT OF COURSE THAT'S ONLY HEARSAY!





I FEEL
A BIT WEAK,
GETAFIX ...

NO, OBELIX! YOU
ARE NOT HAVING ANY MAGIC
POTION! YOU KNOW VERY WELL
YOU FELL INTO THE CAULDRON
WHEN YOU WERE A BABY, AND
IT HAD A PERMANENT
EFFECT ON YOU!



Julius Caesar
has finished
writing the history
of his campaigns
in Gaul. His
publisher, Libellus
Blockbustus, foresees
a huge success ... but
there's a snag: the
chapter about Caesar's
defeats by the indomitable
Gauls of Armorica.
Cut it, Blockbustus advises,
and everyone will believe
that Caesar conquered
all Gaul. Or will they?
Newsmonger and activist
Confoundtheirpolitix takes
the chapter to Asterix's
village. Can the Gauls make
sure the truth is revealed?





LYNX-EMPIRE